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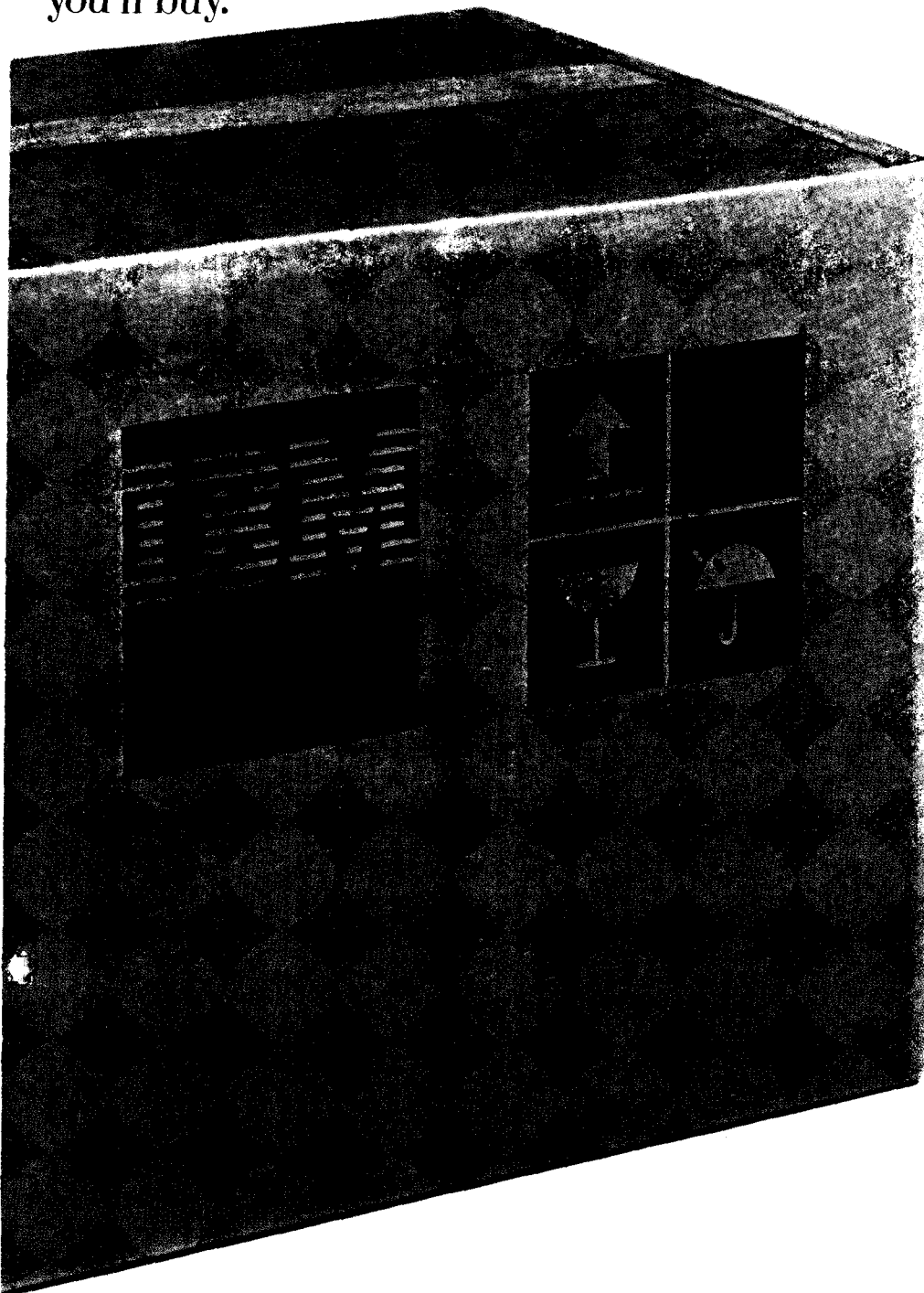


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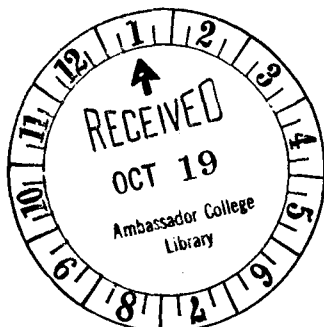
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE FUTURE OF WATER

Although I largely agree with Peter Rogers's view on "The Future of Water" (July *Atlantic*), I find serious fault with one of his statements. Dr. Rogers wrote: "Water is not limitless, but, contrary to the views of alarmists, there is no absolute danger that it will run out. The U.S. as a whole can count on at least fifty years without serious shortages, even at the present wasteful rates of consumption."

I think it is dangerous to assure people of fifty years of continued adequate supply of water at current consumption rates, when the most salient historical characteristic of our water use is that consumption rates have not remained constant but have grown tremendously. Not only has our country's population more than tripled since 1900, but, in addition, per capita average daily water use has tripled during the same period. If these historical trends have any predictive value whatever, we should not use current rates of consumption to determine how much time we have to implement the changes that Dr. Rogers recommends.

CRAIG BOND HATFIELD
Professor of Geology
The University of Toledo
Toledo, Ohio

Peter Rogers raises sound concerns about managing our most basic, and irreplaceable, natural resource. But he gave scant attention to legislation enacted last year that will raise water prices to more realistic levels.

The article suggested that the new Reclamation Reform Act had merely raised the acreage eligible for subsidized water from 160 to 960 acres. In fact, the new law also raises the price of water for all farmers, and entirely eliminates subsidies for larger-sized farms. The taxpayers will save a minimum of \$70 million a year, according to the Interior Department, because of these reforms, which strike an important, if overdue, blow for national water management and conservation.

REP. GEORGE MILLER
Washington, D.C.

Generally speaking, I found Peter Rogers's article to be very useful, albeit more optimistic than my own views. His optimism is most evident in his discussion of the possible actions that states in the Southwest can take to conserve water. In a recent decision in federal district court in New Mexico (*City of El Paso v. Reynolds*), the court's ruling was that water is an article of commerce and its interstate sale may not be restricted. Inasmuch as the case involved the transfer of groundwater located wholly in New Mexico to El Paso, Texas, the message of the court is clear. No upstream state should bother with conservation, since any water that may be saved can be transferred out of state without restriction.

Like others concerned about the future of groundwater in the Southwest, I find this decision appalling. One hopes it will be reversed, but the prognostication is not bullish.

G. L. SELIGMANN, JR.
Department of History
North Texas State University
Denton, Tex.

One of the solutions Professor Rogers prescribes for possible future water shortages is that water be treated more as a commodity, to be bought and sold, and less as an inalienable right. He suggests, however, that current legal and institutional arrangements preclude such innovative approaches to water allocation. In fact, water planners in the West have recently begun to take a more serious look at the marketplace as an institution for the allocation of limited water supplies.

The Environmental Defense Fund recently completed a study, "Trading Conservation Investments for Water," that suggests that California's largest municipal water user, the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California (MWD), obtain 400,000 acre-feet of additional Colorado River water annually by financing water-conservation investments for the state's major agricultural water user, the Imperial Irrigation District.

Water-use efficiency in the Imperial Valley would be increased and the newly available conserved water could then be

transferred to the MWD in a manner economically beneficial to both parties. The marginal cost per acre-foot of water would amount to a lower figure than the MWD would have to pay for water from constructing more conventional (and environmentally disruptive) dams and reservoirs. At the same time, the Imperial Irrigation District and its farmers would benefit more from "selling" water to urban Southern California through this arrangement than they would from paying for the conservation work themselves and using the additional water to irrigate more land.

Professor Rogers is thus correct in suggesting that "the market would help to establish the most efficient use of the resource." The legal barriers to which he refers, however, exist more in myth than in reality. Far from being institutionally unfeasible, the proposed California water transfer would be legally permissible and may even be legally mandated. Thus, the proposal is in keeping with Professor Rogers's advice "to plan equitably in ways that exploit the legal structure rather than conflict with it."

ROBERT STAVINS

Economist

*Environmental Defense Fund
Berkeley, Calif.*

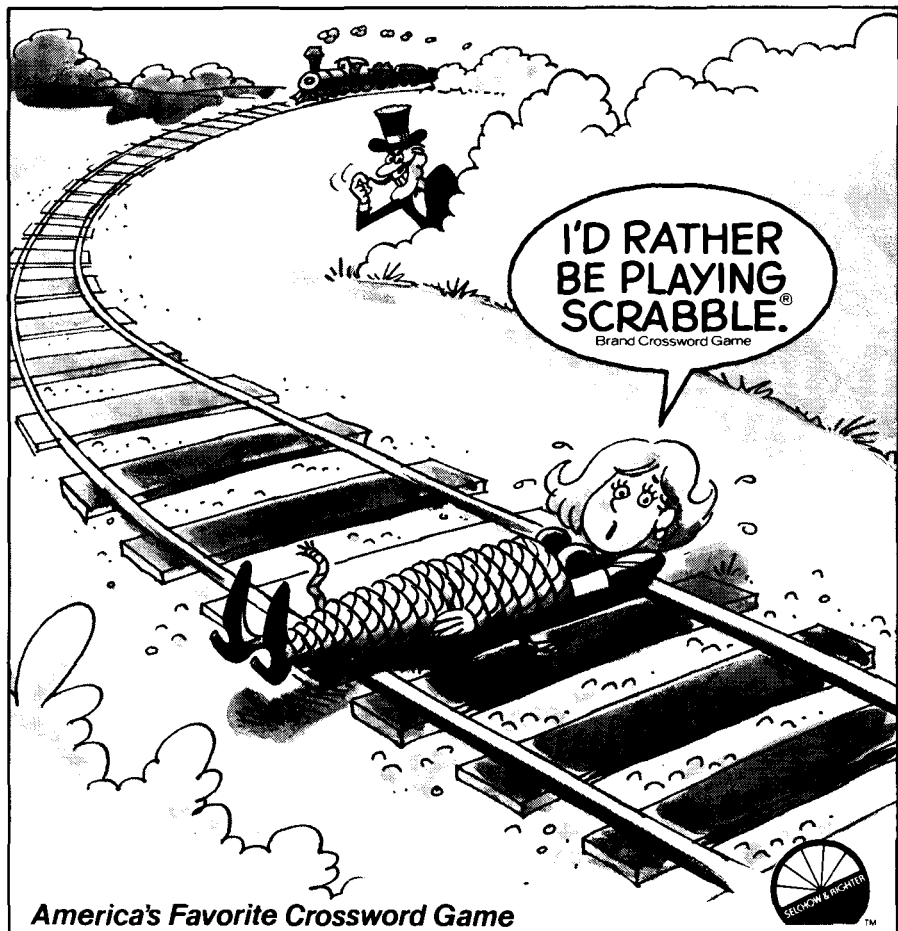
In his prescriptions, Peter Rogers falls into the trap that continually plagues academicians. His hope for a "thoughtful, logical national plan" implicitly assumes that new and more government intervention (even if decentralized) will be better than that which it follows. But "ending the policy drought" (the subtitle of my recent book, *Water Crisis*, Cato Institute, 1983) will require more than more intervention. The initial system of water rights that evolved in the American West allowed markets to allocate this important resource. When competition developed for water, however, property rights were overturned as water users turned to government for guaranteed access. The costs and benefits were separated, and demand increased faster than supply. A new set of market-oriented institutions could head off the crisis and reduce political conflict without more bureaucracy.

One example illustrates the possibilities. Most state laws do not consider leaving water in the stream for wildlife habitat, aesthetic enjoyment, recreation, or water-quality enhancement as beneficial use. If individuals were to pur-

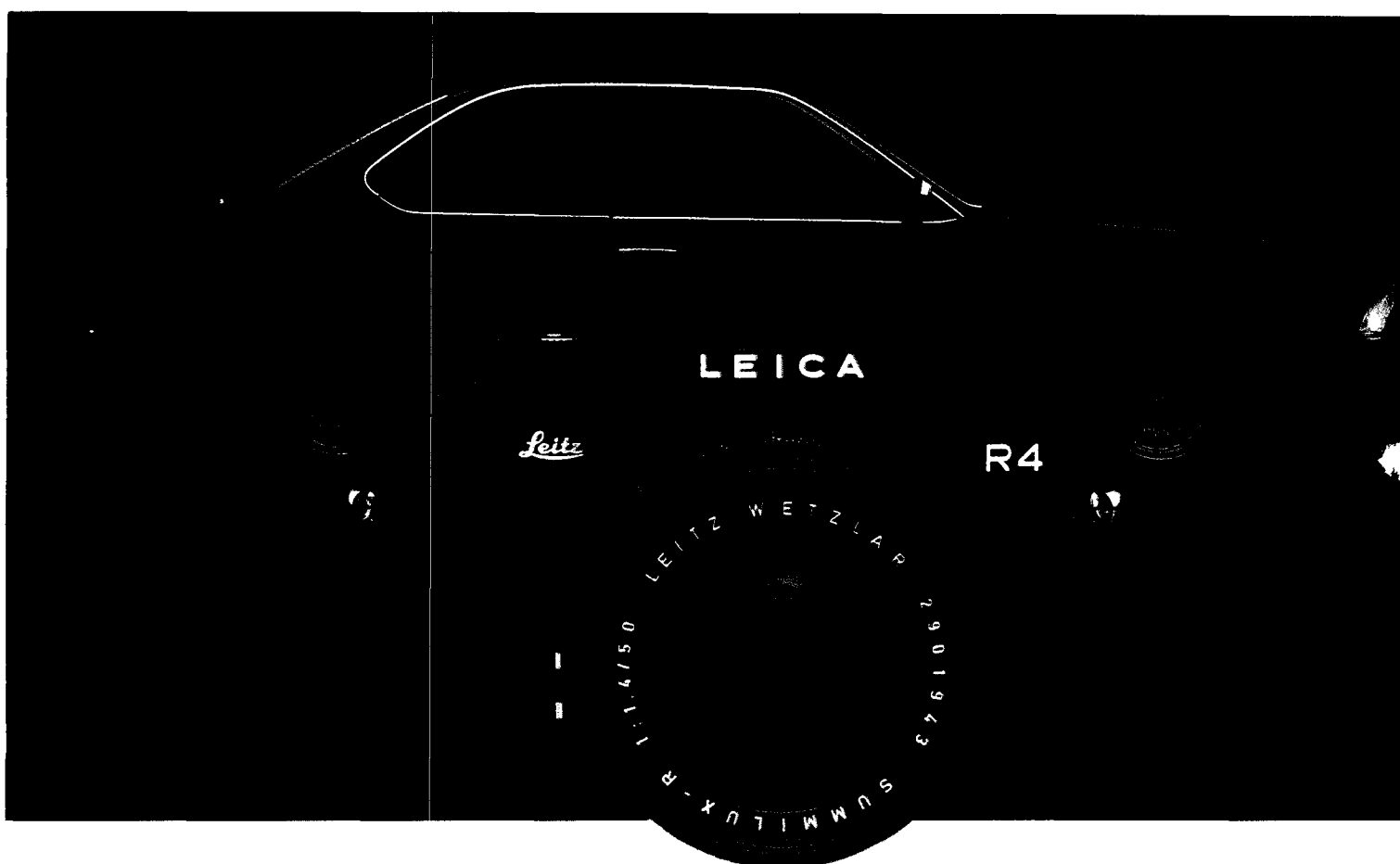


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chase water from consumptive users (for example, farmers) and commit it to these in-stream uses, they would lose their rights. There is no incentive to act in an environmentally sensitive manner. In contrast, in England, where angling associations can own water for in-stream uses, they see to it that water quality is maintained by bringing suit against polluters. In this way, decentralized markets with well-defined and enforced water rights can encourage efficiency and environmental quality. Ending the water-policy drought will require less reliance on governmental bureaucracy and more on decentralized markets. This is the only real way to "prevent politics from transforming the water crisis of the headlines into a true crisis in the natural world."

TERRY L. ANDERSON
Professor of Economics
Political Economy Research Center
Bozeman, Mont.

Rogers did not stress the part agriculture plays in contamination of water supplies. The constant application of chemical fertilizers and insecticides, which eventually seep into streams and underground aquifers, is a prime source of contaminants. In many areas it outranks industrial waste and toxic landfills as a problem.

JOHN J. FLAHERTY
Lompoc, Calif.

Peter Rogers replies:

I disagree fundamentally with Professor Hatfield, in that I believe that we cannot continue to assume or expect increasing per capita water use. In some cases it is difficult to imagine how we could possibly use additional water. That water use per capita has tripled in the past ninety years is not a reason to believe that it will triple again in the next century. Remember that other countries as developed as ours use considerably less than one half of our per capita consumption.

I certainly welcome Representative Miller's correction of emphasis regarding the implications of the new Reclamation Reform Act. He points out that the new law will increase the price of subsidized water in addition to increasing the acreage eligible for this water. The size of the increases and who pays, or how much they pay, still depends upon the types of contracts the different reclamation districts will come under.

According to the guidelines, the expanded-acreage entitlement and the full-cost provision apply to districts with new contracts. Those districts with existing contracts are allowed four and a half years to amend those contracts. Given the complicated schedule of implementing the act, it is not clear when the \$70 million per year savings to which Rep. Miller refers will accrue to the taxpayers. Nonetheless, the pricing provision is certainly a step in the right direction. It should be remembered, however, that the Bureau of Reclamation is only one of three major federal water-resources agencies. Even if the Bureau gets its effective cost sharing above the current level of 31 percent, we are still left with the Corps of Engineers, whose average non-federal cost share is only 18 percent, and the Soil Conservation Service, with a rate of 43 percent. We will still have a long way to go even after the Bureau of Reclamation has gotten its water pricing rationalized.

My argument with Mr. Seligmann is that I do not see anything inherently wrong with inter-basin or out-of-state transfers of water provided the price is right. Mr. Seligmann's letter gives no indication of what the price is to be and who will benefit by the sale of water. I imagine that in a freely competitive market the water would go to those who could use it best—provided that there were no hidden costs unaccounted for and borne by others than the seller.

I could not agree more with the argument Professor Anderson makes. Freeing up the water market and allowing market-oriented institutions to operate would be the most effective way of reducing political conflict without increasing the bureaucracy. However, I do not believe that the market will do everything automatically. The example he provides involves a need for change in water law. Other issues, such as controlling groundwater pollution, do not easily lend themselves to simple market solutions. Some new forms of regulation and monitoring would need to be instituted to control such pollution.

As Mr. Flaherty rightly points out, chemicals used in agriculture are, in some areas, the major pollutants in the groundwater and surface water. In many cases this is due to overapplication of fertilizers and pesticides, which then wash off into the nearest water course or aquifer. Improved drainage and erosion control, and more finely

tuned use of agricultural chemicals, can greatly reduce the impact of such substances. Of course, once the pollutants are in the groundwater, it typically takes a very long time before they pass through the system.

The amounts of agricultural chemicals used are, however, small by comparison with the tremendous quantities of hazardous chemical wastes that are consciously introduced into the rivers and aquifers each year.

SOVIET ARMS BUILDUP

Franklyn Holzman ("Military Spending: Are We Falling Behind the Soviets?" July *Atlantic*) presents an eloquent attempt to show that the West has not really been falling behind the Soviet Union in comparative military strength. Unfortunately, there are problems with almost every point he raises.

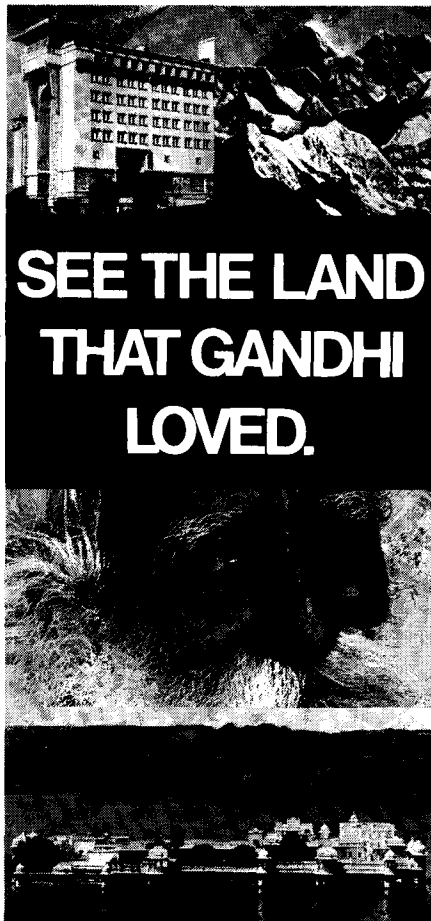
First, Professor Holzman suggests that all Soviet military forces allocated to the Far East should be excluded from comparisons of NATO-Warsaw Pact military expenditures, since these forces are "irrelevant to the superpower confrontation." There are three misconceptions in this argument:

(1) Soviet forces deployed in East Asia are directed not only against China but also against Japan. Since Japan is bound by a mutual-security treaty to the United States, the Soviet buildup in the region is far from "irrelevant to the superpower confrontation."

(2) Professor Holzman assumes that Asian-based Soviet forces pose no threat to Western Europe. On the contrary, SS-20 missiles and Backfire bombers stationed along the Sino-Soviet border can be swiftly redeployed to Europe in the event of a crisis.

(3) If we begin to exclude certain categories of defense expenditures for the Soviet Union, we must do the same for the United States. For example, the Soviet Union has a vast logistical advantage in Europe over the United States; to be consistent, therefore, we should exclude from NATO-Warsaw Pact spending comparisons all U.S. expenditures designed to maintain sea lines of communication with Western Europe. The same would apply to other U.S. expenditures for which there is no Soviet equivalent.

Second, Professor Holzman argues that too much attention has been focused on U.S.-Soviet spending comparisons,



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when the real comparison should be between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. Once the contributions of allies are factored in, he says, Western expenditures somewhat exceed those of the Eastern bloc.

But these comparisons of overall spending are misleading. As far as NATO is concerned, the whole of the alliance is less than the sum of its sixteen parts, as illustrated by the following three considerations:

(a) In contrast to Soviet military expenditures, which constitute well over 90 percent of the Eastern bloc's total, U.S. expenditures represent only about two thirds of NATO's effort. With Western military spending spread among sixteen different defense establishments, redundancies inevitably occur, not the least of which are bureaucratic and personnel costs, both military and civilian. These redundancies mitigate the value of the contribution made by the allies.

(b) Out of a desire to avoid the loss of jobs, many NATO countries will insist on manufacturing their own weapons, even if those weapons could be produced more efficiently elsewhere. The resulting inefficiencies, again, diminish the impact of the allied contribution.

(c) Perhaps most important, aggregate spending totals say nothing about aggregate capabilities. To take only one example, the fact that each Western country produces its own version of most weapons has created major problems in the standardization and interoperability of NATO's armaments. The Warsaw Pact has no such problems to worry about.

Third, Professor Holzman correctly points to the problems caused by the "index-number effect." What he fails to note, however, is that adjusting for the index-number effect on manpower costs—the area of the Soviet Union's greatest advantage—does little to diminish the Soviet spending lead over the United States. Abraham Becker, of the Rand Corporation, has found that even if such costs are eliminated entirely from U.S. and Soviet spending estimates, Moscow still retains an advantage of at least 25 percent. Thus, as Dr. Becker has concluded, the index-number effect on manpower costs overstates the estimates of Soviet defense spending "by a much smaller margin than the critics have suggested."

Fourth, it is true that, by the principle of comparative advantage, the Soviet Union is able to spend a relatively larger percentage of its military budget on

equipment (owing to the USSR's low manpower costs), while the United States can spend a relatively higher percentage of its budget on manpower (owing to lower U.S. equipment costs). But it is erroneous to deduce from this, as Professor Holzman does, that we need not worry about the Soviet Union's tendency to spend half (or less) of its budget on equipment procurement while the U.S. military can devote only a quarter (or less) of its spending to the same purpose. To make such a claim, Professor Holzman would have to show that the savings achieved by the Soviet Union's comparative advantage in manpower are less than those achieved by the United States' comparative advantage in technology.

Yet that is simply not the case. Despite NATO's overall spending lead, the Warsaw Pact maintains a sizable advantage in weapons procurement, even when such factors as quality and sophistication are taken into account. This situation is due in part to the redundancies and inefficiencies mentioned above; but it is also a reflection of the fact that the Soviet Union derives greater benefit from its lower manpower costs than the Western countries do from their lower technology costs.

The flaws in Professor Holzman's analysis cast doubt upon his judgments concerning the motivations behind the Soviet military buildup. Unfortunately, Soviet intentions are not quite as benign as he would have us believe.

MARK N. KRAMER

Balliol College, Oxford University
Oxford, England

Franklyn Holzman replies:

Mr. Kramer raises some interesting questions. I will try to answer them in the brief space allotted to me.

First: I deducted 15 percent of Soviet expenditures (directed at China) rather than 20 percent, which was the DOD and the latest CIA estimate available to me, to allow for possible redeployment of forces, fear of Japan, and several other factors. This margin, I believe, is enough. Clearly, the enormous Soviet buildup in the Far East was related almost exclusively to the Chinese threat. Redeploying SS-20 missiles and Backfire bombers would not change the numbers much—and the Soviets seem unlikely to redeploy them, given the intense hostility between their nation and China. In argument (3), Kramer intro-



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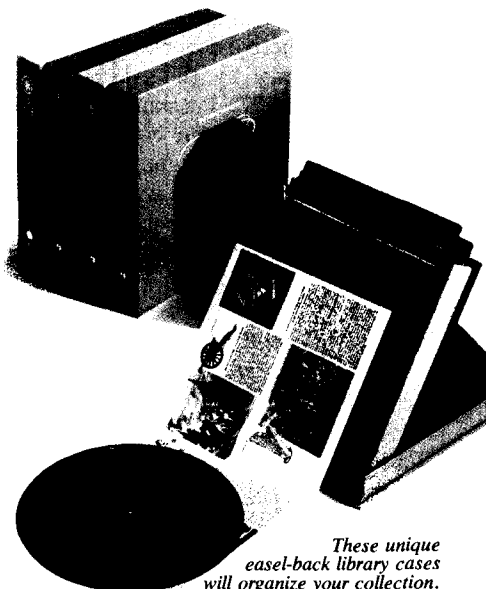
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duces a criterion different from the one I used and fails to see the implications of applying it systematically. I subtracted Soviet expenditures directed at China because they are not directed at NATO. Using this reasoning, one would not subtract what the U.S. spends to maintain sea communications with Western Europe (as Kramer does), because they are part of the NATO defense against the USSR. Kramer would have us subtract U.S. spending on sea communications because there is no Soviet equivalent. Using this reasoning, however, would oblige one to subtract the huge Soviet manpower and equipment expenditures required by the fact that the USSR's adversaries are so close to its borders, including the long Sino-Soviet border; the U.S., after all, has no major enemies within thousands of miles of its borders.

Second: This point is well taken, and I agree with most of what Kramer says. The last three paragraphs on page 14 of my article speak to the inadequacies of aggregate spending as a measure of capability. Moreover, when I stated that "further evidence of inefficiency may be adduced from the fact that the balance of forces in Europe does not appear to reflect NATO's much higher levels of military spending," I was, in fact, implicitly referring to the points Kramer made.

Third: Index-number effects are substantial with regard to military non-wage, as well as wage, expenditures. Kramer cites Becker's estimates to support his argument, but Becker typically accepts CIA estimates, whose methodology I criticized in my article. To make his point, Kramer ought to meet these criticisms.

Fourth: I argued that it was natural for the Soviets to spend relatively less on manpower (despite their larger army) and relatively more on equipment than we do because manpower is relatively cheap and equipment relatively expensive in the USSR. I made this point to counter the common but incorrect argument that Soviet savings from low military wages were responsible for the large Soviet expenditures on equipment (an argument that assumes these savings are buying equipment at the equivalent of relatively low U.S. prices). Contrary to Kramer's assertion, I do not need to show that Soviet savings on manpower are less than U.S. savings on technology to make my point. When, in the next paragraph, Kramer states categorically that (1) the USSR has larger savings on

manpower than we do on technology and (2) the Warsaw Pact's quantitative advantage in weapons procurement is not offset by the quality and sophistication of our weapons, he is in the realm of speculation, not fact, and is expressing views that are contradicted (in my article) by a CIA technician and the present chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, not to mention other U.S. military experts.

THE NIXON PARDON

Seymour Hersh's fascinating article "The Pardon" (August *Atlantic*) renews interest in a vital but heretofore ignored aspect of Watergate: how the Nixon Administration was able to stop the original Watergate investigation of the source of the brand-new hundred-dollar bills found on the burglars.

Congressman Benjamin S. Rosenthal, who until his recent death chaired the House Subcommittee on Commerce, Consumer and Monetary Affairs, wrote Attorney General William French Smith last year about the FBI's apparent attempts to intimidate Chairman Patman and his colleagues in order to obstruct their investigation. Rosenthal based that letter on information provided by journalist Elias P. Demetracopoulos, who in 1972 was a leading opponent of the Nixon Administration policy of support for the Greek military dictatorship. Neither the Justice Department nor the FBI has ever satisfactorily explained its role in that obstruction.

If the Patman investigation had been supported, there might never have been the self-destructive cover-up of the Watergate burglary by the Nixon White House. If the 1972 Patman search had gone to completion, our country might have been spared the agony of a presidential resignation and pardon, which continue, as Seymour Hersh shows so vividly, to undermine the integrity of our government.

CLIFFORD P. HACKETT
Former Legislative Assistant
to Congressman Rosenthal
Washington, D. C.

I am surprised and disappointed, not to say enraged, that you are publishing that article smearing Gerald Ford, a truly honest man. It is beneath *The Atlantic* so to do, or ought to be.

DONALD F. MORTLAND
Unity, Maine

The voluminous evidence assembled by Seymour M. Hersh in "The Pardon" makes it impossible to understand and accept the repeated ascription to Gerald Ford of honesty and integrity: that evidence leaves no possible doubt that his every statement about the pardon was a lie.

B. H. HAGGIN
New York, N.Y.

TEENAGE PREGNANCIES

Jo Ann Putnam-Scholes writes that public alarm about teenage birthrates is more a matter of publicity than a true reflection of the statistics ("An Epidemic of Publicity," July *Atlantic*). As she points out, overall teenage fertility has declined from 96.3 births per thousand to 53 per thousand (a 45 percent decline) since 1957. However, she overlooks the fact that during the same period the birthrate among unmarried teenagers rose from 16 to 25 per thousand (a 56 percent increase). In absolute numbers, births to married teenagers decreased from 507,000 to 316,000 per year while births to unmarried teenagers increased from 87,000 to 204,000 (see *How We Live*, by V. Fuchs, Harvard University Press, 1983).

Infants born to unmarried mothers do poorly in several respects: not only do they have a higher probability of low birth weight and therefore higher morbidity and mortality rates but also they suffer a greater chance of subsequent abuse and neglect (*ibid.*, pp. 27-28). Teenage pregnancy is a growing problem in just that group (unmarried) for whom outcomes are worst. We agree with Ms. Putnam-Scholes's appeal for an equitable and open policy toward teenage pregnancy and hope that policy-makers take due note of the trend we cite.

MICHAEL P. RAFFERTY, M.D.
KATHLEEN E. TOOMEY, M.D.
Kotzebue, Alaska

Jo Ann S. Putnam-Scholes's article on teenage pregnancy is a long-overdue corrective to publicity about the epidemic of teenage pregnancy. I think her explanation for the decline, however, is not quite correct. As I have written in several articles and monographs, probably the main reason for the decline in teenage pregnancy is the rising age of women at marriage. The median age at first marriage for women had risen from 20.3

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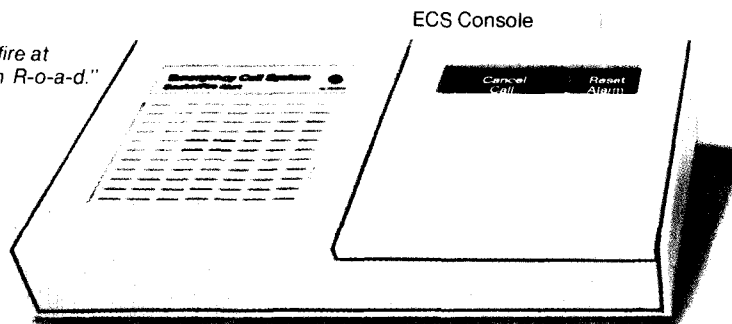
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in 1960 to 21.1 in 1977. In 1960, 40.3 percent of women 15 to 19 were married, compared with 26.4 percent in 1976. Since the first baby of the married teenager arrived, on the average, ten months after marriage, the correlation with the decline in teenage pregnancy is very strong.

As far as publicity about the epidemic of pregnancy is concerned, I believe this was due to an erroneous assumption about the age of menarche. There was a widespread belief that female teenagers were entering into puberty earlier and earlier and, therefore, were likelier to get pregnant. The age of menarche, as I have documented, has not really declined in the United States for the past forty or fifty years. Slowly this correction is reaching the popular media.

Putnam-Scholes is correct in stating that the number of illegitimate births is increasing, and if we are to have concern about teenage sexuality, this is where we should concentrate our efforts to change the situation. There are a number of factors involved in this, however, including governmental policies that make the problem difficult to deal with.

VERN L. BULLOUGH
Dean, Faculty of Natural
and Social Sciences, SUNY
Buffalo, N.Y.

NUCLEAR MISSILES

Robert Johansen—in his article on medium-range nuclear missiles in Europe (August *Atlantic*)—is concerned that the Pershing II missiles are more provocative than SS-20s because “they can destroy Soviet command-and-control centers in ten minutes or less.” The converse is also true. Newton’s laws of motion do not recognize a projectile’s national origin; a peace-loving Soviet SS-20 can reach Western Europe just as quickly as a provocative Pershing II can reach the Soviet Union.

Mr. Johansen is keen on reciprocity in U.S.–Soviet relations, but, clearly, he does *not* think it should extend to relations between the Soviet Union and Western Europe. The Soviet Union already has almost one thousand SS-20 warheads targeted at Western Europe (162 missiles with three warheads each and one reload) and deploys more each month. Faced with this intimidation, the voters of both Britain and West Germany recently elected governments that

advocated deployment of the Pershing II during their election campaigns. Evidently they think prudent self-defense more important than a principle of reciprocity from which they are excluded.

JOCELYN TOMPKIN
Austin, Tex.

Robert Johansen replies:

Deployment of the U.S. Pershing II missiles in Western Europe would not increase reciprocity in U.S.–Soviet or Soviet–Western Europe relations. Instead, deployment would introduce a new and dangerous element into the strategic balance. The Pershing II intermediate-range missile, if deployed in Europe this December, would be capable of hitting Soviet soil, but the Soviet SS-20 intermediate-range missile, already deployed in Europe, cannot hit the United States. In addition, the Pershing IIs are more accurate and therefore more destabilizing than the SS-20s. Unlike the Pershing IIs, the Soviet missiles cannot destroy U.S. command-and-control bunkers in ten minutes, nor will they be able to even after the Soviet Union eventually develops more accurate guidance systems, which presumably could be added to SS-20s.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Thank you for publishing Dr. Harry Edwards’s sobering article “Educating Black Athletes” (August *Atlantic*). Edwards presented some compelling arguments in favor of Rule 48 of NCAA Division I sports programs.

Race aside, perhaps the shrill outcry from the black community is potentially more dangerous than the dictum itself. It is curious to me that Jesse Jackson in particular would respond unfavorably to the NCAA push for academic upgrading of student athletes. Jackson’s well-known “PUSH for excellence” program would seem a natural fit for Rule 48.

Not so curiously (by way of illustration), the Russians continue to produce, decade after decade, the world’s best chess players. In addition to stressing chess curricula (the way we push the major sports) at the primary and secondary levels, the Soviet Union requires each student to pass a *rigorous* academic program. Hence, interestingly, the world chess champions since Alekhine have also been professional engineers, mathematicians, doctors, lawyers, etc. Ironi-

cally, the first non-Soviet world champion in modern times was the American Bobby Fischer, in 1972. Incidentally, Fischer dropped out of Erasmus Hall high school to play chess full-time—but since his title he no longer competes. The parallel is instructive and the implications of that story are frightening. Americans have fallen way behind in technological advances, laser research, and advances in nuclear physics.

When will Americans, and perhaps to a greater extent black Americans, get off the wheel of mediocrity and rejoin the rest of the world in the push for excellence? What happened to good old-fashioned hard work?

GREGORY S. KEARSE
Editor, *Howard University Press*
Washington, D.C.

Please allow me to set the record straight regarding Dave Schonauer’s “Yosemite Valley: Fixed-Object Jumping” (May *Atlantic*).

Schonauer quotes me as saying, “Don’t check in with local police to see if it’s okay to jump. Just go ahead and do it.” Perhaps he missed my point. Laws prohibiting parachuting are extremely rare, but if you ask one of the gendarmes if it’s okay to jump off the nearby bridge, he almost certainly will say no just because it sounds crazy.

As for Yosemite National Park, there is no law against jumping off cliffs, walking on or below them, climbing them, or parachuting within the confines of the park. Despite this, the rangers have been quite successful in filling the jail as well as the coffers of the park. Some of the charges that have been filed are conspiracy, unlawful flight (the non-aerial variety), violation of the Endangered Species Act, powerless flight, and aerial delivery into the park.

PHIL MAYFIELD
President, U.S. BASE Association
Meriden, Conn.

Because she won the Pulitzer Prize, I expected much more from Shirley Christian than the pernicious arguments she offers your readers in “Real Policy vs. Applause Lines” (August *Atlantic*). She contributes to the further misunderstanding of a complex topic by repeatedly insisting on half-truths. For example, while it is a fact, as she reports, that “three fourths of the some \$1.2 billion in U.S. assistance extended to Central America in the past two years has been

for nonmilitary purposes," she neglects to point out that the lion's share of that "economic aid" is earmarked for debt servicing. Consequently, it contributes more to keeping U.S. banks solvent than to strengthening Central America's notoriously weak economy.

Her argument that the form of presentation of Reagan's foreign policy differs from its content seems indefensible. In word and deed, Reagan follows, alas, a well-established U.S. pattern of behavior toward Central America, that of the neighborhood bully who gets his own way or beats you up. Even a cursory reading of history reveals how often Central America has been beaten up.

Ms. Christian's naive faith in democracy as a solution in a region that has never experienced anything remotely similar to the complexities of democracy—with the possible exception of Costa Rica—is touching, albeit unrealistic. At present, the U.S. strengthens those two institutions that guarantee democracy will not function: the military and the traditional elite. In her eagerness to impose solutions, Ms. Christian, like most observers, neglects to ask the Central Americans what they want. Alas, they've never been left alone long enough in the past century to be able to shape their own destiny. Perhaps that helps to explain why crises shake Central America in 1983.

E. BRADFORD BURNS

*Professor of Latin American History
University of California, Los Angeles*

Hooray for Michael Lenehan's article on Bill James's baseball theories ("An Eye on the Records," September *Atlantic*). A few years ago, I tried out the James theory that "the most effective baseball offense is the one characterized by brute power—the home run, the big inning" at the pony-league level. We didn't try to steal, sacrifice, squeeze, or anything fancy. Instead, I let the hitters hit and the pitchers pitch—and we won a championship.

JOHN S. RIPPEY
Annapolis, Md.

I noted in your August issue a poem concerning Hiroshima. I read, see, and hear a great deal about this city, but I hear little about the victims and survivors of Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Nanking, or the Japanese death camps.

J. ROBERT JORDAN
Portland, Ore.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

SWEDEN/DENMARK TRIALS OF TWO WELFARE STATES

*How two nations are trying to
control inflation without
dismantling social programs*



FOR A LONG time, American conservatives have been warning that the welfare state will eventually consume the invisible hand that feeds it. This prophecy seems confirmed by events in Scandinavia, the most advanced outpost of the welfare state, where the future no longer quite works. In Sweden and Denmark, taxes now absorb more than half of the national income. Despite this ample flow of revenue, both governments run huge deficits; this year, about 30 percent of the Swedish national budget will be financed with borrowed money; the Danish national deficit will be closer to 40 percent. Translated to American proportions, the latter deficit would equal a federal budget imbalance of \$600 billion.

A deficit of such magnitude is self-perpetuating. It diverts the bulk of private savings from more productive uses; the government must finance it at crushing interest rates. Before very long, the biggest single budget item is interest on past debt, which necessitates still bigger deficits. In both Sweden and Denmark, there is almost universal consensus that the present course is insupportable: after a few more years of it, both economies would be bankrupt.

Leftist and rightist critics of the wel-

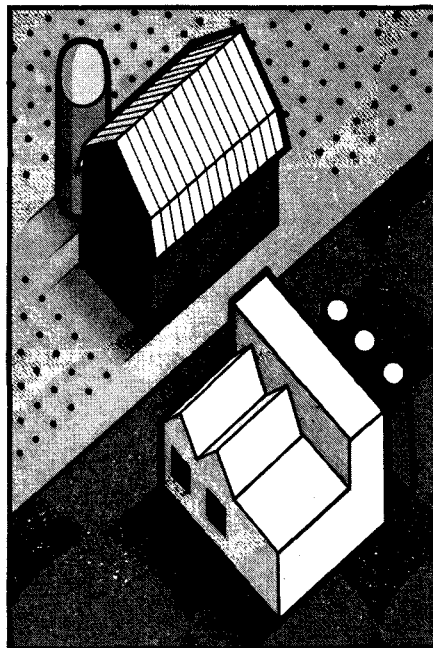
fare state have always agreed on one thing: welfare capitalism is inherently unstable. It taxes away—or coddles away—private initiative. It encourages overconsumption and starves productive enterprise for capital. It creates excessive entitlements, fiscal overloads, and, finally, taxpayer revolts. The welfare state spawns multiple inefficiencies. Often, in a misguided quest for social peace, it buys off workers with high minimum wages, excessive contract settlements, costly fringe benefits, and featherbedding—more workers and hours than a job requires. Just as often, it buys off capitalists, through programs like publicly financed but privately operated medical care, and lucrative tax-shelter schemes to develop low-rent housing. The accelerating fiscal crisis of the 1980s represents the due bill for three decades of excess.

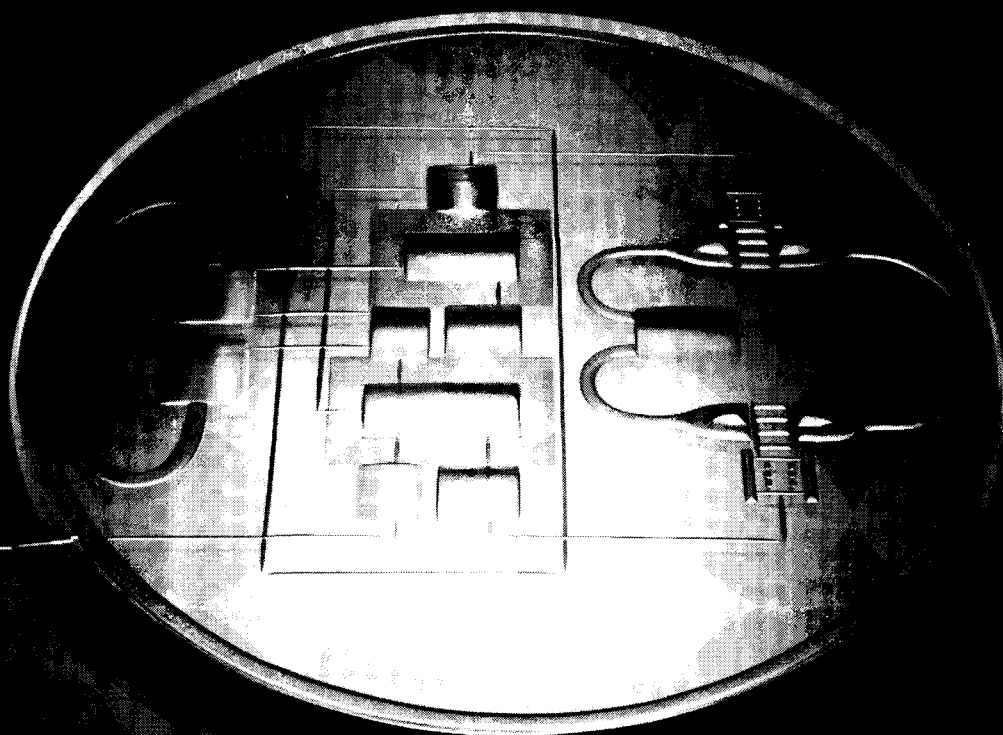
The Swedes and the Danes have chosen opposite paths to recovery: Denmark is moving right, Sweden left. Viewed from America, Scandinavia seems homogeneous. But in reality the Swedish and Danish models of the welfare state are rooted in very different political cultures and economic systems.

Trimming back the Scandinavian welfare state, by any formula, presents a difficult feat of politics, because social benefits are so widely diffused and valued. Sweden and Denmark today are broadly middle-class societies, with no real poverty. Ask to see the worst slums in Copenhagen or Stockholm, and you will be taken to sturdy blocks of modest, well-scrubbed apartments. Crime in both countries is low. Denmark, at last count, had 1,478 prison inmates—a figure that represents one seventh the American percentage of incarceration. Infant mortality is the world's lowest in Sweden, the third lowest in Denmark.

Both countries have well-known, cradle-to-grave welfare systems, providing free medical care, generous pensions, and extensive family and housing allowances. Both have also done well by their less visible constituencies: Scandinavia pioneered home care and workshops for the retarded, the handicapped, and the mentally ill. Sweden even gives its foreign "guest workers" most of the social protections accorded to Swedes. Both nations are among the world's most diligent spenders on the environment and on development aid to foreign countries.

The present fiscal crisis arose mainly because neither nation wished to give up what it had, in the face of economic slowdown. At the growth rates of the 1960s, Sweden and Denmark could finance their costly welfare states. Both countries enjoyed high rates of savings, in-





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vestment, and growth; both governments usually ran budget surpluses. Only a decade ago, Sweden and Denmark effectively had no national debt.

As worldwide economic growth slowed after 1973, both nations tried at first to carry on as usual. The private sector stopped generating new jobs, so the public sector took up the slack. In Denmark, 200,000 people were added to the public payrolls after 1973. Even so, another 200,000 joined the unemployment rolls. As inflation rates rose, both Sweden and Denmark turned to indexing: the purchasing power of wages, benefits, and pensions was adjusted annually to keep pace with inflation, and thus helped to push it higher.

All this new public spending was financed by borrowing. A graph of economic growth and public spending in either nation shows a striking change after 1973. Until then, growth and government outlays increased roughly in tandem. After 1973, the graph shows the economy and governmental revenues going flat but public expenditures going into orbit. It shows a chasm between the two lines by 1982, and worse is projected.

IN THE AUTUMN of last year, Sweden and Denmark changed governments within a few weeks of each other. In September, the Danish socialist-led coalition gave up trying to enact an austerity program, and turned the job over to Poul Schlüter, the first Conservative Party prime minister to hold office since 1901. In October, the Swedish voters turned out a non-socialist coalition, and restored power to Olof Palme's Social Democrats, a party that had governed continuously from 1932 to 1976.

In Copenhagen, Prime Minister Schlüter is attempting a milder version of the Reagan-Thatcher approach. Social benefits have been scaled back slightly. Wages were de-indexed (though pensions were not). Taxes have been cut, and new incentives created for private investment. But Schlüter's running room is very narrow, both politically and economically. His four-party coalition holds only sixty-six of the 179 seats in the Danish Folketing. Coalition politics and austerity politics don't mix very well. Taxes can't be cut much, because the revenues are needed to finance Denmark's huge deficit. Unemployment is already over 10 percent, and without heavy public spending it would only rise further. Of the 5.1 million Danes, nearly

2 million either work for the state or draw state pensions or unemployment compensation. The present government is committed to reducing public employment, but in a stagnant economy workers dropped from the public payroll end up on the public relief roll, at almost the same cost to the state. "The Danish economy is so dependent on trade that we can't attain full employment by ourselves," the Danish labor federation's chief economist, Poul Rasmussen, told me last June. "We're a captive of economic conditions in the rest of Europe."

Sweden is also scaling back its social outlays and wage costs, but by means of a novel and typically Swedish bargain. The influential Swedish trade-union federation, a close ally of the ruling Social Democratic Party, has agreed to a program of stringent wage restraint—in exchange for a far-reaching, union-designed plan for partial worker ownership of industry. A percentage of annual profits will be diverted to several "wage-earners' funds," which will use the money to buy shares of stock in Swedish companies. This is intended to increase Sweden's rate of capital investment and restrain Swedish labor costs in a manner that broadens the distribution of wealth. Nothing will be nationalized, in the conventional sense. Competing firms will continue to be subject to the discipline of the market. But after a generation, they will be owned substantially by Swedish workers, through the funds. If the plan works, it will provide a wholly original form of market socialism.

"We believe, as the conservatives do, that Sweden needs to increase profits and hold down consumption," says Sweden's deputy prime minister, Ingvar Carlsson, the man in charge of the profit-sharing plan. "But if we do it under the present system, the profits will just go to the owners, and there will be pressure for compensating wage increases. Even if the unions could restrain the demands of their members, we would have wildcat strikes. The wage-earners' funds provide an eminently pragmatic way out."

CONSERVATIVE CRITICS who believe that the welfare state devours the invisible hand can fairly point to Denmark. Socialist critics who hope that something better lies beyond welfare capitalism can point to Sweden. The contrast between Sweden and Denmark is not in their tax rates or social benefits,

which are comparable, but in their economic systems. Denmark is, in a sense, the epitome of the social-democratic compromise. The Danes piled a very lavish welfare system on top of a laissez-faire economy. They substantially socialized income distribution, but left decisions about labor and capital to the market. The Danish government pays Europe's most generous unemployment compensation; the Swedish government goes to great lengths to maintain full employment. Denmark pays exorbitant interest rates to private bondholders to finance its huge deficit; Sweden has a system of socialized savings.

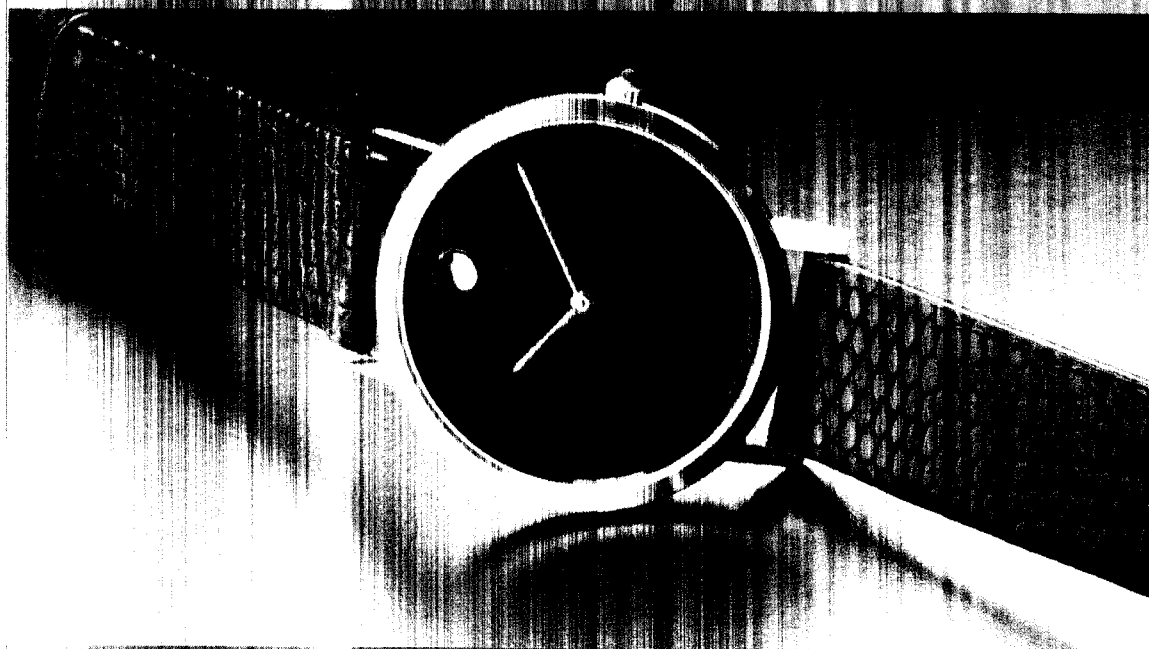
The Danish compromise reflects Danish political realities. Since 1924, the Social Democrats have been Denmark's largest party and usually the party of government; but they have never received quite enough votes to attain a majority in parliament. Sweden, on the other hand, is the one Western country where socialists have governed almost continuously for fifty years. It has painstakingly refined economic structures to match social goals.

For Sweden's socialists, full employment is the alpha and omega of their system. The loyalty of their trade-union constituency depends on it. When high unemployment occurs, labor solidarity erodes; other social goals, like workplace enrichment and wage equality, recede; and the social cost of maintaining the idle becomes prohibitive. The Swedes have devised a unique system of labor-market boards, which have resources to find or create a job for almost anyone who needs one.

The parent labor board spends about 12 billion Swedish crowns a year, or some 2 percent of Sweden's GNP, creating jobs. The board not only sponsors relief work; it subsidizes retraining and relocation costs for the unemployed, and runs the workshops for the handicapped. It can even stockpile goods in order to help manufacturers through short-term economic downturns, and it can invest capital in new ventures.

On the afternoon I interviewed Allan Larsson, the youthful director of the national board, he was emerging from a meeting with business, labor, and civic leaders from the Arctic Circle town of Kiruna, where several factories have closed. The board had helped set up a local tripartite board, which will get a large government grant to subsidize wage costs of new industry.

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At any given time, between 2 and 5 percent of the Swedish labor force is working or being retrained in projects sponsored by the national labor-market board. The system allows Sweden to stay close to full employment throughout swings in the business cycle, without overstimulating the whole economy and causing inflation. Sweden today has 3.4 percent unemployment, while the rest of Europe averages higher than 10 percent. As a result, Sweden has largely avoided the severe social problems associated with high unemployment of youth which now afflict much of Europe.

In contrast, the Danes have 10.2 percent unemployment and spend 12 percent of their total national budget paying unemployment compensation. Until this year, a worker could remain unemployed for up to three and a half years and draw 90 percent of his or her previous salary. "In Sweden, we spend about 80 percent of our labor-market outlays creating jobs," says Berit Rollén, Sweden's deputy labor minister. "The Danes spend about 90 percent of theirs on unemployment benefits."

The Danish approach is the more virtuous in free-market terms. Niels Using, a senior official of the Danish Economic Ministry, says, "Sweden has succeeded in keeping unemployment low, but the price they pay is greater subsidization of industry and higher labor costs. In Sweden it is difficult to fire people and to adjust the labor force. In Denmark we tolerate high open unemployment, and we finance it socially."

However, the Danish formula has reached its limits; the costs are simply excessive. The Swedish approach actually helps to adjust the work force, its proponents argue: as long as overall unemployment is low, workers no longer needed in one industry can be retrained for another, rather than being forced on the dole.

Sweden and Denmark also have diametrically opposite approaches to capital markets and to pension systems. In liberal Denmark, capital markets are private and largely unregulated. This allows investment to flow to the source of the highest returns. When public deficits are high, the Danish state treasury sells bonds at whatever yield the market demands. Last year, the state was paying interest rates as high as 23 percent at a time when comparable investments in private industry were yielding an average of 7 percent. The result was a steep

drop in private investment. "Why invest in business and make trouble for yourself when you can do so much better investing in state bonds?" asks Torben Nielsen, the chief economist for Denmark's big Privatbanken.

The extremely high yields on government bonds have also created a perverse boom in Denmark's private pension funds. The Danish system is unlike most American pension plans, in that the pension is based partly on how well the fund performs. "I have colleagues at this bank," says Nielsen, "who will receive 50 percent more from their pensions than from their salary." (The government recently acted to limit the windfall.)

Sweden, by contrast, has substantially socialized both its supply of capital and its pension system. Since 1959, the Swedes have used their social-security retirement system as a source of savings. Although most national pension systems, including our own, collect just enough taxes to pay out benefits, the Swedish system deliberately runs a big surplus. Premiums go to create a capital fund, much like a private life-insurance plan or annuity. The income from the fund's investments finances part of the pension payouts. Today, social-security savings account for about 60 percent of Sweden's total flow of savings.

Governments finance their deficits by selling bonds to the private sector. Danish government deficits have all but consumed Danish private savings; in Sweden, the big social-security surplus helps to offset the state budget deficit. Sweden's state deficit, like Denmark's, has been 12 to 15 percent of GNP. But Sweden's public-sector deficit is, thanks to the big pool of social-security savings, a more manageable 6 to 7 percent of GNP. When the Swedish government needs to sell bonds, it can tap that pool of public savings, and at interest rates far lower than Denmark's.

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN the Swedish and Danish welfare states are not the result of different sets of socialist intellectuals drawing blueprints in Copenhagen and Stockholm; they reflect strikingly different national experiences. Sweden, though a rural country, long ago developed industries—mining, forestry, and shipbuilding. It had the more powerful monarchy, which evolved into a centralized modern state. "Sweden hardly experienced a period of political liberalism, but drifted almost directly from

absolutism to a corporatist . . . state," says Gösta Esping-Andersen, a Danish sociologist who has studied the social history of the two countries. In this century, Sweden, with just 8.3 million people, has developed a remarkable number of world-scale heavy industries—steel, shipbuilding, autos, engineering, electronics, and consumer products. Industrial Sweden incubated a stronger trade-union movement than did Denmark. The twin legacy of a centralized state and a well-disciplined labor movement created a political culture in which management, labor, and government could negotiate social bargains and make them stick.

Denmark is still a heavily agricultural country, with a tradition of independent farmers and small businesses. Though it is more compact and in many respects more homogeneous, it is also by far more libertarian than Sweden. Sweden's political system has a well-defined left and right; Denmark's is increasingly anarchic. In the past decade, the Danish political establishment has splintered into twelve distinct parties, nine of which currently hold seats in parliament. Of these, the fifth largest is the anti-tax Progress Party, whose leader, Mogens Glistrup, is serving a prison term for tax evasion. Denmark is the most southern of the Nordic countries, culturally as well as geographically. Compared with Oslo or Stockholm, Copenhagen projects an antic, irreverent quality. It is in Denmark where one still finds sixties-style "free communities," an easy tolerance of illegitimacy, and open sexuality. (Stockholm has its sex shops, but without display windows.)

Sweden, long plagued with alcoholism, today has a politically influential temperance movement, which cuts across the ideological spectrum. Under the alcohol-control law, Swedish beer comes in three strengths: but the most potent brew you can buy in a grocery is comparable to American 3.2 beer. Not long ago, Swedish television ran a documentary on life in Denmark. As the camera panned to a mother with a toddler in a shopping cart, a supermarket wine display came into view. The announcer explained reproachfully that the Danes allow wine to be sold in their grocery stores. The Swedes—half disapproving, half admiring—tend to view the Danes as more than a little dissolute. The Danes consider the Swedes austere, conformist, and even authoritarian.



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WHETHER OR NOT the Danes have more fun than the Swedes, the benefit of Swedish conformism is that it makes Sweden fertile soil for social consensus. When the Social Democrats returned to power last October, one of Prime Minister Palme's first acts was a 16 percent devaluation of the Swedish crown. This was intended to make Swedish exports more competitive in world markets and to depress consumption of imports. Usually, such devaluations fail. They raise the cost of imports; unions demand wage increases; and the country ends up about where it began, but with a debased currency.

This devaluation, however, is working. The unions, with their stake in the larger economic strategy, have agreed to hold down wage demands. Thanks to the devaluation and the wage restraint, Sweden's wage costs relative to those of other countries are lower than they've been in twenty years. Exports are up smartly; the stock market is booming. Economists sometimes call this cooperative approach to wage restraint an "incomes policy"; the idea is to limit wage increases to the economy's real rate of growth. An incomes policy is a less painful cure for inflation than deliberate recession, but it takes a high degree of social cohesion. Sweden is one of the few countries that can make it succeed.

Swedish opponents of the Palme program find the government-labor collaboration distressing, if not unnatural. "The unions are helping the government to hold down wages; that's not what unions are for," says Karl-Olof Faxén, of the influential Swedish Employers' Confederation. The restraint obviously has its limits. "If the Swedish unions can't use their substantial power to bargain for higher wages, they have to get something else or they lose their membership," says Walter Korpi, a prominent labor sociologist at Stockholm University.

Historically, Sweden's labor movement has chosen to spend a large part of its considerable influence bargaining for a more egalitarian society. The Swedish economic model, heavily influenced by the trade unions, includes a strong commitment to equal wages, often at the expense of highly skilled workers. Instead of just pressing for "more," like most Western trade unions, Swedish unionists have pursued broader social goals: full employment, workplace democracy, and economic equality. Indeed, the strength

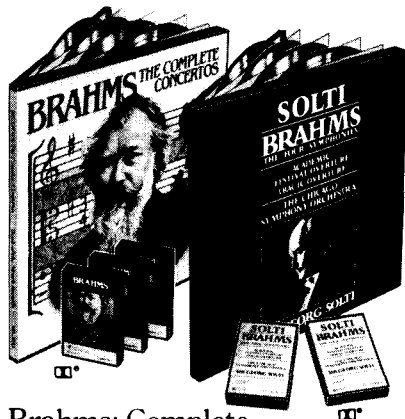
of the labor movement, representing about 90 percent of Swedish wage earners, explains why Sweden, almost alone among welfare states, has moved well beyond the "social safety net."

No comparable Danish model can be discerned. Denmark is simply a more extreme case of the crisis of Western welfare states generally. "We failed to reach a social consensus in the 1970s; we were never able to create a long-term program to combine income restraint and full employment," says Poul Rasmussen.

Sweden, of course, is not home free. As the recession has reduced earning power, the system of centralized wage bargaining has lost some of its appeal. Last spring, the metalworkers' union broke ranks and negotiated its own contract with the engineering industry, a move that was criticized by other unions. The ambitious plan for worker ownership, the centerpiece of the latest social bargain, remains highly controversial. Its details are still being fiercely debated within the labor federation and the Social Democratic Party. Should the funds be under the control of the unions? Of individual workers? Of the state? Should workers get individual dividends? Or should the whole return be re-invested in the Swedish economy? Unlike other Swedish social inventions, the wage-earners' fund is distressingly abstract. It does not offer anything of direct benefit to the average Swede—as does, say, a pension program or a retraining sabbatical. Many Swedes question the wisdom of the whole program. The employers' confederation fears that it will cause private investment to dry up altogether. Assar Lindbeck, an internationally renowned Swedish economist, resigned from the Social Democratic Party over the issue. "No democratic state has ever amassed so much economic power and remained democratic," says Åke Ortmark, a prominent television commentator.

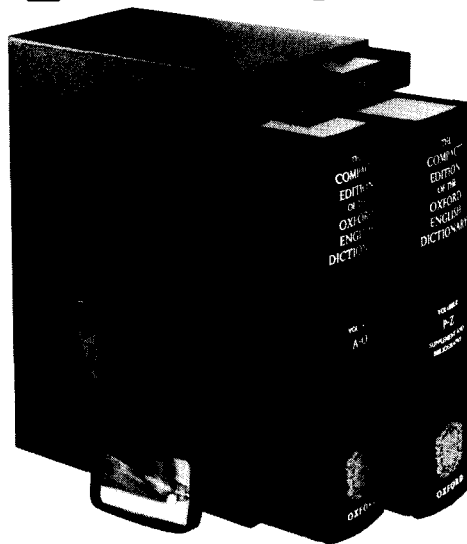
Sweden has been debating the profit-sharing plan since 1973. Not until 1981 did it become part of the Social Democratic platform. At the end of this year or early next year, the proposal will be brought before parliament, where it will undoubtedly be refined. The Swedish bargain combines substantial trade-union power with surprising trade-union restraint. In Europe, only Austria and Norway, the other Western nations with low unemployment, come close to this model. Japan has the social discipline but

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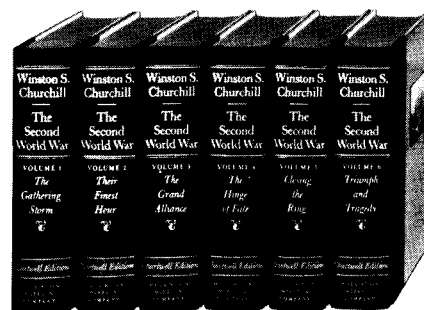
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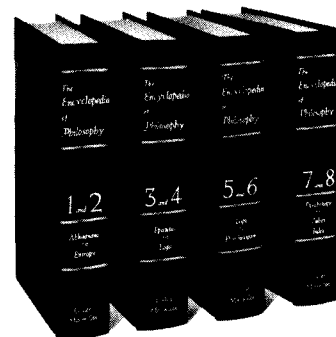
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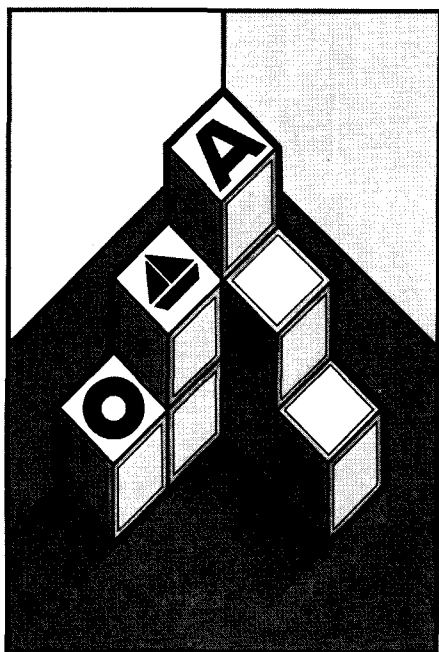
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not the labor influence. The Danish predicament, unfortunately, is more typical of industrialized nations.

Sweden and Denmark are both estimable, humane places. Louis Brandeis once remarked, "Why should anyone want to go to Russia when he can go to Denmark?" An American of egalitarian sympathies comes away from a visit to northern Europe with admiration for the Swedes, affection for the Danes, and a new respect for the difficulty of transplanting other people's social inventions.

—Bob Kuttner

Bob Kuttner, a contributing editor of The New Republic, is at work on a book titled Economic Growth/Economic Justice.



CHILD ABUSE THE EXTENT OF THE HARM

The only statistics that professionals in a frustrating field can rely on are disturbing and incomplete



THE FORMAL STUDY of most social problems—AIDS, drug addiction, even divorce—begins, if not when the problem first appears, when it starts to affect great numbers of people. This is not the case with child abuse. The recognition thirty years ago that severe maltreatment of children was widespread

was accompanied by a realization that it probably always had been. Newspaper stories today decrying the apparent surge in abuse, or commending treatment programs, give the impression that we have comprehended the scope and nature of the problem. But, in fact, after years of research, no one can say conclusively why abuse occurs, whether it can be prevented, or even how much of it goes on. The uncertainty lies partly in the surprising failure of various professionals, including doctors, to come forth with information they possess.

The literature of child abuse casts physicians as detectives and uncooperative witnesses, responsible for much of what is known, and not known, about the problem. In 1946, Dr. John Caffey, a radiologist in New York City, noticed that the x-rays of certain children recovering from fractures revealed traces of earlier lesions. His suspicions about the source of the multiple traumas were dismissed by some colleagues, who suggested that these children might have congenitally fragile bones. But, nine years later, two pediatricians pursued Caffey's radiographic sleuthing and cautiously attributed the injuries to "undesirable vectors of force." Articles in pediatric journals alerted physicians to cases in which children's symptoms contradicted their parents' explanation for the injuries. A medical symposium in 1961, "The Battered Child Syndrome," was widely publicized, and in ten years every state had passed a law requiring that incidents of child abuse be reported to the designated child-protection agency.

Physicians rarely complied. In 1970, the results of a confidential survey sent to all pediatricians in Massachusetts indicated that they knew of at least twice as many abuse cases as they had reported to the Division of Child Guardianship. In 1973, out of 3,000 cases in New York City's Central Registry, only eight had been reported by doctors. The implication of physicians' silence extends beyond precise tabulation. In a review of 4,000 reports of child abuse in Florida, researchers concluded that the most important determinant in whether a report became an officially open, or "founded," case, was not the seriousness of the reported incident but the professional status of the reporter.

Even when doctors did report, many authorities were skeptical about the criteria they used in choosing cases to file. In one study, two groups of thirty-eight

doctors were shown four fictitious emergency-room reports that included descriptions of the injured child, his injury, and the parent who accompanied him. The two sets of doctors were shown identical cases involving minor injuries—except one child was black, the other white. Forty-three percent of the doctors presented with the case of the black child called it child abuse; only 23 percent of the other group called the white child's case child abuse. Similarly, when shown two reports of serious injury in which the only differing detail was the parent's occupation—janitor versus attorney—70 percent of the first group of doctors judged the janitor's child to be a victim of abuse; only 51 percent of the second group judged the lawyer's child to have been victimized. It is reasonable to assume that had these been real cases the doctors would not have reported any of them.

Why did doctors hold back? It appeared to some observers that they had no confidence in the child-welfare system; others believed that doctors feared the effect on their practices if their willingness to report families became known. In any case, evidence of such under-reporting rendered early official figures less reliable than those from independent studies.

In 1965, David Gil, a professor of social policy at Brandeis University, had the National Opinion Research Center ask 1,520 respondents whether they "personally knew families involved in incidents of child abuse resulting in physical injury" during the previous year. Three percent of those surveyed did, leading Gil to propose that between 2.5 and 4 million cases of physical abuse had occurred that year. A limitation of his study, and of many subsequent ones, is that the initial interpretation of "child abuse" was left up to the respondents. Social scientists continually redefined that term, because a delicate and subjective line was being drawn between parental prerogatives and unreasonable punishment. But by any interpretation, physical abuse proved by the early seventies to be only one part of a very ugly picture.

Battered children were often found to be malnourished, medically and educationally neglected, and, as a result, emotionally and intellectually retarded. Clinicians began to question whether the violent things that parents periodically did to children might cause less damage

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than things that, out of carelessness more than anger, they chronically failed to do. State laws were expanded to cover neglect, which emerged as not only an enormous problem—one national survey of courts revealed ten times as many neglect as abuse cases—but a sensitive one: it seemed easy to mistake the inescapable effects of poverty for willful neglect.

IN 1976, THE American Humane Association (AHA) began to collect abuse and neglect statistics from the states' child-protective-services agencies. Cooperation is voluntary; only thirty-seven states participate, and not all of these categorize cases by offense. Nevertheless, the numbers are revealing. In 1981 alone, 851,000 cases were reported, nearly half of them by non-professionals: friends, neighbors, and relatives. The number of reports rose 106 percent from 1976 to 1981, although the degree of the increase declined each year, which suggests two things: the rise reflects an improvement in the reporting system rather than an actual increase in incidence; and/or the network of child-protective-services agencies (known as CPS) is approaching a point at which more cases will come in than can be processed—and too often, if CPS can't process a case, it doesn't report it.

The data, although scanty, is strikingly consistent year after year. About 4 percent of the cases involve "major physical injury" (brain damage, fractures, hemorrhages, poisonings, burns), 20 percent "minor physical injury" (bruises, welts, the effects of being shaken), 3 percent "unspecified physical injury." Some 60 percent of the victims suffer "deprivation of necessities" (neglect), 12 percent "emotional maltreatment," 7 percent "sexual maltreatment," and 12 percent "other maltreatment." The children at greatest risk for major physical injury are, unsurprisingly, those under three and those over twelve—two groups whose respective lack of language and facility with it traditionally frustrate parents.

The AHA profile of typical perpetrators is unsettling. Almost half the families reported receive public assistance. Blacks and women (especially single mothers) are over-represented, while whites are under-represented. It was at first unclear to what extent the profile reflected real incidence patterns rather than a bias among reporters. Undoubtedly, poor families appeared in welfare

offices and public-health clinics, whose staffs routinely report to CPS. As for middle-class families, did their under-representation mean that their lifestyle freed them from pressures that might cause abuse, or that it simply protected them from discovery? More affluent families were treated by private physicians, whose reliability as reporters was known to be questionable.

In 1979, the National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect (NCCAN) set out to obtain a more accurate national case count, using even stricter definitions of abuse and neglect than the AHA's. During one year, data was collected in twenty-six counties in ten states—official CPS records as well as interviews with the staffs of schools, hospitals, courts, and police departments. For the first time, cases these professionals reported to CPS were compared with those they knew of but never reported. Only one in five incidents was ever officially filed with CPS, leading researchers to project initially that 652,000 cases occurred annually. However, because expense had precluded interviewing non-professionals—the single greatest source of reports for the AHA—they finally estimated actual incidence to be 1.1 million cases a year in which children suffered serious physical or emotional damage as a result of "purposive acts or extreme inattention by a parent or other in-home adult caretaker."

This so-called National Incidence Study established that although incidence rates for blacks and whites were almost identical, children in poor families were indeed far more likely to be victimized than those in upper-income families. Forty-two percent of the children in the study came from families earning less than \$7,000 a year. A separate analysis of the data showed that the cases hospitals were least likely to report involved higher-income white families. But even if the same pattern were found in other institutions, it was clear that the amount of abuse and neglect among the affluent was nowhere near the amount among the poor. "There are compelling political reasons why people wanted to believe that child abuse pervaded all classes," says David Finkelhor, associate director of the Family Violence Research Program at the University of New Hampshire. "It is easier to get funds for social programs if a problem affects everybody. But the numbers do not support that idea."

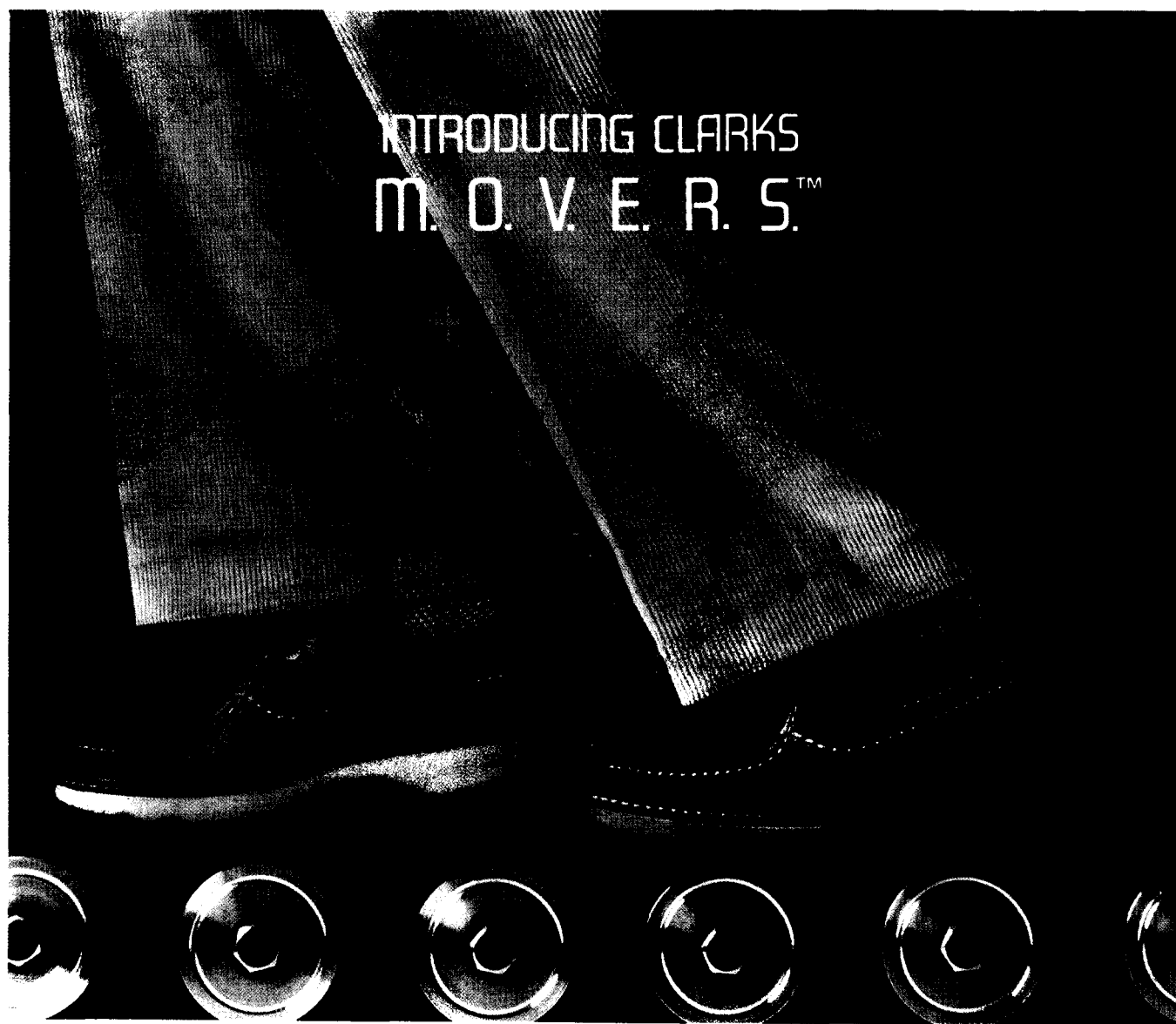
NCCAN's study was a landmark, but it revealed nothing about cases reported to neither an agency nor an institution. Only Richard Gelles, a sociologist at the University of Rhode Island, has surveyed parents nationwide. In 1977, he canvassed 1,146 families, despite warnings that it would be difficult to get people to discuss their own domestic violence. "In fact," he says, "I could not get them to shut up."

Nearly 4 percent of those interviewed had been "violently abusive" toward their children that year, which Gelles defined to include kicking, biting, or hitting a child; striking him with a sharp object; beating him; shooting or trying to shoot, stabbing or trying to stab him. Gelles deduced that in 1975 between 1.4 and 1.9 million children were vulnerable to physical abuse alone. His definition, however, does not reflect whether physical injury resulted. "I do not see why the determination that something is or is not an abusive act should depend on how good a parent's aim is," he says. His study, though unconventional, supports most others in identifying two factors as being correlated with child abuse: social isolation and unemployment.

The exact relationship between joblessness and parental maltreatment, however, is unknown. The connection seems less conclusive when studying a random sample of families affected by unemployment than when studying individual depressed communities: for example, in Wisconsin in 1981, while reported cases of abuse increased 6 percent statewide, they rose an average of 123 percent in the ten counties having the largest increase in unemployment. But Peter Coolson, associate director of the National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, has observed that one of these counties actually experienced a 42 percent decrease in reports. He speculates that a factor even more critical than unemployment is the transition from employment to joblessness, which might explain why in Michigan, where unemployment is all but chronic, the number of reported incidents has remained constant.

One authority challenges the general belief that unemployment is a primary cause of the maltreatment of children. Dr. Norman Polansky, Regents Professor of Social Work at the University of Georgia at Athens, has for twenty years worked with and studied abusive and neglectful parents. He points to the mil-

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lions of jobless people who never harm their youngsters and who, using meager public assistance, provide them with decent care. "Poverty isn't the problem," he says. "Come the revolution, disturbed people will still be abusing their kids." Regardless of economic status, he says, parents who mistreat children display a "gross immaturity," which can produce a role reversal in which a parent expects his own needs to be met by the child.

The relative importance of psychodynamic and sociological factors is elusive. Clearly, some people are sick and they hurt children. There are others for whom the well-being of their children remains the supreme concern no matter how hopeless circumstances become. But there seem to be a great number of mothers and fathers who function adequately until pushed—continuously, periodically, or even momentarily—beyond their every resource, when parenting becomes an intolerable task.

Statistically, it appears that women are far more apt to mistreat children. Explanations range from the simple one that mothers are with the youngsters more often to a great likelihood of prejudicial reporting: David Gil collected at random fifteen reports of malnutrition filed nationwide by social workers, police, and medical personnel; in every instance, although both parents were living at home, the mother alone was named as perpetrator.

It is often alleged that parents who were themselves abused are more likely to mistreat their children. But that theory is based on observations of people who come to the attention of clinicians because they have harmed their children, and it is flimsy without comparable studies of other adults victimized in childhood who do not become abusive parents.

NO ONE KNOWS whether child abuse is increasing or decreasing. But the directors of three leading clinics that treat young victims—at Children's Hospital in Boston; at Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C.; and at the C. Henry Kempe National Center for the Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse and Neglect, in Denver—concur in an impression: the number of cases may not be increasing significantly, but the severity of cases and the number of fatalities are. A weekly intake sheet from one of these clinics presents commonplace stories:

Two years old. Mother allegedly sodomized and threatened to circumcise child.

Eight years old. Multi-handicapped child previously in hospital with fracture readmitted with urine-soaked cast.

Three years old. Mother states child pulled pot of hot beans onto abdomen.

Twelve years old. Punched in eye, choked, and thrown to floor by mother's boyfriend of ten years.

Twenty months old. Defenestration.

Newborn. Transfer in from General Hospital with drug-withdrawal symptoms.

Two years old. Child burned on buttocks and backs of legs by hot iron while being cared for by uncle.

Six months old. Child sustained two well-circumscribed burns on underside of scrotum.

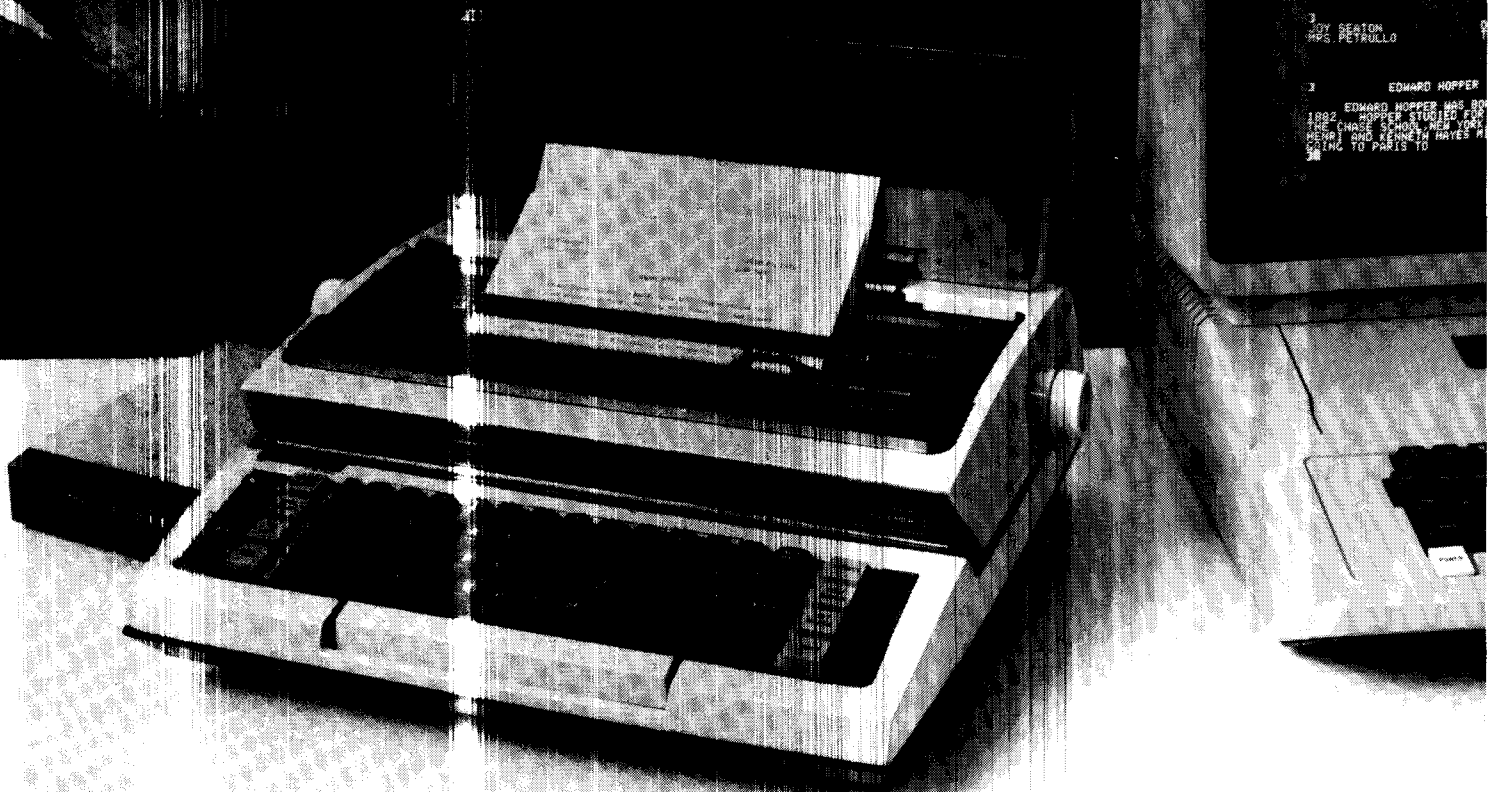
These children are fortunate, if only in one sense: they have suffered maltreatments that professionals recognize. A curious phenomenon is the occasional discovery of a "new" form of abuse by clinicians and the media followed by a sharp rise in reporting. Four problems have recently been identified as having been seriously under-reported: sexual abuse, a form of neglect called non-organic failure to thrive, abuse of teenagers, and fatalities.

Sexual abuse is distinguished from other offenses by the pleasure-seeking motivation of the adult. It is also less correlated with poverty and more likely than other forms of abuse to occur in middle- and upper-class homes. In the National Incidence Study, it is the offense most likely to have been reported to CPS; incidents go undetected, however, making the study's estimate of 44,700 cases a year improbably low. Moreover, official statistics reflect only cases in which the perpetrator is a primary caretaker, whereas a sexual molester is often a neighbor, a friend, or a relative.

Cases are often discovered in accidental ways, such as those described by a social worker in Durham, North Carolina: A day-care worker finds a four-year-old trying to have oral sex with a playmate. A school nurse traces a first grader's painful itch to gonorrhea. A neighbor sees a little girl playing suggestive games with a doll.

It has sometimes been suggested that children's naiveté protects them from eventual psychological disturbances, especially because most sexual victimization does not involve intercourse. But to-

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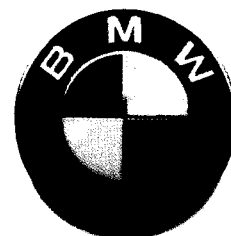
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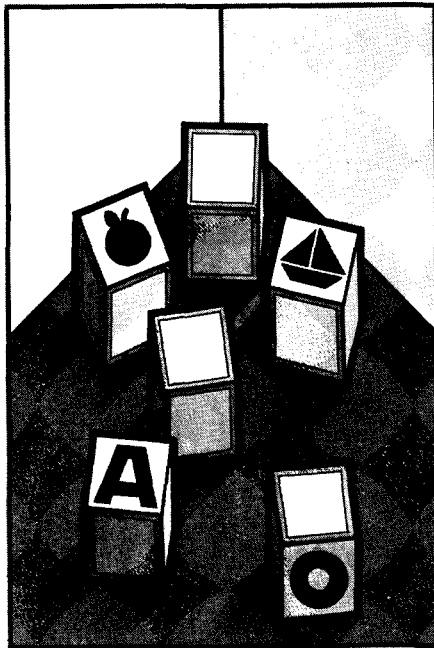
day researchers are identifying children who experience a response like the post-traumatic stress disorder that sometimes afflicts veterans: they have severe nightmares and become hysterical in situations that remind them of the molestation—changing at bedtime, for instance, or taking a bath. David Finkelhor's work suggests that the intensity of a child's reaction depends not on the nature of the violation—intercourse versus fondling—but on the degree of coercion involved. Finkelhor has interviewed hundreds of adults who were victimized as children; the great majority of them never told anyone. He believes that this pattern of silence still prevails, and that official incidence figures come to "nowhere near" a realistic total.

The most under-reported form of neglect may be one that only a physician can identify. Non-organic failure to thrive (FTT) occurs when a child under three stops growing as a result of inadequate nutrition, usually accompanied by emotional understimulation. The baby loses weight very gradually, and often, because he or she has lain ignored so long, becomes listless and develops poor muscle tone or a bald spot. The child's head may shrink slightly from malnutrition, which during the first year of life can cause permanent brain damage.

FTT is less confined to poor families than other sorts of neglect, according to Dr. Richard Krugman, director of the Kempe Center. "The problem is not one of food costs but maternal attachment," he says. The mother is typically so depressed that she unwittingly hinders the baby's feeding. A psychologist at the Kempe Center describes a young mother who went through the motions of breastfeeding her baby, apparently oblivious of the fact that the child had a pacifier in its mouth. In rare instances, FTT has physiological origins, which pediatricians have traditionally sought as the first explanation for any case. "Doctors have resisted acknowledging that maternal deprivation is the cause 95 percent of the time," says Dr. Gerald Hass, assistant clinical professor of pediatrics at Harvard University Medical School, who has treated abused children for fifteen years. Hass suspects that as recognition of non-organic FTT increases, it will prove to be more common than any other form of abuse or neglect.

The discussion surrounding the syndrome raises an important question in

child-protection research—whether it is possible to identify children most likely to be victimized. It has been proposed that babies at risk may be those born prematurely, during a family crisis, or with a congenital illness. A disturbing suggestion that commonly appears in prevention literature involves the use of pre-natal screening—an examination of an expectant mother's personal and medical history, her attitude toward the pregnancy, and her family profile—in order to identify potentially abusive parents. Post-natal surveillance would follow, especially if the newborn met separate "high-risk" criteria. It seems probable that the same bias that informs the reporting system would eventually color such a screening process.



One fact is certain: infants are so vulnerable and demanding that a profoundly stressed parent can react in desperate ways. Children under two account for well over half of the abuse- and neglect-related deaths reported to the AHA each year. When a parent is brought to trial for killing a child, the final resolution is not infrequently a suspended sentence or a short jail term. This phenomenon is sometimes cited by sociologists as proof that children are regarded as property under the law. It does seem inarguable that parents are not prosecuted as severely for harming their own children as they would be for harming someone else's—or, certainly, another adult.

Five hundred and eighty-five fatalities were reported in 1981, most of them the

results of neglect rather than of abuse. But fewer than half the jurisdictions that file cases with the AHA include deaths. (Coroners and medical examiners were among the last professionals to be mandated as reporters. Although the police are supposed to report all fatalities to CPS, they do not always do so.) Seeking sounder statistics, Dr. Janine Jason, a medical epidemiologist at the Center for Disease Control, in Atlanta, turned to the FBI files on child homicide from 1976 through 1979. She found twice as many deaths as were reported to the AHA. (The FBI does not even count deaths resulting from neglect.) The AHA data reveals a one-peak curve—infants and toddlers die. The law-enforcement records portray a U-curve—the victims are babies and teenagers. This discrepancy suggests a trend confirmed by the National Incidence Study: figures are collected more consistently for young children than for adolescents. In that study, 67 percent of the preschoolers (aged zero to six) recognized as victims of mistreatment were reported, as compared with only 22 percent of youngsters aged twelve through seventeen. "Clearly, people think teenagers can fend for themselves, or run away," says Dr. Jason.

Sometimes they do. Often they do not. Jane and Mitchell Berdie, a social worker and a psychologist in Denver, have for several years studied 200 teenaged victims of abuse, reached through private social-service agencies around the country. Only 30 percent of the youths had run away. Only one in five had ever struck back at an abusive parent. "Teenagers are just as psychologically vulnerable as children, and just as apt to convince themselves that they deserve punishment," Jane Berdie says. "They rarely tell anyone what is happening, because no matter how bad the home environment is, they are old enough to feel attached to it, and afraid that they might be removed."

Instead, maltreated adolescents do things that draw attention not to their parents' deviant behavior but to their own—as juvenile delinquents, truants, and school troublemakers. "Everything comes down on the kid's head," says Jane Berdie. "The parental maltreatment may not be discovered until much later, and probably never will be."

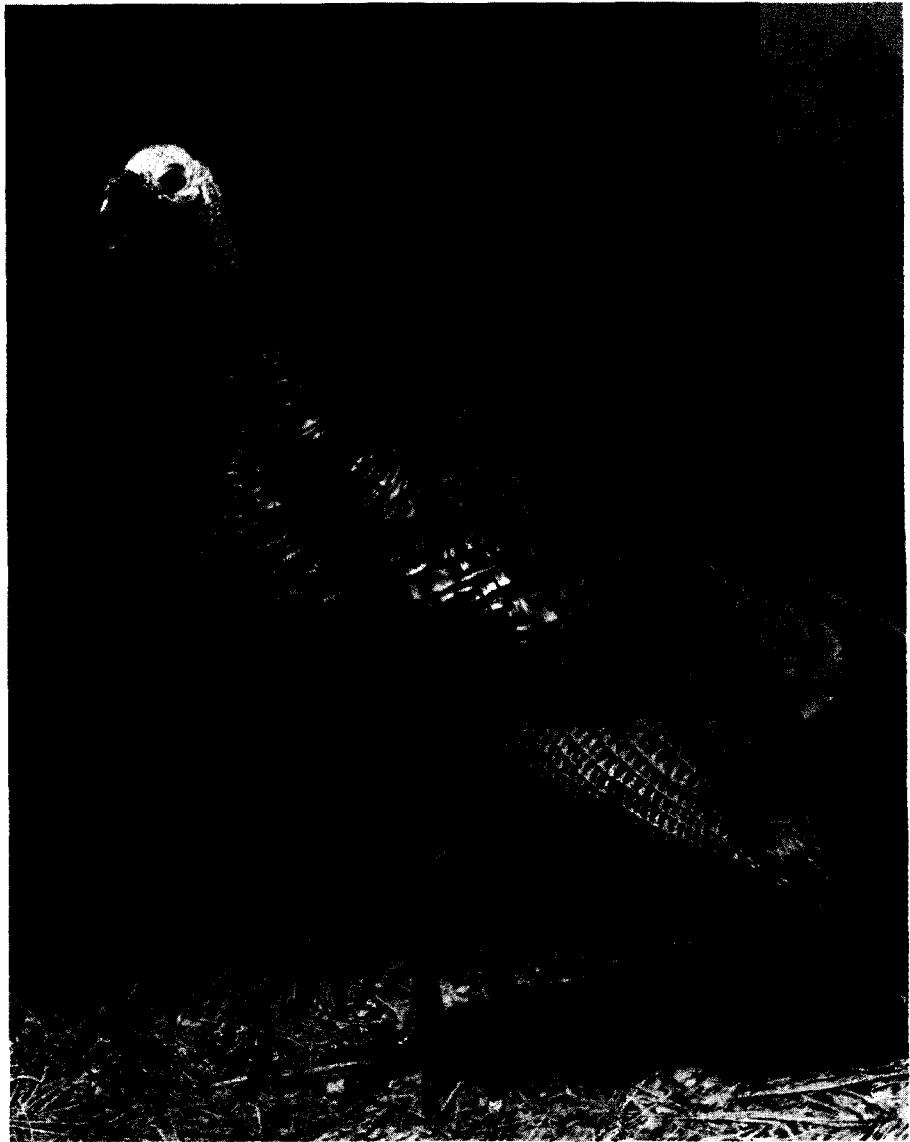
EVEN MORE CASES of abuse and neglect will go undiscovered as public money for child-abuse programs dwindle.

dles. In fiscal 1983, such federal funds were reduced from \$22.9 million to \$16.2 million. For fiscal 1984, the Administration wants to cut funding by 59 percent, to \$6.7 million. A telephone survey of the directors of the states' CPS agencies revealed that following the cutbacks, child-abuse and -neglect laws were being interpreted more narrowly. "We are only investigating really serious-sounding cases," said one director. Two others said, "Only reports of children under twelve are being accepted" and "Neglect cases get shoved to the bottom of the pile."

Financial constraints are determining not only which cases get processed but also how those that are processed are handled. A critical trend in child welfare during the past ten years has been to discontinue the routine removal of children from troubled families. This shift was inspired largely by the appearance, in 1973, of *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child*, by Anna Freud, Joseph Goldstein, and Albert J. Solnit, which warned against underestimating the potential danger of separating a child from its biological parent, even the most seemingly incompetent or unloving one. The 1980 Adoption Assistance and Child Welfare Act stipulates that *before* a child is removed from the home, every possible means of keeping a family together must be attempted.

But a social worker can explore alternative measures only if he or she can offer a family supports such as crisis counseling, day care, and homemaker aid—services that were drastically diminished by the Title XX cuts of 1982. Many caseworkers have been reduced to making repeated "house calls" when they can provide little more. "Without access to community programs, a worker must be very careful," says Richard Herstein, director of Emergency Children's Services in New York City. "He may make eight home visits and on the ninth discover that the parents have left the baby alone and he has crawled out the eleventh-story window. It happens. Nowadays I tell my team, 'Sure, do everything you can to keep a family together—but make damn sure that kid is safe.'"

Caution is in the best interests of the social worker as well as of the child: CPS workers across the country are suddenly being sued because of cases in which a determination was made to leave the child at home and a fatality resulted. In 1980, in El Paso, Texas, a hospital filed a



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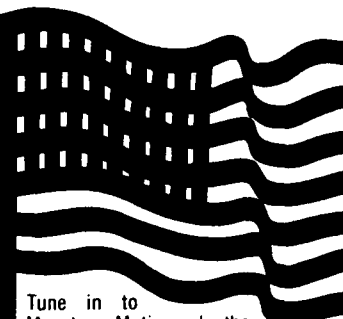
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report with the local CPS agency on a nine-month-old girl who had been severely scalded on her back and buttocks. Agency workers interviewed the family and decided that the parents could keep the child but must have psychiatric therapy. Ten months later, the baby died, apparently from asphyxiation, although the medical examiner also found signs of malnutrition, and small circular burns on the child's head. The prosecuting attorney charged the CPS director and case-worker with criminal negligence in leaving the infant at home—a charge rejected by a trial court. In fact, no CPS staff member has yet been indicted in such a case, but this kind of litigation is daunting to agency workers.

Because the child-welfare system is underfunded and understaffed, class-action suits have recently been filed on behalf of children and parents in various communities charging that the CPS units are too overburdened to fulfill their federally mandated duties. The rash of lawsuits—like the ceaseless debate about the nature, sources, and extent of child abuse—suggests how much precedent remains to be firmly established in child protection. With scant resources available, the direction in federal funding has shifted from long-term research to short-term model treatment programs, which worries some authorities like Dr. Krugman, of the Kempe Center. "If we had gone that route with, say, juvenile polio, today we might have half a million kids in computerized iron lungs and still not have a cure," he says. "This is a bad time to hold back in any area."

Meanwhile, at least, the public is reporting cases as never before. Media campaigns have been effective. The medical community has been awakened by lawsuits filed against physicians for failure to report abuse cases. If doctors begin to report them regularly, studies and statistics will be that much more meaningful. For, after all, the most important clues about the causes of child abuse and how to prevent it lie in a considerable body of research and an extraordinary assortment of numbers—numbers you can review, analyze, compare, and cross-tabulate until every once in a while, and mercifully, you almost forget what it is you are counting.

—Katie Leishman

Katie Leishman is articles editor of Working Mother and a freelance writer.

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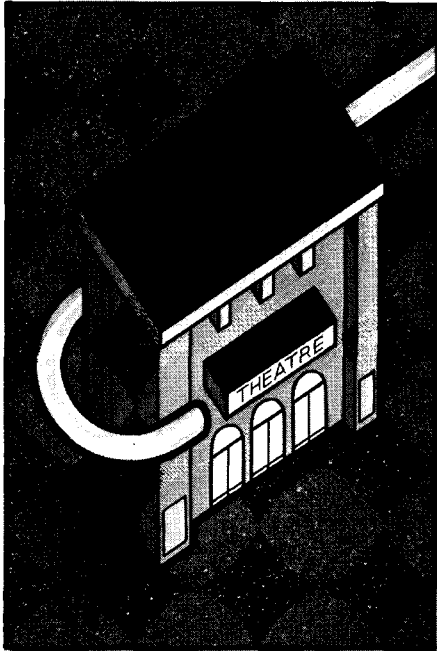
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NEW YORK BROADWAY CACOPHONY

A development boom in Times Square has pitted theater owners against preservationists



NEW YORK'S THEATER district is where many Americans have learned what they know about the theater. It is the only theater district in the country; New York's and London's are the only two in the world. Discussions are now going on to determine whether and how the area can sustain a wave of real-estate development without ceasing to be a theater district. A fifteen-member Theatre Advisory Council, made up of architects, lawyers, theater owners, and others, has been meeting since July of last year to devise a plan that will not only preserve Broadway's forty-four theaters but also enable theater owners to cash in on the real-estate boom. Their report is not likely to be unanimous. The owners expect the profits from development to save the industry, while preservationists fear for the fragile environment that sustains theater-going and predict the demise of the straight play on Broadway. This disagreement virtually ensures that the debate being conducted in the council will be repeated before various city agencies next year.

The conflict is over what kinds of shows will be produced on Broadway and what quality of production will be achieved. It is also over whether an industry that had its second highest grossing year in 1982-1983—despite a drop in ticket sales—needs to diversify into real estate. But these issues are seldom brought up before the council. Its discussions revolve around designation of landmarks, covenants, zoning laws, special demolition permits, and development rights and how they can be transferred from one site to another. It will be on those terms that a settlement is finally reached. Nonetheless, what is at issue is whether a Broadway typified by Raquel Welch in *Woman of the Year* will have room for the coming generation's *Death of a Salesman*.

The controversy arose in May of last year, when the city enacted a new zoning resolution governing midtown Manhattan. In order to draw development from the jam-packed East Side, the city created a special-growth district on the West Side, running from Herald Square north to Columbus Circle, and from Sixth Avenue west to Eighth Avenue. Within that area, developers will be allowed to construct buildings of greater bulk and to extend them farther into the block than they could on the East Side. Along with the additional space, they acquire the potential for earning more money. The plan is perfect for taking the heat off the East Side while maintaining the pace of development. However, loosely clustered along Broadway between 41st and 52nd streets, in the heart of the special-growth area, is the theater district. All at once, the forty-four playhouses became more valuable as sites for potential development than as places to put on plays.

As it happened, the city passed the resolution two months after 170 members of the Committee to Save the Theatres were carted off to jail for trying to prevent a backloader belonging to the Cuyahoga Wrecking Corporation from punching the side of the Morosco Theater. They went, in a way, as prisoners of war, having lost a three-year battle to save the Morosco, Helen Hayes, and Bijou theaters from demolition and to prevent the construction of a fifty-story, \$300 million Marriott hotel, designed by John Portman, Jr., in their place. When the preservationists turned their attention to the zoning resolution, they won a temporary stay on theater demolitions,

and Mayor Edward Koch appointed the council to draw up a plan to preserve the district.

THE THEATER DISTRICT in Times Square was born at the turn of the century, when real-estate development over-ran a thriving district at Union Square of more than thirty playhouses. Oscar Hammerstein, the cigar maker and impresario, led a charge up Broadway to the Longacre District, at 42nd Street. Over the next thirty years, more than eighty theaters were built, and a mythical center was born. The Depression ended the development and began a constriction. Theaters were demolished or converted to movie houses; only thirty-six theaters in the theater district remain from before the Depression. Perhaps 75 percent of the audience were New Yorkers, who, as one anonymous program writer of the twenties theorized, went to the theater to escape the confines of apartment living. Their frequent attendance funded the theater and enabled artists to earn a living. Musicals and plays flourished.

At some point, the audience changed. Today, according to the League of New York Theaters and Producers, about 40 percent of the Broadway audience are tourists. Of the metropolitan-area audience, 53 percent attend fewer than three times a year. Most of these people prefer musicals. Many go to the theater for special occasions or while on vacation, and they'd rather celebrate or relax with a musical than with a play. Also, with tickets priced at \$40, people want to be sure that they will enjoy themselves. Thus they lean toward the musical, whose big-name stars, recognizable tunes, flashy choreography, special effects, and, frequently, flimsy book make up an entertainment package as glamorous and as accessible as a Las Vegas floor show.

Of the remaining 47 percent of the metropolitan-area audience, nearly half are characterized as theater enthusiasts in a 1980 study prepared for the League. They go to the theater frequently, and though they attend all kinds of productions, 60 percent of them prefer musicals, and only 15 percent prefer dramas. Going to the theater is a way of going out on the town; only 34 percent, the study says, look for serious theater, rather than just entertainment, on Broadway.

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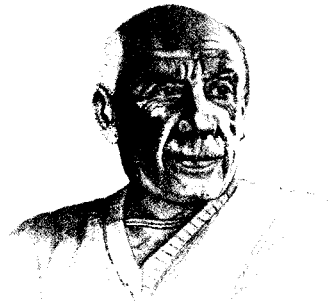
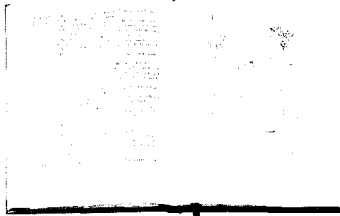
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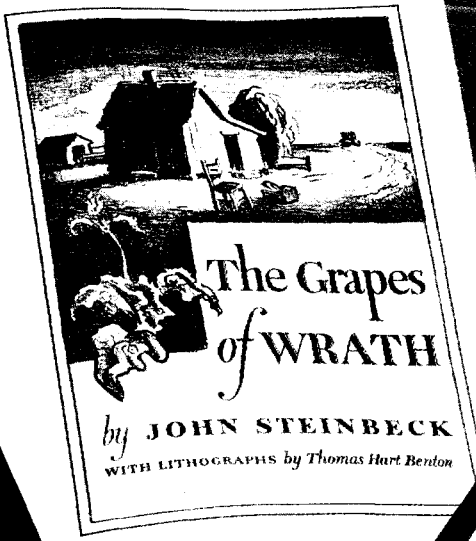
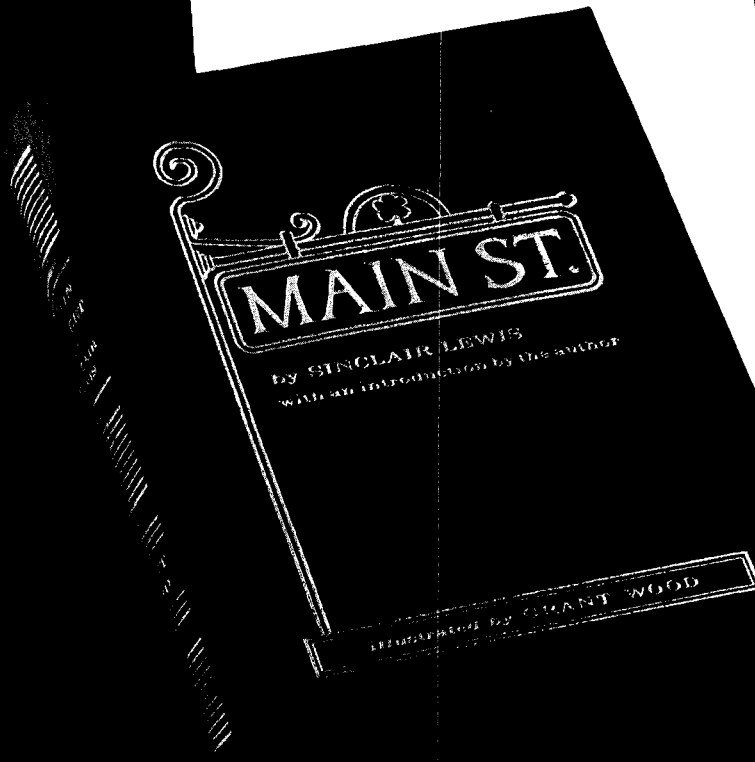
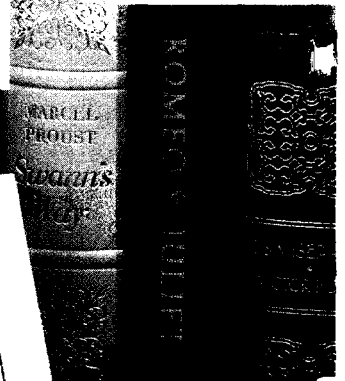
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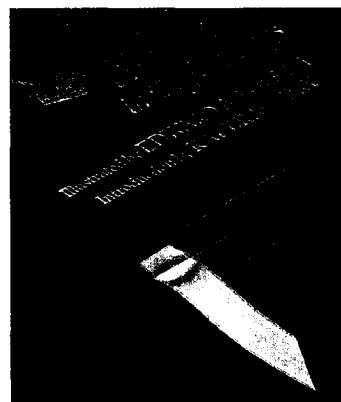
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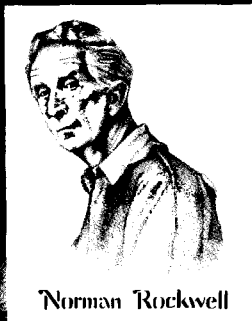


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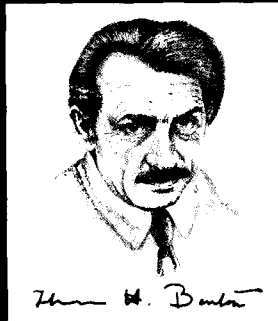


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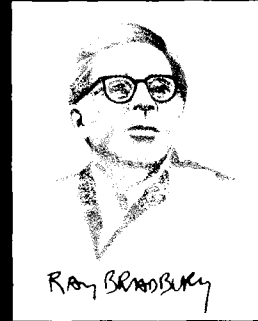
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weeks shows ran, 58 percent of the productions on Broadway from 1964 to 1969 were plays and 42 percent were musicals. Those percentages were exactly reversed in the period from 1978 to 1983, although nearly twice as many plays as musicals were produced during those years. Producers say that in order for a play to have a chance of commercial success, it needs to have big stars, or to have won the Pulitzer Prize, or to have had an impressive run in London, off-Broadway, or in regional theater. And still it might fail. Two recent offerings, *Total Abandon*, starring Richard Dreyfuss, and *Teaneck Tanzi*, starring Deborah Harry and Andy Kaufman, were sunk by bad reviews. Even the Royal Shakespeare Company's well-received production of *All's Well That Ends Well* played to half-empty houses.

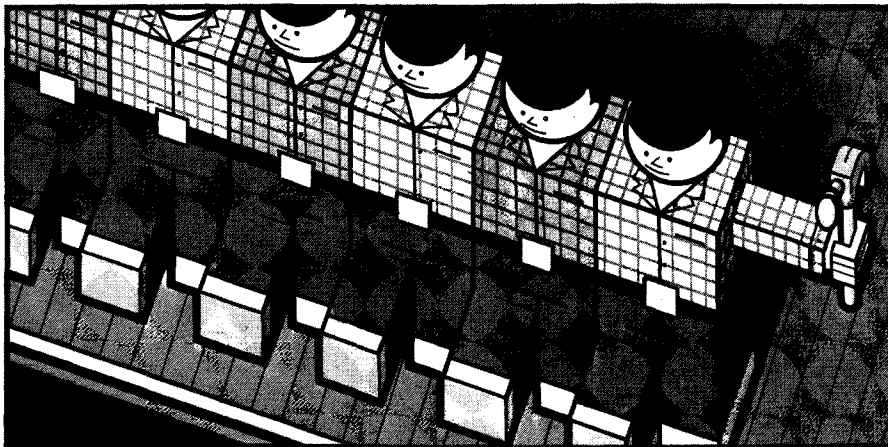
What preservationists fear is that, considering both today's real-estate market and the gauntlet of problems a play has to run on its way to profit, the theater owner/producer may decide that it is better business to sell the theater for development and open a new theater in the new building. The houses most likely to go are those suited to plays; the ones that replace them, like the one in the Portman hotel, will be suited to musicals. This means not only that theater owners won't be producing plays but that when the independent producer of an unconventional play wants to come to Broadway, there will be no place to go.

Paradoxically, advocates of either development or preservation believe that they are saving the theater. Development enriches the theater owners, its supporters say, and replaces unprofit-

man Pfeiffer Associates, an architectural firm retained by the three principal groups of theater owners, all represented on the council, examined thirty theaters last winter. The firm found that the theaters create intimacy between actors and audience through the way in which seats are positioned in relation to the proscenium; people are pushed toward the stage in tight rows and steep balconies and old-fashioned boxes that extend to the edge of the stage. This situation, combined with perfect sight lines and good acoustics, makes for an environment in which the marriage of performer and audience can take place. The actress Ellen Burstyn, who, as president of Actors' Equity Association, sits on the council, described the sensation of recently performing in such an environment: "I wish I could express to you the incomparable joy of being on a stage in a theater like the Nederlander Theater, and to sit very quietly on stage and in a very soft voice say a line of potent intimacy, and feel the audience listen. Feel them stop breathing and, saying the line, hold the pause, so long that the whole room comes together in one point of focus. One can feel in a moment like that the unity that the theater can inspire, the living theater, that no other form of communication can equal."

Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer points out that high land values when the theaters were built led to the tight seating plans and to the construction of small lobbies. Sidewalks became surrogate lobbies, creating the bustle associated with the district. Adorned with low-hanging marquees and lit by the neon of Times Square, the jewel-box theaters generate an atmosphere of excitement and an anticipation of the extraordinary. In contrast, the new theater in the Marriott hotel will be so large that the people in the back rows, five stories above the stage, will hear the performers appreciably later than those in front. Also, with the theater on the second floor instead of on the street floor, the audience will disperse in the building and be individuals by the time they hit the street.

The task facing the council is to devise a plan that will preserve both the theaters and the potential wealth that development would provide. If preserving the buildings were the only goal, the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission could simply designate the theaters architectural or historic landmarks or name the area a historic district. Either



The audience isn't the only thing that's changed on Broadway. The independent Broadway producer, once a central figure in the theater, has all but disappeared and has been replaced by the theater owner. Although the Shubert and the Nederlander and the Jujameyn organizations rent their theaters to independent producers, they produce the majority of shows themselves. Because plays are precarious enterprises, with a limited potential audience, and because a large majority of the theater-going public prefers musicals, when the producers look out for themselves as landlords they devote more resources to musicals. One reason suggested for the bad showing of *All's Well* was that the Shuberts didn't spend enough money promoting the show. That accusation came from a member of the cast, who leveled it in a quite unusual curtain announcement. Musical, on the other hand, are frequently supported with television advertising.

able theaters with houses where profitable musicals can be staged. Although there may be fewer theaters, the ones that exist will be lit, and Broadway will survive. Preservationists argue that saving smaller theaters maximizes opportunities for plays to be written and produced, and the chances that a play like *'night, Mother*, which won the Pulitzer Prize, will be produced in New York. That keeps serious artists working, the argument concludes. It is doubtful that the council can reconcile these divergent views.

WHATEVER ELSE IS lost when one of these theaters goes down, what certainly vanishes is an ideal place in which to put on straight plays. Theater owners say, "People don't come to see a theater, they come to see a show"; but others believe that this is not a meaningful distinction, especially in discussions of the Broadway theater. Hardy Hol-



Photo: Peter B. Kaplan

If you still believe in me, save me.

For nearly a hundred years, the Statue of Liberty has been America's most powerful symbol of freedom and hope. Today the corrosive action of almost a century of weather and salt air has eaten away at the iron framework; etched holes in the copper exterior.

On Ellis Island, where the ancestors of nearly half of all Americans first stepped onto American soil, the Immigration Center is now a hollow ruin.

Inspiring plans have been developed to restore the Statue and to create on Ellis Island a permanent museum celebrating the ethnic diversity of this country of immigrants. But unless restoration is begun now, these two landmarks in our nation's heritage could be closed at the very time America is celebrating their hundredth anniversaries. The 230 million dollars needed to carry out the work is needed now.

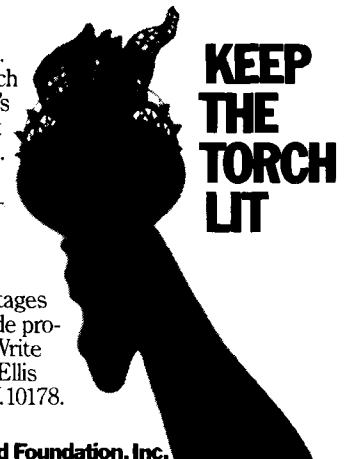
All of the money must come from private donations; the federal government is not raising the funds. This is consistent with the Statue's origins. The French people paid for its creation themselves. And America's businesses spearheaded the public contributions that were needed for its construction and for the pedestal.

The torch of liberty is everyone's to cherish. Could we hold up our heads as Americans if we allowed the time to come when she can no longer hold up hers?

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You are invited to learn more about the advantages of corporate sponsorship during the nationwide promotions surrounding the restoration project. Write on your letterhead to: The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation, Inc., 101 Park Ave, N.Y., N.Y. 10178.



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approach would protect the buildings with a set of strict guidelines for modifications and stringent procedures for release from the commission's protection. The theater owners argue that such designation would do nothing for the industry, and they predict a Broadway of dark theaters, preserved but empty. That the commission has not acted, after hearing three days of testimony on the matter last year, is evidence of the political influence of the owners.

Some council members favor a scheme that would allow development rights (the rights to use square footage above a building, measured by subtracting the actual size of a building from the maximum size legally permissible on the site) to be sold to a developer who would like to increase the size of a project going up anywhere within the thirty-odd blocks of the theater district. About 3.8 million square feet of development rights, conservatively estimated by the council to be worth \$50 million, sit above the theaters. Other members argue for a voluntary covenant of theater owners, in which the city would extend them certain benefits, such as permission to sell their development rights, in exchange for a pledge to preserve the theaters as working playhouses.

Both schemes are seriously flawed. Currently, development rights may be transferred only to lots that are adjacent to, or across the street or an intersection from, a theater. Allowing theater owners to transfer rights anywhere over thirty blocks would undoubtedly send financially strapped owners of landmark-designated churches and other buildings stampeding to City Hall, demanding to know why theater owners alone were given this extraordinary benefit.

As for the covenant, many similar agreements exist in the city, including one it has with the owners of property bordering Central Park. It is uncertain how the city would be a partner to this new covenant, however, and thus how the city could enforce it should a theater owner fail to live up to his part of the bargain. More important, it is doubtful whether this covenant could withstand a court challenge. If the agreement is with theater owners only, excluding the owners of other properties in the district, the city could legitimately be accused of preferential treatment in conferring on owners the privilege of selling development rights.

The unusual steps now contemplated

constitute protection for the industry, and this may be justified, considering that Broadway attracts tourists and benefits the local economy. But the owners, for all their claims of distress, have made no figures public. Indeed, a request by the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects that the owners demonstrate their hardship before any extraordinary steps are taken was ruled out of order by the council's chairman. The refusal of the owners to speak in specifics has raised the suspicion that getting in on the development bonanza is much more important to them than a unique cultural legacy, of which they are the principal trustees.

One aspect of the schemes under consideration that may please nearly everyone is the proposal that if extraordinary benefits are conferred, the theater owners or developers who profit from them contribute some of their gain to a fund for the theater district. Part of that money would go toward the upkeep of the theaters and the district, and part would subsidize the production costs of certain plays in order to lower ticket prices. Presumably, these plays would be ones with little commercial potential. Preservationists and developers alike hope that lower prices would lure people back to the theater. But if most plays continue to be produced by the theater owners, they will profit once from the income from the zoning benefits and again from subsidies of upkeep and production costs.

If the benefits being considered would not be a windfall, they would at least constitute a policy of protectionism. They would guard against many of the normal risks in producing shows—notably lapses in judgment about what will please audiences—and the difficulty of being competitive with other forms of entertainment. The problem with protectionist policies is that governments rarely require changes from the protected industry that would return it to competitiveness. Exactly what changes New York City could effect is not clear—the possibilities range from subsidies of ticket prices to labor concessions—but the city would be foolish not to take steps to avoid a future of fewer theaters lit by a narrower range of productions whose tickets are prohibitively priced.

—Jamie Malanowski

Jamie Malanowski is a writer who lives in New York City.

Energy Uncertainties

What ever happened to the energy crisis?

Only a few years ago there seemed to be steadily worsening shortages of oil. Now the talk is of glut.

Are our national energy problems over? Or are we merely enjoying what is at best a temporary reprieve from energy upheavals?

The world is awash in oil, but it's wishful thinking to believe either that the glut is permanent or that our energy problems have faded away with the gas lines and odd-even gas-buying days.

The difference between surplus and scarcity is tenuous. It took a change of only two million barrels of oil a day to tip world oil from a seller's to a buyer's market in 1981. Supplies are stable now, but this stability is fragile. It could easily be upset by a swing in oil production or usage. Energy demand may grow as economic recovery gathers momentum. And political uncertainties cloud our energy future.

The International Energy Agency warns that the world may experience oil shortages later this decade. Domestically, the U.S. is producing 10% less oil today than we did in 1970, even though domestic prices have increased from \$3 to about \$30 a barrel. Since the beginning of 1982, the number of drilling rigs in operation in the U.S. has dropped by almost half.

Alternative energy sources have not

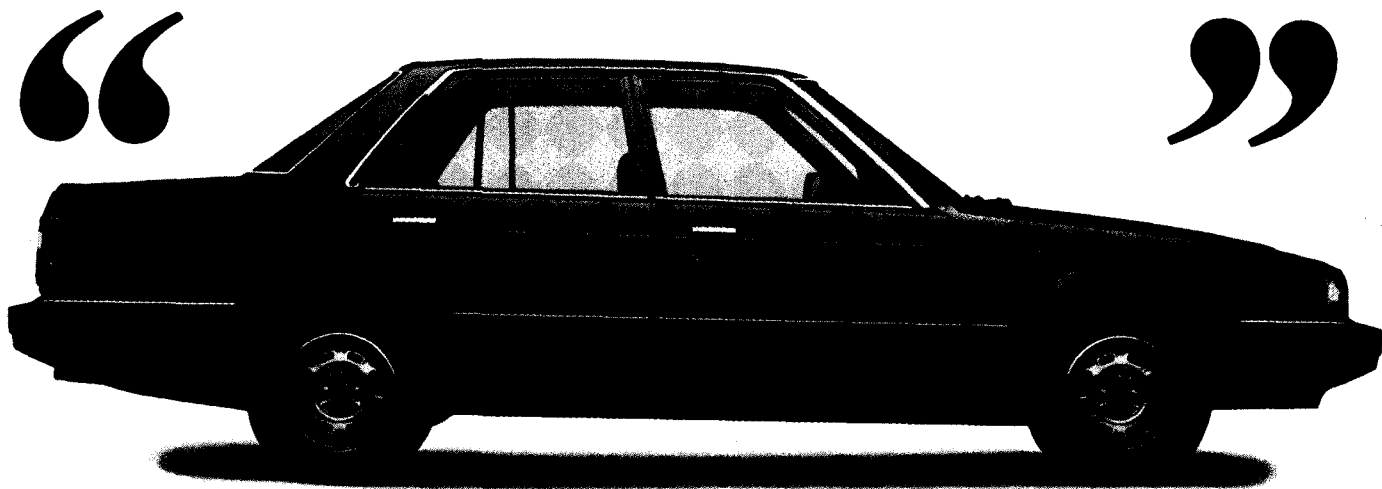
been widely embraced. For instance, nuclear energy development is blocked by environmental concerns and ensnared in red tape. Coal-conversion projects have stalled throughout the industrial world. Solar energy still is in its infancy. The synfuels program seems to be at a standstill.

It's an illusion that energy prices are going down. Oil prices have softened, but only from their historic high of \$34 a barrel. The prices today are still more than 15 times greater than they were at the time of the 1973 oil embargo. And they're holding in this range even though there's been a 40% decline in oil production since 1979. Whatever happens to oil, the prices of other energy sources, such as natural gas and electricity, are going up sharply.

In the area of energy conservation, however, there's good news. Strong gains have been made in energy savings. Total energy used in the U.S. last year was the same as in 1973, even though the gross national product has grown by about 17% in the past nine years.

Energy conservation should remain at the top of the nation's agenda. We should not allow ourselves to become complacent about energy. Nor should we forget the lessons of the past decade. To return to wasteful habits, or slacken our efforts in conservation, would only weaken America's economic future.





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IMMIGRATION

How it's affecting us

BY JAMES FALLOWS

IT WAS "NOBLE, REVOLUTIONary—and probably the most thoughtless of the many acts of the Great Society." Thus did Theodore White, chronicler of all that is brave and optimistic about America, assess in 1982 the thing his country had done to itself seventeen years earlier. He was not talking about the decision to increase the commitment of American ground forces to South Vietnam, nor about the beginning of programs that would end in racial quotas and school-busing orders, nor about the inauguration of Medicare and other benefits whose costs the public would in the 1980s be struggling to pay. Rather, this most thoughtless gesture was the Immigration and Nationality Act amendments of 1965.

The new laws were not expected to increase the flow of immigrants to this country. Indeed, for the first time in America's history, they put limits on the numbers that could enter from Mexico, the Caribbean, and elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere. But the laws did revolutionize the nature of the immigrant population. Back in the 1920s, when the U.S. first placed limits on the number of immigrants it would accept, the central principle of immigration policy was that America's new citizens should resemble its old ones. Under the "national-origins" system introduced in 1921, quotas for European immigration preserved the "racial preponderance" within the American population. Ireland, for example, could send each year 3 percent as many immigrants as there were foreign-born Irish-Americans counted in the U.S. Census of 1910. (In 1924, the quotas were made more restrictive. They were set at 2 percent of the ethnic representation among Americans, foreign-born and native-born, shown in the 1890 Census.) The national-origins system was designed as a shield against the "New Immigration" of Poles, Italians, Slavs, and Eastern European Jews.



THE BORDER, EL PASO

[would be] determined not by those already here, but by the push and pressures of those everywhere who hungered to enter."

Those pressures are sobering to contemplate. According to the International Labour Organization, the total labor force of the Third World countries will be 600 million to 700 million people larger in the year 2000 than it was in 1980. To employ all those additional workers, the developing countries would have to create more jobs than now exist in Western Europe, Japan, the United States, the Soviet Union, and the other industrialized nations combined. Obviously, that will not happen, and some of those who cannot find work, especially in Latin America, will decide to leave.

"Especially" Latin America because the riches of the United States lie within easy reach of so much of Central and South America, and because population growth there is exceptionally fast. The combined population of the Latin American nations was about 150 million in the early 1950s. It is expected to be 845 million by 2025. Half of the people in Latin America are eighteen years old or under; they will be entering the labor force, looking for work in their countries or ours, in the next generation. Robert Fox, of the Inter-American Development Bank, points out that the total Latin American labor force is now about 115 million, but will be 197 million twenty years from now. "This is intractable," he has said. "It is based on a population al-

James Fallows is Washington editor of *The Atlantic*.

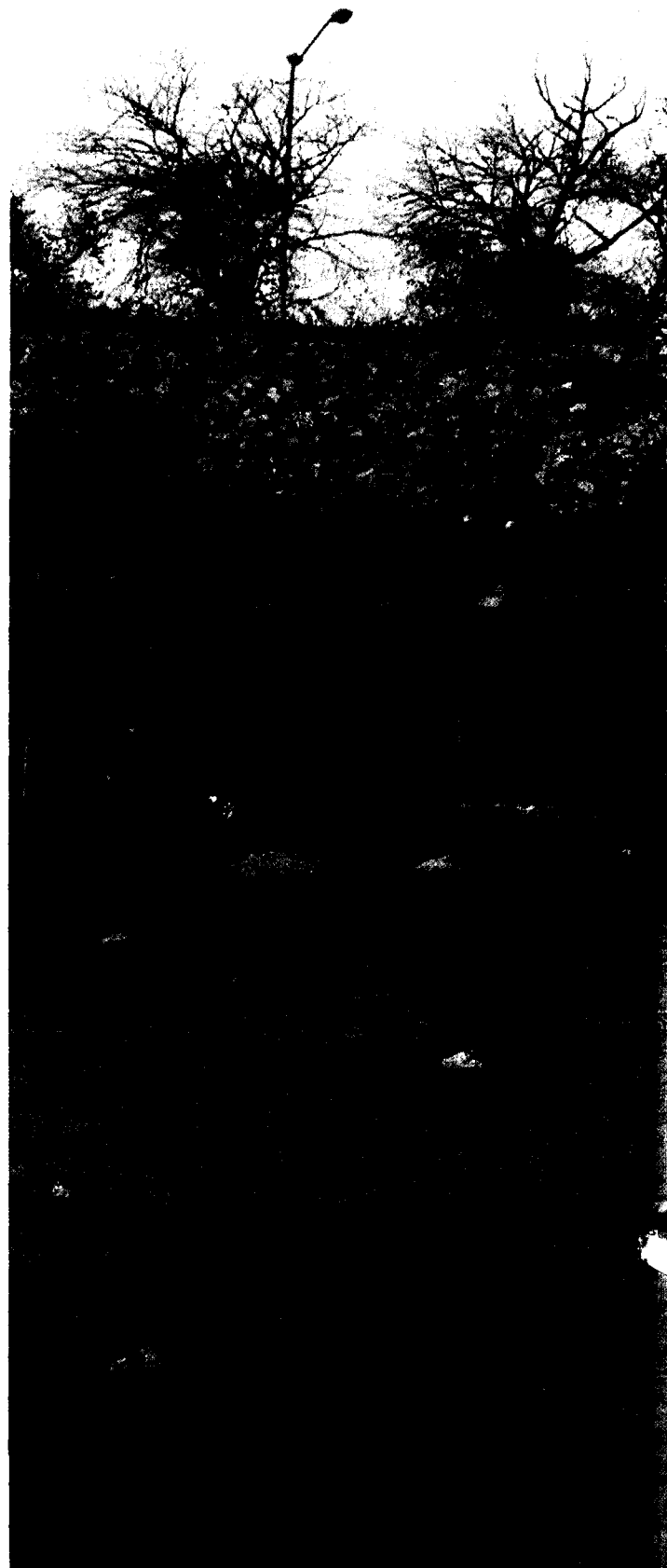
ready born. Latin American countries would have to create an average of 4 million new jobs each year until 2025 [to accommodate the growth]. The U.S., with an economy five times larger, averages 2 million new jobs per year."

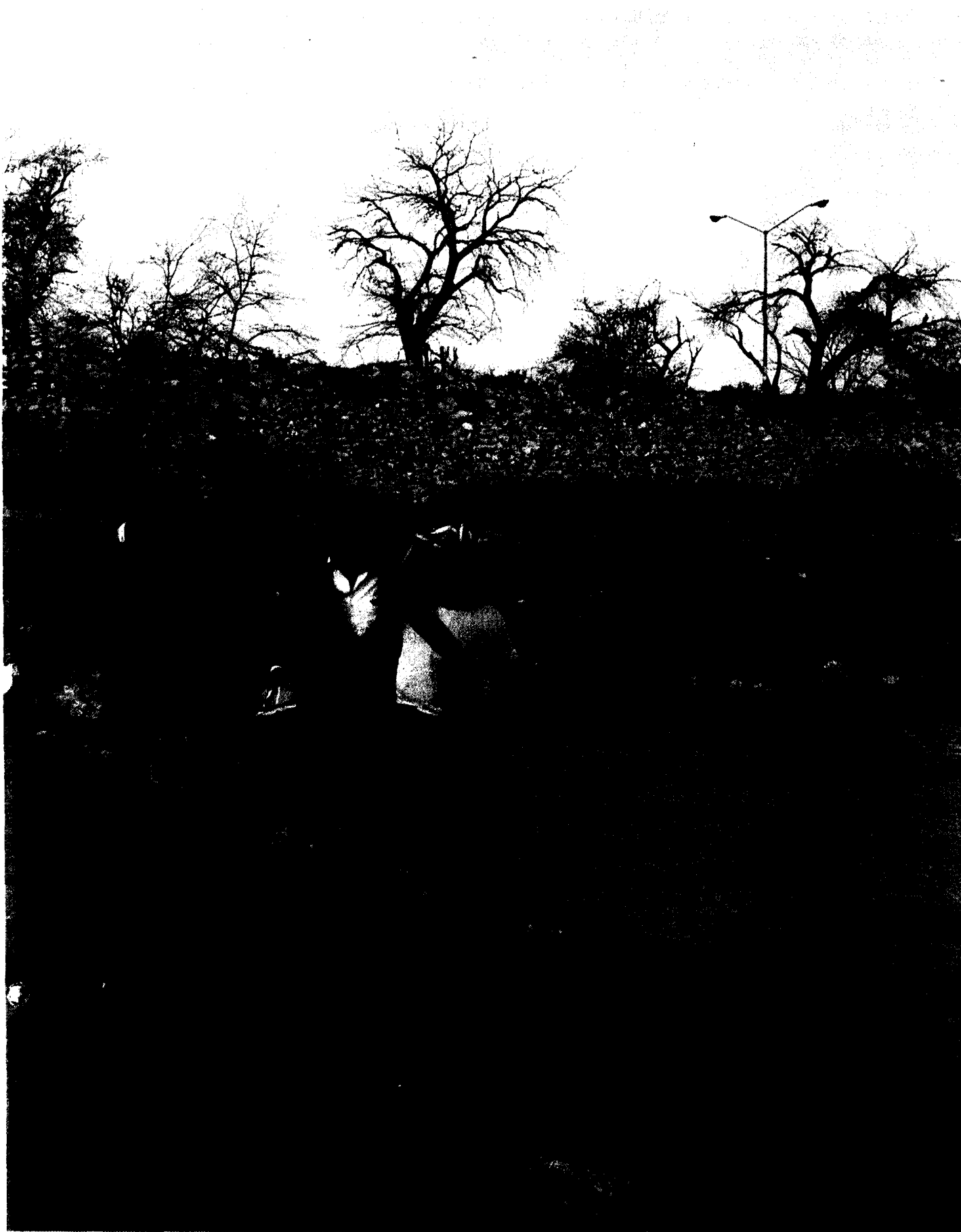
Regardless of these projections, the flow of immigrants from the Third World has already begun. From 1930 to 1960 about 80 percent of America's immigrants came from European countries or Canada. From 1977 to 1979, 16 percent did, and Asia and Latin America accounted for about 40 percent each. In 1979, the nine leading "source" countries for legal immigration were Mexico, the Philippines, Korea, China and Taiwan, Vietnam, India, Jamaica, the Dominican Republic, and Cuba. In tenth place, with 3 percent of the total, was the United Kingdom.

The structure of the immigration code meant that the Third World's share of new Americans was likely to increase. Under the post-1965 law, places in the immigration queue are assigned with grand indifference to ethnic origin but with careful attention to family ties. The immediate relatives of American citizens—parents, minor children, and spouses—are admitted without limit. In recent years, some 150,000 people have entered this way annually. In addition, the law provides for 270,000 immigrants each year (no more than 20,000 from any one country) in the "numerically limited" categories, which heavily favor less-immediate relatives. Eighty percent of the 270,000 places are allotted to the adult children or the brothers and sisters of U.S. citizens, plus the immediate relatives of non-citizens who are here as permanent resident aliens. The remaining places go to those with skills considered valuable to the American economy, or to those who would simply like to come. The law's premium on family connections means that each new arrival from the Philippines or Korea eventually makes many others in those countries eligible for admission.

Beyond this change in the mix, there has been a change in numbers. In 1980, at least 125,000 Cubans and Haitians arrived in southern Florida and were admitted as "special entrants," a category invented to cope with the influx. Since 1975, the U.S. has accepted over half a million refugees from Indochina. More than 160,000 came in 1980 alone, which together with the Cubans and Haitians pushed that year's total for legal admissions to 808,000, the highest in sixty years.

And this is to speak only of lawful entrants. As Latin America's population has grown and its governments and economies have foundered, more and more of its people have looked northward for relief. In the mid-1970s, the commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, Leonard Chapman, said that there might be as many as 12 million foreigners here illegally. Official estimates are now 50 to 75 percent lower than that, but no one can say with confidence how many illegal aliens are here and how





many more are coming. In many of the big cities of the north, throughout the southwestern states, and in the labor-intensive farming regions of the east and west coasts, daily life provides signs of the illegal tide. Early this year, the attorney general of the United States, William French Smith, proclaimed, "Simply put, we've lost control of our own borders."

As the immigrants continue to arrive, the alarm bells have begun to ring. From liberals and conservatives alike have come warnings about the implications of the trend. Clare Booth Luce, the venerable Republican, has said that the immigrants will be more difficult to absorb because they are not white. Carl Rowan, a black Democrat, has written about the "immigration nightmare." Ray Marshall, secretary of labor in the Carter Administration, has claimed that we could worry much less about unemployment if we got rid of illegal immigrants. Jesse Helms and Paula Hawkins, two of the most conservative members of the U.S. Senate, have argued that if the U.S. doesn't help defeat the guerrillas in El Salvador, we will be flooded with Salvadoran refugees, as we were with refugees from Vietnam. Labor leaders have issued statements saying that immigrant workers are stealing Americans' jobs.

"Our immigration policy is making us poorer, not richer," Richard Lamm, the Democratic governor of Colorado, said this year. "It is dividing our wealth and resources." Last year, Lamm contended that America's economic "pie" had stopped growing and that "the unchanging pie dramatically alters an issue like immigration, for now additional people will have to take from that pie rather than contribute to it. . . . Who needs additional people when we cannot employ our own citizens?"

After many months of travel through the parts of the United States most affected by immigration, it is clear to me that something big is going on. To see Koreans, Vietnamese, and Cambodians contending for places with the Mexicans, Salvadorans, blacks, and "Anglos" of Los Angeles is to glimpse what New York must have been like when Ellis Island was more than a monument. To examine Miami's recent economic, political, and social history is to see Cuban and Haitian immigration as the event around which all others turn. In countless other places, from Brooklyn to rural Wisconsin, from Houston to Orange, New Jersey, the words heard in the air, the clothes and faces seen on the street, the courses taught in the schools, have all changed because of immigration.

But it is far from clear to me that the changes under way are ominous or bad.

THE BEST-KNOWN "FACTS" ABOUT TODAY'S IMMIGRATION are, in many cases, not facts at all. Because of the 808,000 people who were admitted legally in 1980, politicians and authorities have suggested that the U.S. is experiencing an unprecedented foreign flow. A

well-respected immigration expert, Michael Teitelbaum, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has written in *Foreign Affairs* that "immigration and refugee flows to the United States in the late 1970s were at or near the highest levels ever experienced. . . ."

This is hyperbole. The year 1980 was the recent peak. One year later, after the Cuban and Haitian boatlift was over, and after the greatest surge of Indochinese refugees had passed, legal immigration fell to 697,000. By contrast, it was 1.2 million in 1907, and exceeded one million in five other years near the turn of the century. Today's figures do not include illegal immigrants, but the figures from the turn of the century (when there were few illegals) do not include anyone who arrived legally by ship in cabin class or by land, from Canada or Mexico.

Since the American population was so much smaller early in the century, the relative impact of immigration was far greater then. From 1880 to 1890, and again from 1900 to 1910, the average annual flow of counted immigrants was equal to more than one percent of the American population. From 1970 to 1979, it was *one fifth* of one percent. The foreign-born made up 4.7 percent of the population in 1970; they made up 8.8 percent in 1940 and 14.8 percent in 1910.

Many politicians and experts assert that the U.S. is unique in its vulnerability to immigration. Governor Lamm, for example, says that "the unemployed . . . will never get jobs as long as we continue to take in twice as many immigrants as the rest of the world combined." The "twice as many" calculation simply fails to count nearly one million Ethiopian refugees who have fled to Somalia (a nation of 4 million people) and the 1.5 million Afghans displaced into Pakistan. In normal years, the U.S. does admit more immigrants and refugees than any other country, but Canada and Australia have accepted more relative to their population sizes. From 1956 to 1978, the U.S. never received more than 2.8 legal immigrants for each thousand in its population. During the same period, Canada's rate was as high as 17 per thousand, and Australia's rate was as high as 15.1.

Yet statistics are at best a crude indication of people's real concerns about immigration, and a statistical rebuttal is not enough. "It is difficult to explain to residents of the community that the Indochinese refugees are drying skinned cats out on the clothes line because they enjoy cats as a delicacy in their country," the mayor of Santa Ana, California, told a congressional committee in 1981. It is difficult to feel at ease about the impact of the new arrivals, difficult to guess whether the cultural fabric will stretch, as it has before, or finally be torn.

The unspoken question about the immigrants is *What are they doing to us?* Will they divide and diminish the nation's riches? Will they accept its language? Will they alter racial relations? Will they respect the thousand informal rules that allow this nation of many races to cohere?

MONEY

ECONOMISTS WHO study the effects of immigration take two very different approaches. One school views immigrants primarily as additional people—new workers in the labor force, extra purchasers in the national market. From this perspective, immigration can sometimes be valuable, if the labor it provides alleviates a shortage. Thus Western Europe needed immigrant “guest workers” to ease its labor shortage in the 1960s. And thus, contends the economist Julian Simon, immigrants can help the United States. The value of immigrants, Simon says, is that they “represent additional people *as people* . . . [and] lead to faster economic growth by increasing the size of the market, and hence boosting productivity and investment.” In addition, since so many of the immigrants are young, they can help offset the aging of the American work force. Most of those who see immigration from the labor-market perspective conclude, unlike Simon, that immigrants hurt a mature economy like that of the United States. If the immigrants are uneducated and unskilled—farmers, peasant craftsmen—they will drag down the overall productivity rate. They will, in effect, more narrowly divide the economic pie.

The other economic approach pays little attention to how many immigrants arrive. It concentrates instead on the economic behavior of those who survive the process of migration. This view is propounded by economists who place great stress on “human capital,” the mixture of talents and cultural incentives that makes Germany economically different from England and Hong Kong from Macao. From this perspective, the ingenuity and perseverance that immigrants possess can make an economy richer, because immigrants will adapt and innovate and sacrifice in ways that non-immigrants are too comfortable to try. They make the pie larger for everyone to share.

I came to find the second approach more realistic, for reasons I can best present through the story of the Nguyen family, formerly of Saigon, now of Los Angeles.

In 1975, the four brothers and six sisters of the immediate Nguyen family lived in Saigon with their parents plus the extended family of nephews and brothers-in-law. The father ran a small import-export business. The children



NGUYEN VIET IN HIS STORE

held clerical or professional jobs. Two were in the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN); one of them had been a law student before he was drafted. One son was an architectural draftsman, and one was a lawyer. Two daughters worked as secretaries, one in a South Vietnamese government ministry, the other at the U.S. Embassy. Although the family was not part of Saigon's moneyed elite, it was respectably successful. Because of the daughter who worked for the Americans,

the family was on a list of people the U.S. planned to evacuate if Saigon fell.

In the chaos that engulfed Saigon in April of 1975, the onetime law student, Mr. Nguyen, was the first of the family out of Saigon. (He has asked that his given name not be used.) How did he escape? “In panic,” he says. He made his way to Tan Son Nhut airport, where the rescue helicopters were supposed to land. He was thirty years old and spoke no English.

Mr. Nguyen was taken to Clark Air Base in the Philippines, then to Guam, and eventually to a resettlement base at Camp Pendleton, California. There he spent the next six months. In camp, he volunteered to work for the U.S. Catholic Conference, which was (and remains) heavily involved in resettling refugees. In time he came to be paid \$5 a day for helping to coordinate the many details in finding homes for the refugees. When the camp closed, at the end of October, 1975, he was the last refugee released.

Across the vast expanse of the Los Angeles basin Mr. Nguyen traveled in search of work. His first break came in November. In El Segundo he found work as an assembler in a waterbed factory, for \$2.10 an hour, then the minimum wage. After Mr. Nguyen had accepted the job, the foreman asked him for his address. “I told him I didn't know, because I didn't live any place yet. I was only going to rent a place after I got a job.”

Mr. Nguyen had his first foothold, but not much more than that. He was taking home less than \$400 per month, and was paying \$120 for his room. On leaving the camp, Mr. Nguyen had been entitled to \$300 for resettlement expenses, but he had refused the money. “I had pride. I wanted to feel that I had made it without any help,” he says. “But I felt lonely and miserable. In those factories,



you can't slow down." He was buoyed only by his glimpses of other Vietnamese adjusting to industrial life. "You see one person in the corner, he might have been a farmer in Vietnam. He survived, I can survive."

Three weeks later, he heard of another possibility, an opening with RCA. On his time off, he went to the RCA record factory and said that he'd had experience with studios and music back in Vietnam. The personnel man listened with feigned attentiveness and told him that he sounded like the man for the job. When Mr. Nguyen reported for work, he found that he would be putting labels on records for \$3 an hour.

"I learned that money is really valuable in this country," he says. "You pay for it with blood and tears. I started thinking about that \$300. Money is money. Why not collect it and put it in the bank and earn interest instead of just ignoring it?"

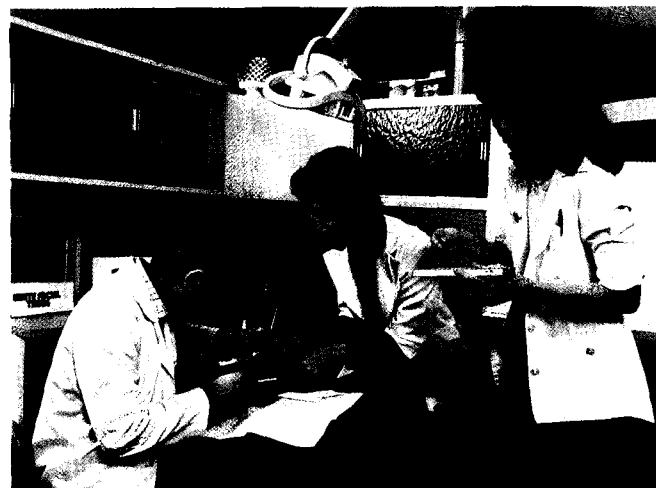
Having steeled himself to claim his resettlement bonus, Mr. Nguyen went into a religious-charities office to apply. While there, he ran into the resettlement director, who

knew of his work in the camp. The charities were looking for a man like him, she said. Mr. Nguyen started to tell her he couldn't speak English well enough, but she shushed him with the reassurance that he'd be put in a training program. The pay would be \$660 a month. He accepted. By the end of 1975, Mr. Nguyen was a white-collar worker.

MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE FAMILY WAS adapting to life in the newly christened Ho Chi Minh City. Nguyen Ninh, the brother who had been a draftsman, escaped purges directed at other technicians because, as he remembers now, "they needed our skills to make the machinery run." Yet he suspected that sooner or later his usefulness would end. One of his brothers, named Viet, had been a lieutenant in the South Vietnamese Army and was being held in a "re-education camp." When Viet escaped from the camp, after two years' detention, he joined Ninh in a plan to flee the country.



LEFT: MEMBERS OF THE NGUYEN FAMILY IN THEIR HOME, IN DOWNEY (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: HAI, NINH, HIEN, NAM, MAI, KHANG). ABOVE: NINH WITH HIS DRAFTING TOOLS. BELOW: HAI (RIGHT) AND HER SISTER HUYEN (CENTER) ASSISTING HUYEN'S HUSBAND IN HIS DENTAL PRACTICE.



With friends, the brothers bought an old boat from country people and then covertly brought it to the city to fortify it for an ocean voyage. None of them had been on the water, but they tried to teach themselves seamanship. One night in 1977, they set out, seven people in a boat that Nguyen Ninh says was not more than twelve feet long.

They hoped to reach Malaysia, but the winds blew hard from that quarter. On the eighth day at sea, the boat's engine failed, and they drifted where the wind pushed them.

"After the broken engine, we figure 99 percent that we die in the ocean," Ninh said this spring. "Nearly everyone who goes in a boat dies." Commercial ships passed, but they kept on going, some even adjusting their course so as to avoid entanglement with the troublesome boat people. The boat began to leak, and then it sank. The men were in the water, swimming, reckoning their remaining time in hours.

In the distance, a large, dark shape loomed. It was a freighter from Kuwait. Its captain, looking through his

binoculars, was startled by the sight of men swimming in the ocean. When rescued, they were 200 miles from Vietnam.

They had avoided death, but for the next year the two Nguyen brothers lived as stateless men. Immigration officials would not let them go ashore at the ship's next stop, Singapore. They lived aboard ship till it returned to Kuwait, and when it got there they were jailed. Its next voyage was to Vietnam, they were told, and it would take them back home. The brothers tried to reach embassies, the Red Cross, the UN, but they got nowhere until a sailor agreed to mail a letter to Mr. Nguyen in California.

With efforts under way in Los Angeles and Kuwait, the men were classified as refugees and, after three months in jail, were turned over to the UN. They spent eight more months in a UN refugee camp in Greece, where they worked as farm laborers. After Mr. Nguyen was certified as their sponsor in the U.S., they were accepted as refugees. On June 22, 1978, they arrived in America.

Like their brother, they spoke no English on arrival, but

they began learning as they looked for work. Beyond supporting themselves, they hoped to send money to the family members still in Vietnam, to help them buy their way out. Viet, the former ARVN lieutenant, got a job at a valet-parking outfit at the Los Angeles International Airport, for the minimum wage. Ninh became a carpenter's helper. A few months later, he found a place as a trainee draftsman with a machine-tool company.

Four sisters and a nephew were the next Nguyens to come over. They went by boat to a refugee camp in Indonesia. In 1979, they joined their brothers in Los Angeles.

Then the other two sisters escaped. One, Hai, had been a student; the other, Mai, had worked at the U.S. Embassy. In 1980 they set out on foot. With two children, they traveled west to Cambodia and then walked for seven days through the jungles of Cambodia to the Thai border. In Thailand, they were admitted to a refugee camp. There they stayed for six months. In 1980, with Mr. Nguyen acting as their sponsor, they entered the United States. They were among the 808,000 admissions that alarmed many Americans that year.

The family with which they were reunited had changed dramatically in the previous five years. Mr. Nguyen had become a citizen and was married to another Vietnamese immigrant. He and the other brothers were established in a way that would have been hard to imagine when they first arrived, as dispossessed persons. They had assimilated so fully as to see that in Southern California in the late seventies, the road to financial independence was real estate. After Ninh and Viet arrived, in 1978, the three brothers had pooled their money in hopes of buying a house. Each of them was eventually bringing home about \$1,000 a month; by sharing living expenses, they saved about \$2,000 a month. By 1979, they had accumulated enough for a down payment on a house in Downey, a respectable middle-class suburb. All three signed the mortgage.

Viet had saved enough money from his work at the parking lot to buy a small furniture store, too. As he was contemplating the investment, he told Mr. Nguyen that it would consume all his savings. Mr. Nguyen replied that if he lost the money, he could always earn it back, but if the gamble paid off, he'd be independent. Ninh was by then earning \$10 an hour as a professional draftsman.

Mr. Nguyen, the Benjamin Franklin of the family, encouraged his sisters to train for better jobs. Hai took a course in accounting and wound up working for a Vietnamese dentist in Long Beach. Mai studied cosmetology. She did not like it, but her brother pushed her to see it through. She finished, and found a job in West Los Angeles. She made the sixty-mile commute daily, and by the end of 1980 she was earning \$2,000 a month doing nails. By 1982, she had a chance to buy her own salon. The family pooled its assets and took out loans, and now she runs Mai's Beauty Salon, in Beverly Hills, hard by Rodeo Drive. The family's father finally arrived, having first escaped to Belgium and established himself as a baker.

All the while, Mr. Nguyen was improving his own position. He rented the house in Downey to other members of his family, eight siblings and in-laws. They pay \$100 a month apiece, which covers the mortgage. Mr. Nguyen has moved with his wife to a second house. They have carefully worked out their financial timetable. In a few years, they will have retired the second mortgage on their home, and his wife can quit her job as a chief bank teller to have children.

When I went to visit the house in Downey, home to nearly a dozen people, counting the children, I was prepared for a sense of confinement, or of brave endurance amid squalor, or of practically anything except the serene order I found. It sits amid other unexceptional, modern California houses, with a vista of a distant freeway, on a street like a thousand others in the Los Angeles basin. Inside the house, the sisters and brothers, arriving late after long commutes from their farflung businesses, changed quickly into Vietnamese pajamas and kimonos and took their leisure in the living room. Delicately colored prints of Asian scenes hung on the walls. The dining table stood on a platform with a canopy overhead, giving the effect of an indoor gazebo. The only external indication of the struggle for advancement going on within was the seven cars that jammed the driveway and lined the curb.

The adults, thin and short, spoke in heavily accented English about their arrivals, which in some cases were only a year in the past. Two elementary school children, whose father was still in jail in Vietnam, appeared in American-style pajamas and shyly answered questions in American tones. The family is still saving money, in preparation for the mother and for the spouses and siblings yet to arrive.

Mr. Nguyen's job involves assisting many new arrivals from Indochina. He tells them that they must adjust to the "new life" in the United States, as his family has done. He warns them against welfare, although he says he cannot blame people for accepting the \$600 a month, plus food stamps and medical benefits, that welfare provides. "I tell them, If you go on job training, you will learn the English faster. Welfare will make you lazy. You will hesitate to work and hesitate to speak English."

THE NGUYEN FAMILY IS, OF COURSE, NOT TYPICAL OF all immigrants. Its members, with their education and their white-collar backgrounds, started out several steps ahead of the peasants and farmers who fled at the same time. The refugee camps, however cheerless, and the resettlement bonuses, however small, were more help than many other immigrants receive. Most important, the Nguyens' status as legal, fully entitled participants in American society made it easier for them to establish credit, buy homes, start businesses, and move up the ladder rung by rung.

Still, there is something in their story that is typical of

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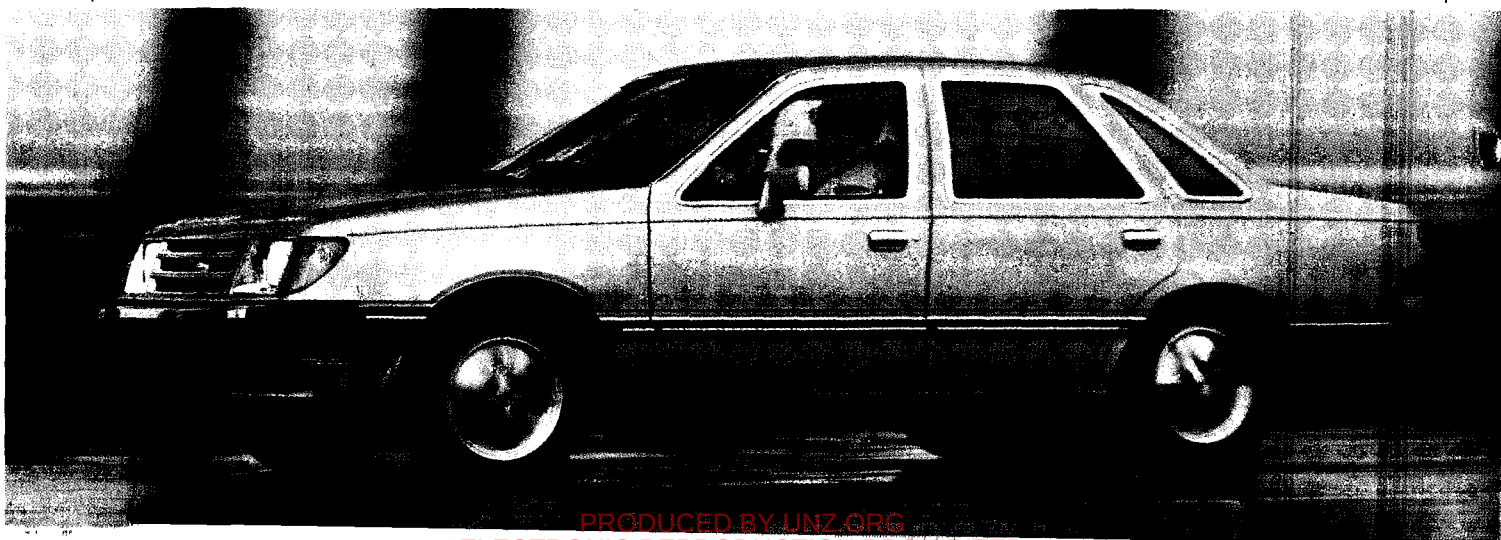
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immigrants' histories. However hard it was to continue living in Ho Chi Minh City (or, in earlier eras, Pinsk or Palermo), it took a certain daring to set out in the boat or walk through the jungle. At worst, the emigrants would die or be captured. At best, they would arrive as uprooted foreigners, ignorant of the language and the mores that compose their new culture.

Some theorists speculate that the act of emigration is a kind of natural selection: those who are passive or fatalistic—or comfortable—do not take the step. Others suggest that the rigors of the passage teach the immigrants the skills they need to survive. In any case, there is little dispute that an "immigrant personality" exists, and that its elements are the same ones that, in retrospect, are so apparent in the nation's previous immigrants.

Compared with people who have not been forced to land on their feet, immigrants are generally more resourceful and determined. (A twenty-three-year-old man from El Salvador, who had come to the U.S. illegally and was working in Houston, told me that he could not understand all the talk about unemployment. Why, he himself was holding three jobs.) The full story of the immigrant personality would also include the psychological burdens of dislocation. But looked at from the economic point of view, the immigrant's grit and courage, and even his anxieties, impart productive energy to the society he joins.

This is different from saying that immigrants are valuable primarily for their specific talents. Some are, of course; the harvest ranges from Albert Einstein to Rod Carew. But through American history, the great masses of immigrants have not brought with them special skills. Most have come from the lower, but not the bottom, ranks of their native societies. They are people without advantages of birth who are nonetheless on the way up.

"Those who do come to the United States are those who are advancing within their own societies," says Ray Marshall, now of the University of Texas; "those who have attained the necessary knowledge of America and how to get here, and who have accumulated or been able to borrow the funds they need to pay for their airline tickets or to pay their smugglers."

The single most important quality in immigrants is the willingness to adapt. The very traits that persuade someone to move from Guatemala to Los Angeles, or even from Detroit to Houston, often enable the immigrant to find and fill economic gaps, which is what the Nguyen family did, and what many other immigrants have done.

Not every immigrant becomes an entrepreneur; a man who pushed a hand plow in a Mexican village will probably pick vegetables or wash dishes if he comes to the United States. The more temporary the visit, the more likely the immigrant is merely to sell his unskilled labor, rather than look for a special niche. Economists distinguish such "sojourner" behavior from the attitude of the true immigrant. It typified many Italian sojourners in the United States eighty years ago and French-Canadians in New England

until several decades ago, and probably typifies most illegal immigrants from Mexico in recent years.

Still, there is evidence beyond the anecdotal about the economic benefits immigration can bring to the new homeland. The Urban Institute, which has been conducting a study of the California economy in the 1970s, recently released its preliminary findings:

During the 1970s, when Southern California received more immigrants than any other part of the country, it also created jobs faster than any other, and its per capita income increased by 25 percent, also higher than the norm. Immigration was far from the only factor in these increases, the study reported; but, it said, the findings suggest, "at least at the aggregate level, that large-scale immigration did not depress, and perhaps increased, per capita income in the state"—that is, it did not divide the pie. On balance, the study said, the economic benefits to the region—results of the new human energy, the entrepreneurship, the adaptability—outweighed the costs, which primarily came from the immigrants' use of public services, such as hospitals and schools.

Although immigration is a divisive issue in Miami, almost no one disputes the economic bonus the Cuban community now represents. The first to flee Castro were mainly professionals and businessmen, who soon repeated their success here. The second and third waves were less select, more like America's other immigrants; the first-wave Cubans grumbled that those who had lived under communism had lost their drive. Still, they were absorbed into Little Havana, where they opened shops and restaurants and kept the town alive. Miami's Cuban population has helped make it the entrepôt for Latin American trade, to the occasional sorrow of the Drug Enforcement Administration, but to the satisfaction of financiers.

Immigrants eagerly join the American race to get ahead. According to Barry Chiswick, of the University of Illinois, the sons and daughters of immigrants earn 5 to 10 percent more than others of the same age and educational level whose parents were native-born. The immigrants themselves, compared with native-born people of the same race and with the same amount of schooling, start out at a big earnings disadvantage. But, in a matter of years, even the first generation catches up with and then passes the native-born. This "earnings crossover" occurs after fifteen years for Mexican immigrants and after eleven for black immigrants. According to Thomas Sowell, a conservative black scholar, second-generation black-skinned West Indians in the United States have a higher average income than native-born white Americans.

THOSE OPPOSED TO IMMIGRATION RESPOND TO THESE tales of success with three objections.

The first is demographic. One by one, immigrants may add to the national wealth, but collectively they frustrate efforts to limit America's population. Arguments

about the ultimate "carrying capacity" of America's farmland, water supply, and other natural resources have been muted in the past decade, as American fertility rates have fallen. But many who are concerned about population growth naturally believe that each new immigrant puts ecological equilibrium that much further out of reach.

Those who advance this case often claim that immigration now accounts for half the total increase in the U.S. population. That is almost certainly not true. During the 1970s, the American population grew by less than one percent a year. The roughly 4 million legal immigrants admitted during that decade accounted for 21 percent of the growth. In comparison, the population grew by 2 percent per year from 1900 to 1910, and immigrants accounted for 40 percent of the increase.

If legal and illegal immigration combined did, as many environmentalists assert, account for half the increase in the 1970s, then there must have been more illegal than legal immigrants during that period. No one familiar with the subject believes that so many came. Lawrence Fuchs is a professor at Brandeis University who was executive director of the staff of the Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy, the government body that in 1981 recommended changes in immigration law. The Census Bureau has estimated, he says, that in 1978 between 3.5 million and 6 million illegal immigrants were present in the U.S. Fuchs says, "Since we know that some of those have been coming since long before 1970, and since we also know that a large proportion of them are persons who go back and forth and are definitely not permanent residents, it is clearly fallacious to assert a number such as 50 percent without carefully qualifying it."

The demographic argument cannot be dismissed. But if immigrants bring adaptability to an economy, they may thereby increase the chances of finding new ways to use and conserve resources. Environmental concern means that we must strike a balance between two competing virtues: a sustainable population, and the invigorating effects of immigration. Too many of the environmental activists sound as if immigration is an unrelieved evil.

The second objection concerns international equity, even morality. It starts with the premise that immigration is a naturally selective process. Precisely because immigrants are so industrious, it is argued, the United States should not be skimming them from the poor nations of the world. Roger Conner, the executive director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), told a congressional committee in 1981 that the 808,000 legal immigrants and refugees admitted the previous year represented one five-thousandth of the population of the world. "Out of 5,000 impoverished people, we took one, taking the brightest, most able, most energetic, the best organized," he said. "We are taking the cream of each social class by the standards of their society. . . . We are taking the most energetic and talented."

In a human family of great riches and greater depriva-

tion, a country as comfortable as the United States has an obligation to help. But of the varied ways in which America might advance the interests of poor countries, closing the door on their people seems one of the least effective, direct, or fair.

"We never heard this argument from experts in economic development or from the developing countries themselves," says Lawrence Fuchs. "We only heard it from Americans who oppose immigration."

Third, many people object to immigration because of the Americans it hurts. Overall, the nation might gain from immigration, they concede. But the benefits go to the most comfortable Americans, and the costs are absorbed by the least powerful and privileged.

Roger Conner is one of the foremost apostles of this view.

CONNER IS A COMPACT, SANDY-HAIRED LAWYER, thirty-five years old, with a puckishly all-American look. Like many other lobbyists in Washington, he seems to be struggling to resist grabbing his listeners by the lapels so as to be sure they'll hear all he has to say. In the past, he channeled his enthusiasm into the environmental movement, but, he says, he came to feel that immigration was the biggest environmental question of all. For the past four years, as executive director of and chief spokesman for FAIR, he has been asking Americans to re-examine their assumptions about immigration.

Conner is exasperated by the notion that you can understand the effects of immigration by looking at the immigrants. "They are the last people you'd want to talk with," he said this spring. "Of course it's been good for them. Especially for the first few years, they will work very hard. But what no one ever does, when they're out talking with the aliens and hearing their success stories, is talk to the people who are paying the price."

Conner admits that most people may profit from immigration. The immigrants themselves do, and so do those Americans who don't compete with immigrant labor and therefore are free to enjoy its blessings. The benefits include fresher food (picked by immigrant field hands, instead of by machine), more pliant domestic service (provided by Mexican maids), smaller bills in restaurants (with Salvadorans in the kitchen), and lower prices for new houses (because of lower pay for the construction crew).

Whom does that leave out? In Conner's view, those who pay the price are the black teenagers, the white working-class fathers, the ambitious children of maids and janitors, who are just as eager as any Vietnamese or Mexican to move up the ladder but who find that the rungs have been knocked out. This is a disaster for them but not, Conner says, for the classes that make the laws and run the businesses.

"If the illegal aliens were flooding into the legal, medical, educational, and business occupations of this country,

this problem would have received national attention at the highest level and it would have been solved," the labor economist Vernon Briggs, of Cornell University, has written. Lawrence Fuchs says that according to public-opinion polls the college-educated are the only group in favor of more immigration.

The economic argument against immigration is particularly troublesome for liberals. It pits the rest of the world's poor against the two American groups thought to have the most to lose from increased immigration: unionized labor, which says its wage levels would be depressed, and young, unskilled blacks, who would be nudged out of place for entry-level jobs.

At this point, it is important to emphasize the distinction, not always clearly stated, between legal and illegal immigration. If one were searching for the pure immigrant spirit, the place to look would be among the illegals, for every one of them has overcome some obstacle in order to be here. But because they cannot compete fully in the aboveboard economy (they have no legal redress if underpaid or mistreated; they have difficulty getting loans or rising into the white-collar world), their climb up the occupational ladder ends early. More important, from Conner's perspective, they put *unfair* pressure on the American citizens competing for similar jobs. A man outside the law will accept working conditions a citizen would not—and should not. Once the illegal immigrant has the job, the citizen must choose between accepting similar conditions or going without work.

What kind of work do the illegals perform? According to some academic theory, and to the folk wisdom of the Southwest, immigrants do the jobs that Americans "won't" do. Michael Piore, an economist from MIT, has developed a model of a "dual" labor market: some jobs are so dirty, so onerous, so poorly paid, that if immigrants were not there to take them, the jobs would not exist. Therefore, the immigrants who are filling them have not really displaced anyone else.

"People say, 'Why aren't blacks like the Haitians?'" says T. Willard Fair, the president of the Urban League of Greater Miami, where Haitians now hold many of the maid and bellman jobs in which blacks once got their start. "Why don't they want to work?" The Haitians are behaving the way we did thirty years ago. We would work for anything, take any abuse in the workplace."

To most of those directly involved in the industries where illegal immigrants concentrate, it seems obvious that no one else is lining up for the jobs. Last December, Merle Linda Wolin, of *The Wall Street Journal*, went to see a number of businesses where illegal immigrants had been rounded up during the spring of 1982 in Project Jobs, a short-lived sweep against employed illegal immigrants.

At a furniture factory in Santa Ana, California, on a railroad-construction gang in Texas, in a food-processing plant in Chicago, and at other sites of hard work, Wolin found that American citizens had in fact turned up for the jobs

when the immigrants were gone—but soon afterward, they had quit. The pay was too bad; unemployment compensation was, by comparison, an attractive deal. Former truck drivers and carpenters found it humiliating to sweep parking lots or to keep up with a racing assembly line. By the time the *Journal's* reporter arrived, six months after Project Jobs, the plants were again full of illegal aliens. A team of researchers, headed by Wayne Cornelius, the director of the Center for U.S.-Mexican Studies at the University of California, San Diego, found a similar pattern in California. "The attitude of many young people is that this is the dirty work of society," Cornelius has said, "and that people born, brought up, and educated in the U.S. shouldn't have to do it."

What I learned on my tours over the same territory supported Cornelius's point. At a packing house in San Antonio, for example, men grunted as they hauled sides of meat from trucks into refrigerators. They disappeared as I, an Anglo in a rented car, drove up; Project Jobs had struck here. The beefy, red-haired foreman said that he'd be "happy" to have citizens in his work force if he could get them. Of course, he had "no idea" whether there were any illegal immigrants there. "It's against the law to ask." This is the convenient fiction that permits many employers to hire an illegal work force and pretend they haven't.

The agricultural industry in California, Texas, and Florida depends more heavily on illegal labor than any other industry does, and the growers have a more fully developed self-justifying rationale. Many protect themselves by saying they don't know who works for them, since the hiring is done by crew chiefs, acting as "independent agents." In the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, "independent" contracting means that people cross the river between 4 and 5 A.M. and stand near the bridges in Brownsville and Progreso, waiting for crew chiefs to drive up and hire truckloads of workers for the day. In the inland reaches of Texas and other large agricultural states, commuter labor is not so feasible, and resident camps of illegal immigrants are an open secret. Growers say they have no alternative: they need Mexicans (or, in Florida, Haitians) to work the fields, because no one else would stick with the job. Americans can get food stamps and live like kings on welfare, I was told by orange growers in the Rio Grande Valley; but the Mexicans are grateful for the work. They are even grateful for the piece-rate wages—40 cents for a bushel of cucumbers, 35 cents for a sack of oranges—that usually work out to well under the minimum wage.

Even Alfred Giugni, whose job is preventing illegal immigration, says the growers may have a point. Giugni, a gigantic, mirthful man of mixed Italian and Hawaiian parentage, is the district director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service office in El Paso. "In the 1950s, the people picking strawberries in Oregon were high school and college students," he says. "Now they're Vietnamese and illegal Hispanics. The employers like it, because they will work harder. Your high school student will work long

enough to earn as much money as he wants, and then he'll quit."

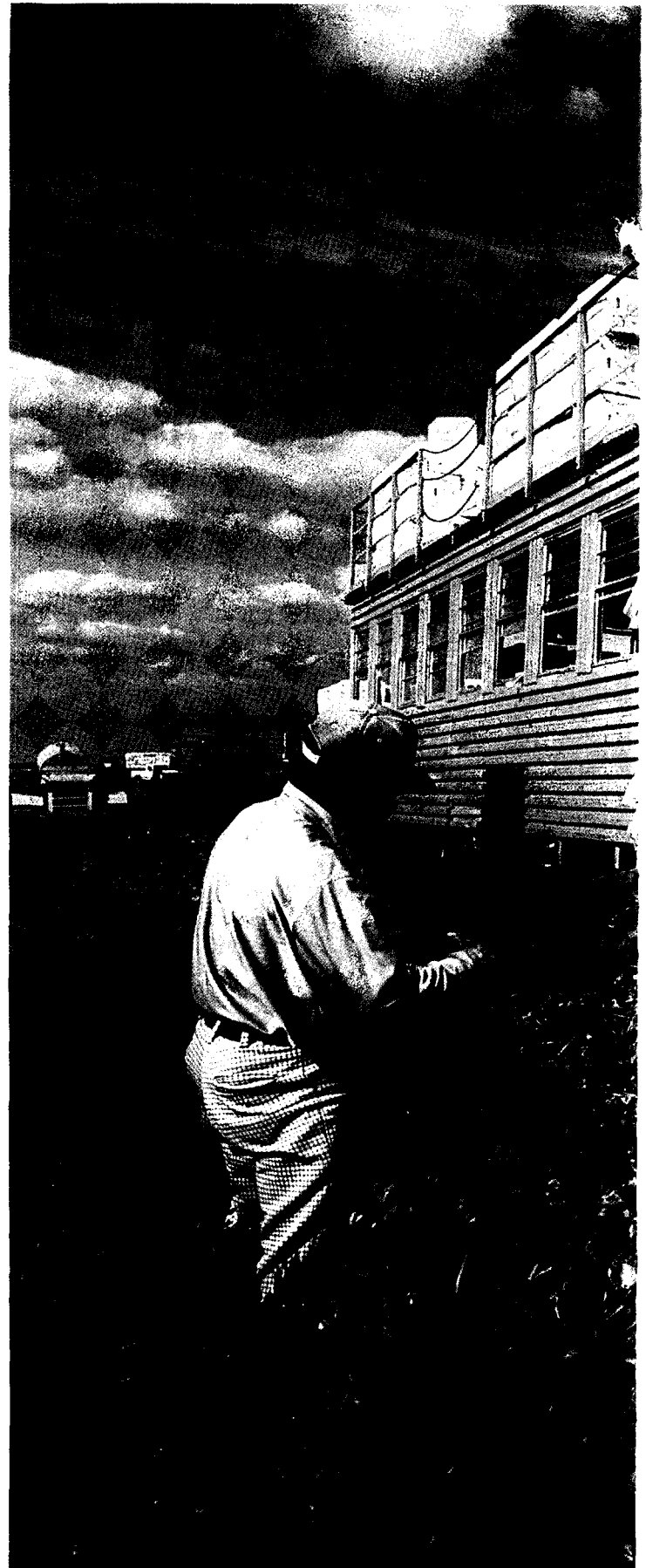
In Houston, a city swollen with immigrants from the declining industrial cities of Michigan and Indiana and the turbulent societies of Central and South America, I spent several days talking with illegal immigrants from Mexico and El Salvador. All had been successful by their own standards, but all operated along the margin that separates jobs "with a future" from work Americans "won't" do.

One of the women was in her forties and was wearing a housekeeper's jacket from an office-maintenance firm. She had been raised in El Salvador, and for several years taught elementary school there. She came to the United States in 1970, when she was in her late twenties, on a tourist visa. It expired after three months, but she decided to stay. She began to work as a live-in maid for three immigrant families who shared one house. Her pay was \$40 a week plus room and board. By 1974, she was earning \$75 a week for the same work.

"Next, I learn to drive, so I can make more money," she said. With more of the city to choose her employers from, she was able to raise her rate to \$125 a week. "But I am so tired of living in. I look for other work." In 1977, she found a job as a nighttime janitor—"bathroom lady"—in an office building. After a month and a half there, "the company sees that I speak a little English," she said. "They have other Latin people working there. They put me in a supervisory position, give me \$2.65 an hour. During the days, I still clean house for \$30 a day. I take the bus, and from six to ten in the evening I clean the offices. I am working thirteen hours a day."

She maintained this pace until 1981. As she had moved toward bigger, more institutionalized employers, her treatment had improved, and she hoped to continue that trend. She went to the employment manager at one of Houston's best-known hotels and applied to be supervisor of the housekeeping staff. She was eventually hired, and after several months moved to a similar position at a new office center.

RIGHT AND BELOW: HAITIANS WORKING IN A CELERY FIELD IN BELLE GLADE, FLORIDA





She now earns and pays taxes on \$18,000 a year. "Nobody ever asks me for my papers," she says. "Never. But my wages are too low. I take care of a big place; I would be making more than \$18,000 if I had my papers."

I also met in Houston an eighteen-year-old with a tousle-haired country-boy look, who was dressed in shiny black polyester trousers and a matching vest, worn over a white-on-white shirt. He left his farming village in El Salvador late in 1980, because, he said, "it is dangerous to be on either side." He took buses through Guatemala and Mexico, offered *mordida*—bribes—of \$10 and \$20 a shot to Mexican officials along the way, and reached the frontier near Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, by the end of the year. He crossed the Rio Grande, which at most places means nothing more than a wade, and hitchhiked out of Laredo to Houston. He located friends from his village, lived with them, and found a job at \$3.40 an hour washing dishes in a well-known hotel. This wage was typical: outside of agriculture and domestic service, I found almost no illegal immigrants working for less than the federal minimum wage of \$3.35 an hour, but many working at the minimum or just above it.

After a few days in the kitchen, the young man had heard enough from his friends to believe that he could find a less grueling way to earn his money. He found a job in a metal-pipe yard, which at least was outdoor work. He tried to improve his English, and, although it is still not good, he was able to apply for jobs in which he would deal with the public. He returned to the hotel, where he now works as a bartender, earning \$4.25 an hour.

His companion, also from El Salvador, was a twenty-four-year-old with the intense, committed look of a radical intellectual. Of the several dozen Salvadorans I met in California and Texas, perhaps one quarter explained their immigration in terms of political oppression and human rights. The rest said they were hunting for work. This young man was one of the quarter. He said he had reluctantly left his wife and child behind, because he was "looking for a country that would respect human rights." He took buses through Mexico until he neared the U.S. border, then waded the Rio Grande near Brownsville. He worked on farm-labor gangs on the vast, flat ranches of South Texas, hitched a ride to Houston, and started as a minimum-wage dishwasher in a hotel, the job he still holds. After he was established, he called for his wife to join him. She left their first child at home with her parents. Their second child was born in Houston late last year, a U.S. citizen.

THESE DISHWASHERS AND MAIDS THINK THEY ARE doing jobs most Americans would refuse. But there is another view of illegal immigration: it holds that men and women like those I met in Houston are displacing Americans, directly or indirectly.

Donald Huddle, of Rice University, contends that citizens *do* want the jobs immigrants now hold. Huddle and other researchers surveyed the jobs that illegal immi-

grants were holding when they were caught and found that they paid from \$4 to \$9.50 an hour. He concluded, "These wages debunk the commonly held notion that illegal aliens are taking only those jobs that Americans don't want because they are so lowly paid." Vernon Briggs points out that in every broad category of work in which illegal immigrants are found, most of the workers are still American citizens. He says that therefore it is misleading to talk about "immigrant work."

A more fundamental objection raised to the "Americans won't do dirty work" argument is that it ignores the dynamic aspect of economics. Perhaps it proves nothing that citizens won't take the jobs now available in the packing house and the tomato field; perhaps those jobs are dirty and low-paid precisely because so much cheap labor is available to fill them. "If there were no illegals," says Ray Marshall, "the jobs would be different."

Businesses in the service sector, such as restaurants and hotels, would pass along the modest additional cost of hiring legal help. Who would notice the extra dollar on the dinner bill? Some farmers would be able to pass along the extra cost of picking grapes or oranges; others would use labor more efficiently or mechanize their fields.

Still other businesses would fold, but for them the restrictionists shed no tears. In part, they would be service "businesses," such as household help. What would happen if the border were closed tomorrow? I asked Alfred Giugni, in El Paso. "The only serious impact would be the maid situation," he said. "Everything else would work out. You get the impression that the only maids who are paid the minimum wage in El Paso are the ones who work for people in the INS [Immigration and Naturalization Service]."

The other likely casualties would be garment factories, leather works, and other low-wage, labor-intensive businesses. "The jobs in which illegal aliens are not displacing American workers are those jobs in which American industry is competing with workers in newly developed countries," Dan Stein, an official of FAIR, has written. America's future lies with a skillful work force and high tech. "The fewer unskilled laborers there are in this country, the better off we should be," Vernon Briggs says.

In any case, Conner, Briggs, and others argue, it is a strange and greedy kind of social arithmetic that tots up those who might hypothetically be hurt by restriction but ignores those who are now paying the costs of uncontrolled borders.

Briggs notes government estimates that 29 million people, or nearly 30 percent of the employed civilian labor force, work in what he calls "the kinds of low-skilled industrial, service, and agricultural jobs in which illegal aliens typically seek employment." He contends that "farm workers, dishwashers, laborers, garbage collectors, building cleaners, restaurant employees, gardeners, maintenance workers, to name a few occupations, perform useful

and often indispensable work. Unfortunately, their remuneration is often poor, in part because there is a large pool of persons available for these jobs."

"The victims of immigration are the marginal workers, with low education, who may not be hot to work sixty hours a week," says Roger Conner. "My own life as an employer teaches me that if an employer is looking for a minimum of hassle, he will look past these people—unless he has a reason to have to make it work with them. There is just enough truth to the notion that aliens make better workers that it nourishes the stereotypes and creates a self-fulfilling prophecy. One reason there are so few opportunities for young black people on construction sites is that the aliens on the scene always have somebody available to bring in with them."

When Conner was a boy, in Dallas, his mother took in ironing and later did domestic work. He cites today's counterparts of his younger self as among the Americans the immigrant hurts. "To the extent that the initial targets of immigrants tend to be unskilled jobs and low-skill entrepreneurial opportunities—say, a small construction company—those are the ways out of poverty for the energetic American. The guy who wants to work his way up—to him the immigrant is an obstacle. I would concede a gain in efficiency from immigration, but the cost is what we lose in upward mobility from the lower classes."

Conner's "concession" distills the economic argument against immigration to its pure form: immigrants can make the economy more efficient, but they can hurt the American lower class. Is this grounds for closing the door? I believe not.

For one thing, the analysis may be totally incorrect. Sixty years ago, Progressives and conservatives joined to oppose the New Immigration. The Progressives based their argument on the damage done to America's poor. Robert Hunter's *Poverty*, an influential Progressive tract, concluded that the immigrant stood between the American workingman and a better life. The Dillingham Commission, a government panel whose forty-two-volume study laid the groundwork for the immigration laws of the 1920s, also said that immigrants displaced American workers. Even so, the commission concluded that displaced workers found better jobs in an expanding economy. Oscar Handlin has said of its findings, "To the extent that immigrants contributed to that expansion, they actually helped to lift the condition of the laborers they found already there."

Is it necessarily any different now? In Texas and California, Mexican-Americans have been displaced by Mexican immigrants. Ricardo Romo, who teaches history at the University of Texas, says that his parents were displaced from their migrant laborers' jobs in South Texas. But "no one should assume that those who leave are worse off than if they had stayed," he says. "In many cases, there is substantial improvement when people move on. The kids go to better schools than their parents, they get into skilled trades."

Through the past decade, unemployment has been low in the very places where immigration, legal and illegal, has been the greatest: California, Florida, Texas. True, this is partly tautology—why would immigrants go where there were no jobs? But it also suggests that a growing economy, even though washed by waves of immigration, can create more opportunities for Americans than a stagnant one that freezes competitors out.

The Urban Institute's study of Southern California reported that the region's unemployment rates for all races and age groups were lower than the national average, and that the *difference* between rates for whites and for non-whites was less than elsewhere. This was true though Southern California is rivaled only by Miami in its concentration of immigrants and has a higher proportion of illegals. "One can conclude that the large undocumented population in Los Angeles did not increase unemployment among Hispanics or other groups in Los Angeles," the report said.

Even if the case against illegal immigrants is assumed to be true, is the solution to shield the entire economy from the bracing effects of immigration? Restrictionists often cite the case of Kemah, Texas, to suggest the tensions that even legal immigrants create. In Kemah, the commercial fishermen who had long worked the Gulf Coast found their waters dotted with Vietnamese in rival boats. The Vietnamese were here legally, admitted as refugees. They had scrimped, like the Nguyens, to lease or buy their fishing craft. The working-class whites of the region had initially tolerated them. When the Vietnamese "took low income jobs cleaning fish or working in restaurant kitchens, they were acceptable," Paul D. Starr, a sociologist from Auburn University, said recently in the *Texas Observer*. "But when they became fishermen—and competitors—attitudes toward them changed. . . . The unpleasant fact is that the Vietnamese work harder and longer and under more difficult conditions than do most Americans."

The Vietnamese won, and American citizens lost—but they lost in the kind of economic competition that is supposed to be the engine of capitalism. Should the fishermen have been protected against the Vietnamese's willingness to work longer hours? Are we ready to say that fair competition is too much for Americans to withstand? Unless we are, there is no economic case against legal immigration.

Unfair competition is something else. Illegal immigrants, however admirable as individuals, are unfair rivals. They are often exploited, but that is not the real inequity. After all, they are here by their own choice. They are most unfair to the struggling Americans who hold similar jobs. Appreciating the immigrants' adaptability, we should welcome their lawful presence. Can anyone contend that what the Nguyen family enjoys it has "taken" from someone else? But recognizing the barriers that the black teenager, the white laborer, and the Mexican-American father confront, and the strains their frustration puts on the entire society, we should attempt to ensure that less of America's immigration takes place outside the law.

LANGUAGE

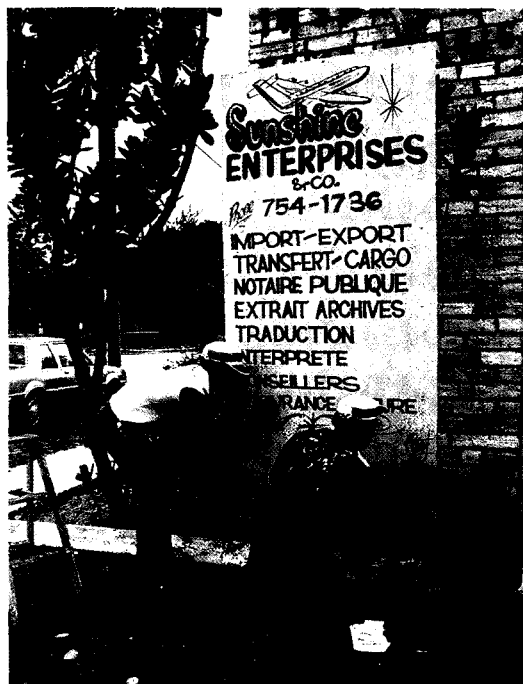
ASSUME FOR THE MOMENT that legal immigrants make an economy more efficient. Does that tell us all we need to know in order to understand their impact on our society? A national culture is held together by official rules and informal signals. Through their language, dress, taste, and habits of life, immigrants initially violate the rules and confuse the signals. The United States has prided itself on building a nation out of diverse parts. *E Pluribus Unum* originally referred to the act of political union in which separate colonies became one sovereign state. It now seems more fitting as a token of the cultural adjustments through which immigrant strangers have become Americans. Can the assimilative forces still prevail?

The question arises because most of today's immigrants share one trait: their native language is Spanish.

From 1970 to 1978, the three leading sources of legal immigrants to the U.S. were Mexico, the Philippines, and Cuba. About 42 percent of legal immigration during the seventies was from Latin America. It is thought that about half of all illegal immigrants come from Mexico, and 10 to 15 percent more from elsewhere in Latin America. Including illegal immigrants makes all figures imprecise, but it seems reasonable to conclude that more than half the people who now come to the United States speak Spanish. This is a greater concentration of immigrants in one non-English language group than ever before.

Is it a threat? The conventional wisdom about immigrants and their languages is that the Spanish-speakers are asking for treatment different from that which has been accorded to everybody else. In the old days, it is said, immigrants were eager to assimilate as quickly as possible. They were placed, sink or swim, in English-language classrooms, and they swam. But now the Latin Americans seem to be insisting on bilingual classrooms and ballots. "The Hispanics demand that the United States become a bilingual country, with all children entitled to be taught in the language of their heritage, at public expense," Theodore White has written. Down this road lie the linguistic cleavages that have brought grief to other nations.

This is the way many people think, and this is the way I myself thought as I began this project.



SIGN IN MIAMI'S HAITIAN DISTRICT

THE HISTORICAL PARALLEL closest to today's concentration of Spanish-speaking immigrants is the German immigration of the nineteenth century. From 1830 to 1890, 4.5 million Germans emigrated to the United States, making up one third of the immigrant total. The Germans recognized that command of English would finally ensure for them, and especially for their children, a place in the mainstream of American society. But like the Swedes, Dutch, and French before them, they tried hard to retain the language in which they had been raised.

The midwestern states, where Germans were concentrated, established bilingual schools, in which children could receive instruction in German. In Ohio,

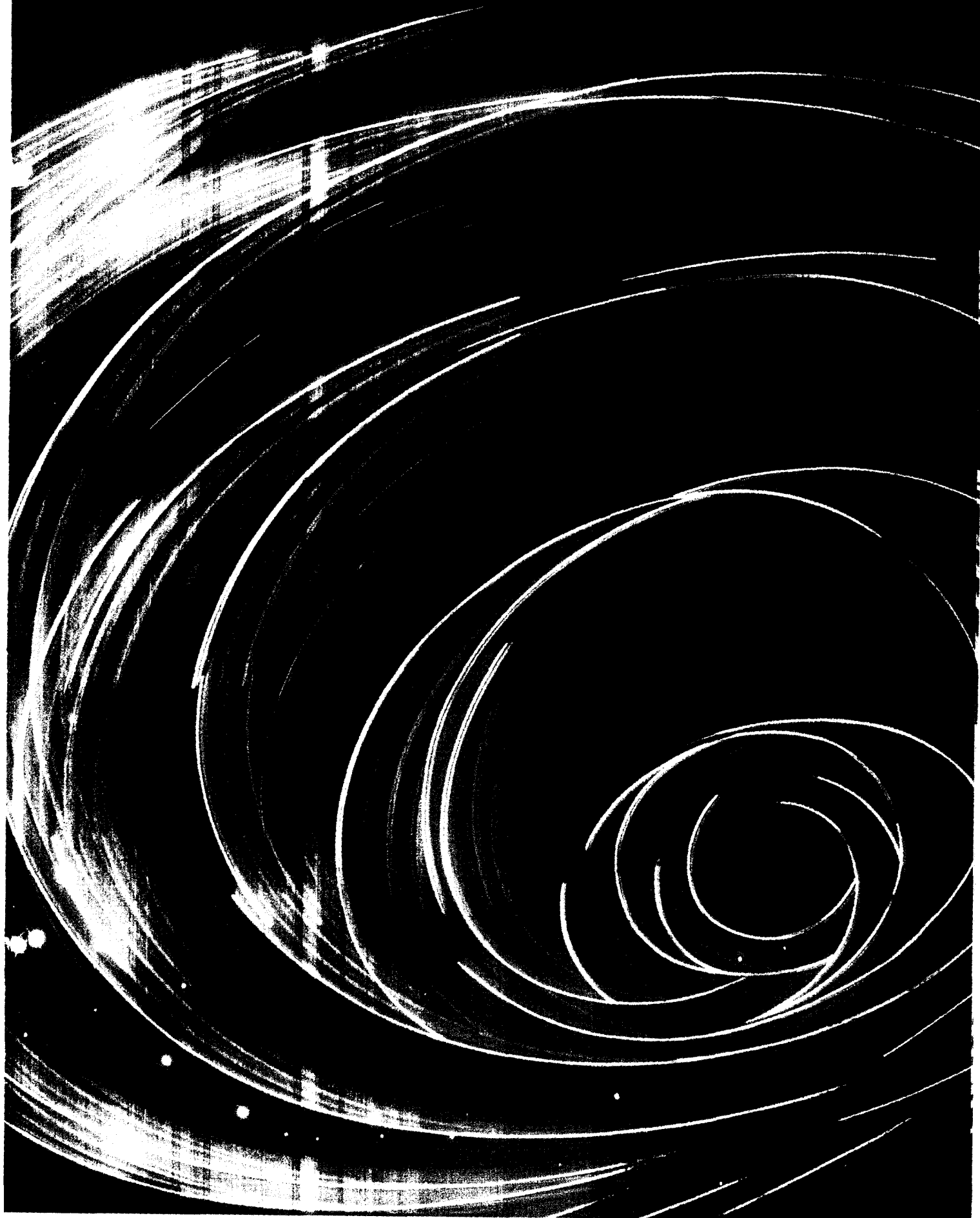
German-English public schools were in operation by 1840; in 1837, the Pennsylvania legislature ordered that German-language public schools be established on an equal basis with English-language schools. Minnesota, Maryland, and Indiana also operated public schools in which German was used, either by itself or in addition to English. In *Life with Two Languages*, his study of bilingualism, François Grosjean says, "What is particularly striking about German Americans in the nineteenth century is their constant efforts to maintain their language, culture, and heritage."

Yet despite everything the Germans could do, their language began to die out. The progression was slow and fraught with pain. For the immigrant, language was the main source of certainty and connection to the past. As the children broke from the Old World culture and tried out their snappy English slang on their parents, the pride the parents felt at such achievements was no doubt mixed with the bittersweet awareness that they were losing control.

At first the children would act as interpreters for their parents; then they would demand the independence appropriate to that role; then they would yearn to escape the coarse ways of immigrant life. And in the end, they would be Americans. It was hard on the families, but it built an assimilated English-language culture.

The pattern of assimilation is familiar from countless novels, as well as from the experience of many people now living. Why, then, is the currently fashionable history of

The Illuminated Vortex



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The Illuminated Vortex

Understanding how the in-cylinder flow of the fuel-air mixture is influenced by chamber geometry provides a key to improving engine performance. By applying a laser measurement technique, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories has gained new insight into the behavior of the flow.

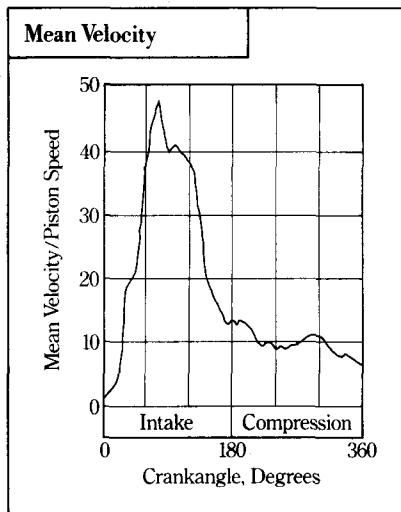


Figure 1: History of mean velocity at a single engine location.

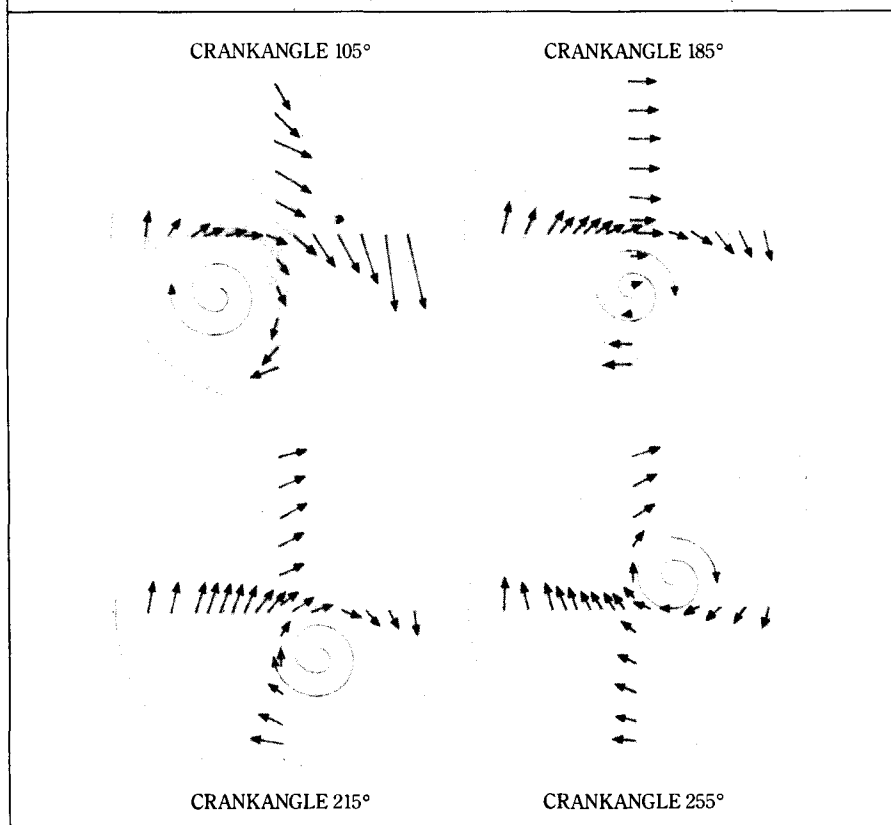
Figure 2: Panoramic view of engine flow patterns. With changing crankangle, the center of rotation precesses from the cylinder's lower left quadrant to its upper right quadrant.

THE FLUID motions inside engine cylinders have considerable influence over the progress of combustion. Mixing of air and fuel, combustion rate, and heat losses from the cylinder are all important transport processes strongly dependent on fluid motions. The motion inside the cylinder has two components. Mean velocity influences the transport of momentum, energy, and species on a cylinder-wide scale, while the turbulence component influences the same phenomena on a local basis. The in-cylinder flow field depends primarily on the geometry of the cylinder and inlet port. Hence, decisions made in the engine design stage exert a controlling influence over the flow. But before questions about how different geometrical features affect the flow field can be

answered, the problem of how to measure the flow must be solved. By applying Laser Doppler Anemometry (LDA), Dr. Rodney Rask, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories, has obtained detailed measurements of the flow field.

LDA is a technique in which two focused laser beams pass into the cylinder through a quartz window. In the minute measuring region where the laser beams cross, a regular pattern of interference fringes is created. As the 1-micron particles, which have been added to the engine inlet flow, cross the measurement region, they scatter light in the bright fringes. In Dr. Rask's LDA system, the scattered light is collected by the same lenses used to focus the laser beam, and measured by a photomultiplier tube. The resulting signal is processed electronically to determine the time it takes a particle to traverse a fixed number of fringes. Since the fringe spacing is a known function of the laser beam crossing angle, this transit time provides a direct measure of velocity.

During operation of the LDA, measurements of velocity as a function of engine rotation (crankangle) are made at a number of locations within the cylinder. The instantaneous velocity at each point must then be separated into mean and turbulence components. The simplest technique is to declare that the mean velocities for all cycles are identical and ensemble average the data. However, this approach ignores the cyclic variation in the mean velocity. Another technique looks at individual cycles and uses a variety of methods, including sophisticated filtering, to split the instantaneous velocity into its components. This



approach is consistent with the LDA measurements, which clearly show that the mean velocity does not repeat exactly from one engine cycle to the next.

Differences in the flow field from one cycle to the next can seriously compromise engine efficiency. Near the end of the compression stroke, it is important to maintain a consistent velocity at key cylinder locations (e.g., at a spark plug). Dr. Rask's LDA measurements have identified design features that control cyclic variability.

FIGURE 1 shows mean velocity measured at a single location during an engine cycle. High velocity exists during the intake stroke when the inlet flow is rushing through the narrow valve opening. This jet-like flow into the cylinder causes large velocity differences between adjacent cylinder locations and produces strong turbulence. As the end of the intake stroke is approached (180 degrees in Figure 1), the levels of both mean velocity and turbulence drop rapidly. This decrease is a result of the changing boundary conditions for the cylinder—from strong inflow to no inflow. During the compression stroke the flow field evolves, but it undergoes no drastic changes. However, in a high-squish chamber, where the flow is forced into a small bowl in the piston or cylinder head, considerable turbulence is generated near the end of the compression stroke.

Measurements from many cylinder locations are necessary to make the flow field understandable. Figure 2 shows four flow patterns covering a period from near the end of intake into the compres-

sion stroke. Note the strong vortical flow, with the center of the vortex away from the cylinder center and precessing with changing crankangle.

By experimenting with geometrical variables, Dr. Rask has gained new understanding of phenomena observed in operating engines. The resulting knowledge has guided the design and development of new engines with a minimum of trial-and-error testing. The LDA findings are also being used to validate and calibrate engine flow computer models under development.

"From our measurements," Dr. Rask states, "we have been able to deduce how changes in the geometry of the port and combustion chamber modify the velocity field. These flow field effects are now being used to help designers tailor engine combustion for optimum performance."

General Motors



THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Rodney Rask is a Senior Staff Research Engineer in the Fluid Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Rask received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in mechanical engineering from the University of Minnesota. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the Coanda effect.

Prior to joining General Motors in 1973, Dr. Rask worked on the design of nuclear reactors at the Knoll's Atomic Power Laboratories. In addition to further refinements in LDA measurement techniques, his current research interests include computer simulation of engine systems, with special emphasis on the intake manifold.

assimilation so different? Why is it assumed, in so many discussions of bilingual education, that in the old days immigrants switched quickly and enthusiastically to English?

One reason is that the experience of Jewish immigrants in the early twentieth century was different from this pattern. German Jews, successful and thoroughly assimilated here in the nineteenth century, oversaw an effort to bring Eastern European Jews into the American mainstream as quickly as possible. In New York City, the Lower East Side's Hebrew Institute, later known as the Educational Alliance, defined its goal as teaching the newcomers "the privileges and duties of American citizenship." Although many Jewish immigrants preserved their Yiddish, Jews generally learned English faster than any other group.

Another reason that nineteenth-century linguistic history is so little remembered lies in the political experience of the early twentieth century. As an endless stream of New Immigrants arrived from Eastern Europe, the United States was awash in theories about the threats the newcomers posed to American economic, sanitary, and racial standards, and the "100 percent Americanism" movement arose. By the late 1880s, school districts in the Midwest had already begun reversing their early encouragement of bilingual education. Competence in English was made a requirement for naturalized citizens in 1906. Pro-English-language leagues sprang up to help initiate the New Immigrants. California's Commission on Immigration and Housing, for example, endorsed a campaign of "Americanization propaganda," in light of "the necessity for all to learn English—the language of America." With the coming of World War I, all German-language activities were suddenly cast in a different light. Eventually, as a result, Americans came to believe that previous immigrants had speedily switched to English, and to view the Hispanics' attachment to Spanish as a troubling aberration.

THE TERM "HISPANIC" IS IN MANY WAYS DECEIVING. It refers to those whose origins can be traced back to Spain (*Hispania*) or Spain's former colonies. It makes a bloc out of Spanish-speaking peoples who otherwise have little in common. The Cuban-Americans, concentrated in Florida, are flush with success. Some of them nurse dreams of political revenge against Castro. They demonstrate little solidarity with such other Hispanics as the Mexican-Americans of Texas, who are much less estranged from their homeland and who have been longtime participants in the culture of the Southwest. The Cuban-Americans tend to be Republicans; most Mexican-Americans and Puerto Ricans are Democrats. The Puerto Ricans, who are U.S. citizens from birth, and who have several generations of contact with American city life behind them, bear little resemblance to the Salvadorans and Guatemalans now pouring northward to get out of the way of war. Economically, the Puerto Ricans of New York City have more in common with American blacks than with

most other Hispanic groups. Such contact as Anglo and black residents of Boston and New York have with Hispanic life comes mainly through Puerto Ricans; they may be misled about what to expect from the Mexicans and Central Americans arriving in ever increasing numbers. Along the southern border, Mexican-American children will razz youngsters just in from Mexico. A newcomer is called a "TJ," for Tijuana; it is the equivalent of "hillbilly" or "rube."

Still, "Hispanic" can be a useful word, because it focuses attention on the major question about this group of immigrants: Will their assimilation into an English-speaking culture be any less successful than that of others in the past?

To answer, we must consider what is different now from the circumstances under which the Germans, Poles, and Italians learned English.

The most important difference is that the host country is right next door. The only other non-English-speaking group for which this is true is the French-Canadians. Proximity has predictable consequences. For as long as the Southwest has been part of the United States, there has been a border culture in which, for social and commercial reasons, both languages have been used. There has also been a Mexican-American population accustomed to moving freely across the border, between the cultures, directing its loyalties both ways.

Because it has always been so easy to go home, many Mexicans and Mexican-Americans have displayed the classic sojourner outlook. The more total the break with the mother country, the more pressure immigrants feel to adapt; but for many immigrants from Mexico, whose kin and friends still live across the border and whose dreams center on returning in wealthy splendor to their native villages, the pressure is weak.

Many people have suggested that there is another difference, perhaps more significant than the first. It is a change in the nation's self-confidence. The most familiar critique of bilingual education holds that the nation no longer feels a resolute will to require mastery of the national language. America's most powerful assimilative force, the English language, may therefore be in jeopardy.

It is true that starting in the early 1960s U.S. government policy began to move away from the quick-assimilation approach preferred since the turn of the century. After surveys of Puerto Rican students in New York City and Mexican-Americans in Texas revealed that they were dropping out of school early and generally having a hard time, educational theorists began pushing plans for Spanish-language instruction. The turning point came with *Lau v. Nichols*, a case initiated in 1971 by Chinese-speaking students in San Francisco. They sued for "equal protection," on grounds that their unfamiliarity with English denied them an adequate education. In 1974, the Supreme Court ruled in their favor, saying that "those who do not understand English are certain to find their classroom ex-

perience wholly incomprehensible and in no way meaningful." The ruling did not say that school systems had to start bilingual programs of the kind that the phrase is now generally understood to mean—that is, classrooms in which both languages are used. The court said that "teaching English to the students . . . who do not speak the language" would be one acceptable solution. But the federal regulations and state laws that implemented the decision obliged many districts to set up the system of "transitional" bilingual education that has since become the focus of furor.

The rules vary from state to state, but they typically require a school district to set up a bilingual program whenever a certain number of students (often twenty) at one grade level are from one language group and do not speak English well. In principle, bilingual programs will enable them to keep up with the content of, say, their math and history courses while preparing them to enter the English-language classroom.

THE BILINGUAL SYSTEM IS ACCUSED OF SUPPORTING a cadre of educational consultants while actually retarding the students' progress into the English-speaking mainstream. In this view, bilingual education could even be laying the foundation for a separate Hispanic culture, by extending the students' Spanish-language world from their homes to their schools.

Before I traveled to some of the schools in which bilingual education was applied, I shared the skeptics' view. What good could come of a system that encouraged, to whatever degree, a language other than the national tongue? But after visiting elementary, junior high, and high schools in Miami, Houston, San Antonio, Austin, several parts of Los Angeles, and San Diego, I found little connection between the political debate over bilingual education and what was going on in these schools.

To begin with, one central fact about bilingual education goes largely unreported. It is a *temporary* program. The time a typical student stays in the program varies from place to place—often two years in Miami, three years in Los Angeles—but when that time has passed, the student will normally leave. Why, then, do bilingual programs run through high school? Those classes are usually for students who are new to the district—usually because their parents are new to the country.

There is another fact about bilingual education, more difficult to prove but impressive to me, a hostile observer. Most of the children I saw were unmistakably learning to speak English.

In the elementary schools, where the children have come straight out of all-Spanish environments, the background babble seems to be entirely in Spanish. The kindergarten and first- to third-grade classrooms I saw were festooned with the usual squares and circles cut from colored construction paper, plus posters featuring Big Bird and

charts about the weather and the seasons. Most of the schools seemed to keep a rough balance between English and Spanish in the lettering around the room; the most Spanish environment I saw was in one school in East Los Angeles, where about a third of the signs were in English.

The elementary school teachers were mostly Mexican-American women. They prompted the children with a mixture of English and Spanish during the day. While books in both languages are available in the classrooms, most of the first-grade reading drills I saw were in Spanish. In theory, children will learn the phonetic principle of reading more quickly if they are not trying to learn a new language at the same time. Once comfortable as readers, they will theoretically be able to transfer their ability to English.

In a junior high school in Houston, I saw a number of Mexican and Salvadoran students in their "bilingual" biology and math classes. They were drilled entirely in Spanish on the parts of an amoeba and on the difference between a parallelogram and a rhombus. When students enter bilingual programs at this level, the goal is to keep them current with the standard curriculum while introducing them to English. I found my fears of linguistic separatism rekindled by the sight of fourteen-year-olds lectured to in Spanish. I reminded myself that many of the students I was seeing had six months earlier lived in another country.

The usual next stop for students whose time in bilingual education is up is a class in intensive English, lasting one to three hours a day. These students are divided into two or three proficiency levels, from those who speak no English to those nearly ready to forgo special help. In Houston, a teacher drilled two-dozen high-school-age Cambodians, Indians, Cubans, and Mexicans on the crucial difference between the voiced *th* sound of "this" and the voiceless *th* of "thing." In Miami, a class of high school sophomores included youths from Cuba, El Salvador, and Honduras. They listened as their teacher read a Rockwellian essay about a student with a crush on his teacher, and then set to work writing an essay of their own, working in words like "garrulous" and "sentimentalize."

One of the students in Miami, a sixteen-year-old from Honduras, said that his twelve-year-old brother had already moved into mainstream classes. Linguists say this is the standard pattern for immigrant children. The oldest children hold on to their first language longest, while their younger sisters and brothers swim quickly into the new language culture.

The more I saw of the classes, the more convinced I became that most of the students were learning English. Therefore, I started to wonder what it is about bilingual education that has made it the focus of such bitter disagreement.

For one thing, most immigrant groups other than Hispanics take a comparatively dim view of bilingual educa-

tion. Haitians, Vietnamese, and Cambodians are eligible for bilingual education, but in general they are unenthusiastic. In Miami, Haitian boys and girls may learn to read in Creole rather than English. Still, their parents push to keep them moving into English. "A large number of [Haitian] parents come to the PTA meetings, and they don't want interpreters," said the principal of Miami's Edison Park Elementary School last spring. "They want to learn English. They don't want notices coming home in three languages. When they come here, unless there is total non-communication, they will try to get through to us in their broken English. The students learn the language *very* quickly."

BILINGUAL EDUCATION IS INFLAMMATORY IN LARGE part because of what it symbolizes, not because of the nuts and bolts of its daily operation. In reality, bilingual programs move students into English with greater or lesser success; in reality, most Spanish-speaking parents understand that mastery of English will be their children's key to mobility. But in the political arena, bilingual education presents a different face. To the Hispanic ideology, it is a symbol of cultural pride and political power. And once it has been presented that way, with full rhetorical flourish, it naturally strikes other Americans as a threat to the operating rules that have bound the country together.

Once during the months I spoke with and about immigrants I felt utterly exasperated. It was while listening to two Chicano activist lawyers in Houston who demanded to know why their people should be required to learn English at all. "It is unrealistic to think people can learn it that quickly," one lawyer said about the law that requires naturalized citizens to pass a test in English. "*Especialmente when they used to own this part of the country, and when Spanish was the historic language of this region.*"

There is a historic claim for Spanish—but by the same logic there is a stronger claim for, say, Navajo as the historic language of the Southwest. The truth is that for more than a century the territory has been American and its national language has been English.

I felt the same irritation welling up when I talked with many bilingual instructors and policy-makers. Their arguments boiled down to: What's so special about English? They talked about the richness of the bilingual experience, the importance of maintaining the children's abilities in Spanish—even though when I watched the instructors in the classroom I could see that they were teaching principal English.

In my exasperation, I started to think that if such symbols of the dignity of language were so provocative to me, a comfortable member of the least-aggrieved ethnic group, it might be worth reflecting on the comparable sensitivities that lie behind the sentiments of the Spanish-speaking.

Consider the cases of Gloria Ramirez and Armandina Flores, who taught last year in the bilingual program at the Guerra Elementary School, in the Edgewood Independent School District, west of San Antonio.

San Antonio has evaded questions about the balance between rich and poor in its school system by carving the city up into independent school districts. Alamo Heights is the winner under this approach, and Edgewood is the loser. The Edgewood School District is perennially ranked as one of the poorest in the state. The residents are almost all Mexican-Americans or Mexicans. It is a settled community, without much to attract immigrants, but many stop there briefly on their way somewhere else, enough to give Edgewood a sizable illegal-immigrant enrollment.

In the middle of a bleak, sunbaked stretch of fields abutting a commercial vegetable farm, and within earshot of Kelly Air Force Base, sits Edgewood's Guerra School. It is an ordinary-looking but well-kept one-story structure that was built during the Johnson Administration. Nearly all the students are Mexican or Mexican-American.

Gloria Ramirez, who teaches first grade, is a compact, attractive woman of thirty-three, a no-nonsense veteran of the activist movements of the 1960s. Armandina Flores, a twenty-seven-year-old kindergarten teacher, is a beauty with dark eyes and long hair. During classroom hours, they deliver "Now, children" explanations of what is about to happen in both Spanish and English, although when the message really must get across, it comes in Spanish.

Both are remarkable teachers. They have that spark often thought to be missing in the public schools. There is no hint that for them this is just a job, perhaps because it symbolizes something very different from the worlds in which they were raised.

Gloria Ramirez was born in Austin, in 1950. Both of her parents are native Texans, as were two of her grandparents, but her family, like many other Mexican-American families, "spoke only Spanish when I was growing up," she says. None of her grandparents went to school at all. Her parents did not go past the third grade. Her father works as an auto-body mechanic; her mother raised the six children, and recently went to work at Austin State Hospital as a cleaner.

Ramirez began learning English when she started school; but the school, on Austin's east side, was overwhelmingly Mexican-American, part of the same culture she'd always known. The big change came when she was eleven. Her family moved to a working-class Anglo area in South Austin. She and her brother were virtually the only Mexican-Americans at the school. There was no more Spanish on the playground, or even at home. "My parents requested that we speak more English to them from then on," she says. "Both of them could speak it, but neither was comfortable."

"Before then, I didn't realize I had an accent. I didn't

Continued on page 85

EXECUTIVE

The Atlantic's Guide to Winter "Get Away" Vacation Spots



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EXECUTIVE ESCAPES

The Atlantic's Guide to Winter "Get Away" Vacation Spots

by Kay Showker

When I left Anguilla, the Yankee skipper of a 38-foot ketch asked me not to tell anyone about the spot of blue heaven he had found tucked away in the northeast corner of the Caribbean. But before my plane had touched down in New York I had already spilled his secret to a half-dozen fellow passengers who had been vacationing on St. Maarten and had noticed the Anguilla tag on my luggage.

The handsome sea captain had paid me a friendly call in the bar of Cul de Sac, a small, pretty hotel and the favorite hangout of the three-dozen expatriates living on the island. He had heard I was scouting some winter escape hatches for frazzled folks back in the States and offered to pay me not to write about Anguilla. It took me a second to realize he was dead serious. One visit, and you are likely to share his feelings.

Anguilla is 16 miles of tranquility wrapped in blue, a low-lying coral island of scalloped coves and long stretches of pristine white sand beaches surrounded by fantastically clear aqua and cobalt waters that have attracted sailors and fishermen for aeons. More recently, snorklers and divers have begun to

discover the island, because of its two large reefs, one behind the other, where the huge coral grows to the surface of the sea.

A British colony of sorts, Anguilla made headlines in 1969 for staging a mini-revolution *against* independence. It derives most of its income from its status as a tax haven. Located 10 miles north of St. Maarten, Anguilla is an eight-minute flight away, but it's a planet away in every other respect. It has no golf courses, casinos, cruise ships, or shopping centers. There's only one stoplight in the entire place.

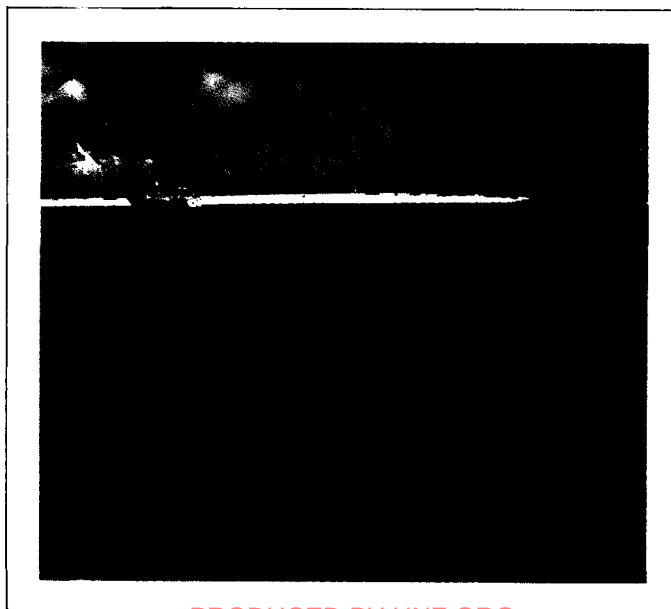
The Village, a cluster of colorful houses and buildings of typical West Indian architecture, is the capital; Sandy Ground, a spit of land fringed by a pret-

ty beach, is the principal harbor. On the east end, the lilliputian village of Island Harbor is home for Anguilla's fishing fleet, whose fishermen supply the markets and restaurants of St. Maarten with much of their fish.

Fronting the beach at Sandy Ground is Anguilla's newest hotel and restaurant, The Mariners, operated by Stephanie Sawyer and Clive Carty, former government tourism officials who found it more rewarding to run a first-rate hospitality than to pioneer the island's tourism. In all, Anguilla has about two-dozen small, unpretentious hotels, guesthouses, and housekeeping apartments.

An exception is Malliouhana (the original Arawak Indian name for Anguilla), a multi-million-dollar spread nearing completion on its own beach at Meads Bay and destined to become one of the great resorts in the Caribbean. It is already in operation with its first two villas, and has tennis, windsurfing, sailing, and Anguilla's first fully equipped dive center.

Anguilla is not for everyone. But for those who are beachcombers at heart, yearn for serenity, revel in nature's beauty, and can operate on their own juices, it's heaven.



Prickly Pear Cay, Anguilla

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The American Paradise

Finding a place that would fit every one's idea of paradise is probably impossible. One that comes close—at the risk of sounding chauvinistic—is our corner of the Caribbean, the lush and lovely U.S. Virgin Islands.

Their license plate proclaims them "The American Paradise," and I've seen no place more beautiful under the American flag, but that's not the reason they top the list. Rather, it's the nature of the three islands and the combination they offer.

They make an escape with a choice. St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John are only a short distance from one another, yet they are totally different. You can enjoy all three, or pick the one that suits you best.

It's also an escape that is easy, because these sensual American Virgins have some sensible American virtues.

You don't need a passport, the currency is the U.S. dollar, and the language is English. As U.S. territories, they have a special tax status that gives returning U.S. residents an \$800 exemption from customs duty, rather than the \$400 that applies in other places; gifts under \$100 sent from the USVI are duty-free.

St. Croix, the largest of the trio, brings to mind the rolling hills of Maryland. Between the time Columbus claimed it for Spain and 1917, when we purchased the islands from the Danes, the flags of seven nations flew here.

Early in its history, St. Croix became an important producer of sugar and developed a plantation society, which remained long after the sugar mills died. This history gives St. Croix its character and adds a dimension for those who like some sightseeing along with their sunning.

Throughout the island, plantation homes and sugar mills have been restored as museums or converted into hotels and restaurants. On the dock in Christiansted, warehouses built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been made into a lovely shopping plaza.

St. Croix has little night life, but that's more than made up for by daytime sports, including golf on a Robert Trent

Jones course, free tennis at most hotels, horseback riding, sailing (and a school operated by Annapolis Sailing Schools), windsurfing, and four-dozen dive sites.

An Underwater Garden

One of the sites, Buck Island Reef, is the only underwater garden in the U.S. National Park System. Signs and arrow markers on the ocean floor guide you along a nature trail. Buck Island is suitable for beginners, who can snorkel in shallow water above the inner reef, and for advanced divers, who can explore the deepwater outer one.

St. Thomas, the most developed and most active of the Virgins, is a sharp contrast to St. Croix. Towering green mountains swoop down to a fingered coastline sheltering wide bays with long stretches of gorgeous sand and rocky coves washed by gentle, deep-turquoise seas. At every turn in the road another spectacular view is unveiled.

Charlotte Amalie, the capital, has an amphitheatre setting on a bay where more cruise ships stop than at any other port in the Caribbean. The cobblestone streets of the old town are lined with designer boutiques and shops selling goods from around the world at attractive low prices that can quickly use up your \$800 duty-free allowance.

St. Thomas has the largest selection of hotels, restaurants, and nightspots of the trio. Hotels and restaurants can be found perched on a mountainside to capture a fabulous view as often as they sit on a beach to be near the water.

The island also has some of the best facilities in the Caribbean for sailing—it is home port for the V.I. Charterboat League—and deep-sea fishing. A dozen dive operators with their own boats and equipment offer complete facilities for all levels of divers and instruction ranging from three-day resort courses to instructor certification. For those serious about scuba, there's a resort exclusively for divers.

If you're not a swimmer but don't want to miss the subaqueous wonderland, St. Thomas has Coral World, the only underwater observatory in the Western Hemisphere. You walk down into a glass bubble in the water to watch

the fish. It's a real switch: you are in the goldfish bowl, and the fish are running free!

St. Thomas's golf course at Mahogany Run was designed by George and Tom Fazio, and has some spectacular cliff-hanging holes. There's tennis, windsurfing, horseback riding, and racing, as well.

The smallest of the trio, St. John, is truly America the Beautiful. Three quarters—5,000 acres—of the heavily forested, mountainous island is run by the National Park Service on land donated by Laurance Rockefeller in 1956. Quiet and secluded, the island sits like a deep-green emerald bordered with pearly white beaches in incredibly beautiful aquamarine waters.

You can take a ferry boat daily from St. Thomas to Cruz Bay, the doll-size port on St. John. If you can pull yourself away from the idyllic setting by the beach, there are trails for hiking and Indian carvings and old plantation ruins to explore.

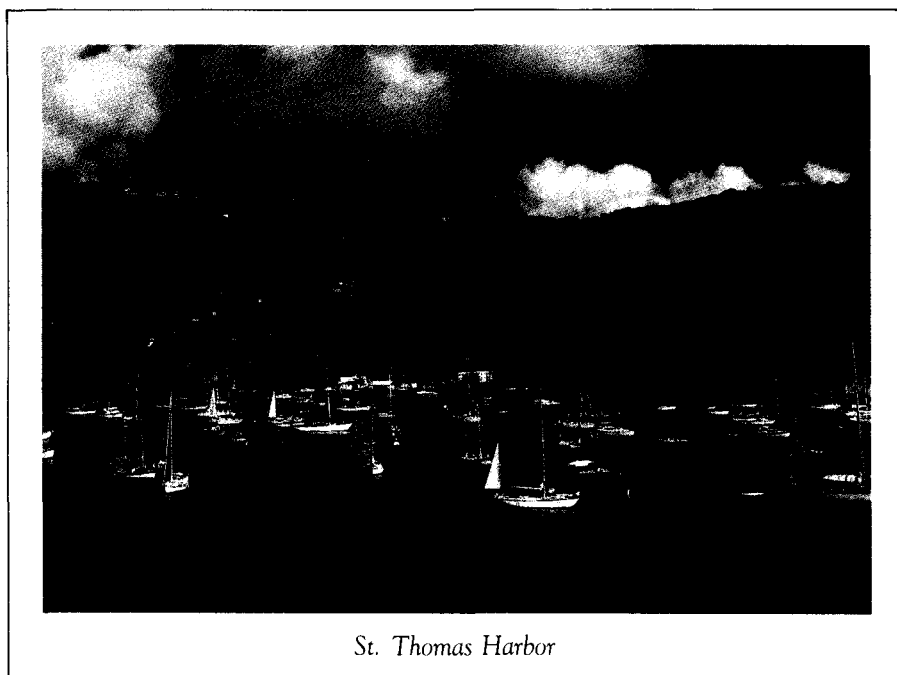
St. John has one hotel—Caneel Bay, a Rockresort and one of the outstanding resorts of the Caribbean—and a camping resort, Maho Bay, which is more comfortable and attractive than the camping facilities run by the Park Service.

Pearls of Paradise

At the southern end of the Caribbean, paradise comes in a string of islands known as the Grenadines. They are part of the island state of St. Vincent and the Grenadines, and the three-dozen dots together are not as big as St. Croix. The best are private islands, each given over to one pretty, pricey resort, which pampers you enough to make the cost seem worthwhile.

The smallest, Young Island, is a 33-acre green hump in the sea, 200 yards off the coast of St. Vincent, so thickly clad in tropical flowers and foliage that the resort's villas are completely obscured. The Polynesian effect of thatched-roof pavilions along the beach could make you think you caught the wrong plane.

Young's owner, Vidal Browne, or a hotel staff member is on hand to greet you at the St. Vincent airport and guide



St. Thomas Harbor

you to the nearby dock from which your two-minute boat ride to paradise begins. Dockside on Young, a waiter hands you a hibiscus-decorated coconut filled with Browne's special rum drink, which has you smiling all the way up the hill to your nest in the trees.

The climb is worth it. The villas are built of natural stone and local wood and have exactly enough concessions to modern living to be comfortable without spoiling their ravishing tropical setting. You can stretch out on the beach or lounge on your hideaway terrace and gaze at the lovely view of St. Vincent and a yacht-filled marina in the distance. You can swim to a beach bar in the water near the dock, snorkel, windsurf, and, when you need a change of scenery, sail over to Bequia or Mustique, two of the better-known Grenadines.

Mustique, you may recall, is Princess Margaret's winter haven. Not long ago, nephew Andrew was here to coo with a certain young lady and caused quite a stir. Margaret's house is available for rent, as are others equally grand, but if you have something more modest in mind, The Cotton House is the island's only hotel.

Further down the chain, Palm Island, Petit St. Vincent, and Mayreau are also private islands with one resort each, and all are guaranteed to turn any fast-track executive into a beachcomber within an hour of arrival.

Palm was known as Prune Island before its owner, John Caldwell, planted hundreds of palm trees on the island's 110 acres. The resort stretches along a mile of gorgeous coral sand with fabulous reefs so close you can swim to them. Petit St. Vincent is the ultimate resort for privacy. Each villa on the 113 landscaped acres is an island in itself, enclosed in a tropical garden and overlooking nothing but the sea. Mayreau will open its first resort in December, and should be another winner. The owner has a hotel background, and his wife is a European-trained gourmet chef.

Tobago Cays, five uninhabited gems a short sail from Palm or PSV, are close to perfection. The palm-fringed islets are ringed with blinding white sand beaches and turquoise-velvet waters where hundreds of fish dance about the coral in one of nature's most spectacular shows.

Escape by Yacht

Small planes from St. Vincent or Barbados can get you to the Grenadines, but as any Caribbean yachtsman knows, there's only one way to see them. If you can't sail them in your own yacht, there are plenty for hire. If you don't know how to sail, or hesitate to skipper for a week on your own, that, too, is easily overcome, and at a surprisingly reasonable price.

Caribbean Sailing Yachts, headquartered in St. Vincent, has a fleet of cutters and ketches for charter bareboat or crewed. Having sailed on crewed charters several times, I understand the attraction of bareboating for experienced sailors. But after a week on a CSY-crewed charter, I'm convinced that theirs is the only way to go. J. P. Morgan would have understood the sentiment.

Your CSY skipper is a hired hand, not the owner of the boat, and he is an expert helmsman from the islands who knows every shade in the water and every shift in the clouds. He not only sails the boat but also prepares meals and tidies the galley, and will even teach you the tricks of sailing when he is not fishing for the evening's catch. You are free to sail the yacht and to do—or not do—any task, anytime you want. In other words, you're the boss. What could be more ideal?

The price is fantastic, too. CSY's one-week package begins with a night at its marina hotel in St. Vincent, followed by seven days at sea, sailing through the Grenadines and stopping at the islands and reefs of your choice. The boats sleep four people in two private cabins, and can take up to six people.

The price changes by season: Nov. 1–Dec. 19 and Apr. 15–Jul. 31 is \$597 each for four persons; Dec. 20–Apr. 14, \$764; Aug. 31–Oct. 31, \$514. It covers two nights' hotel with dinner, breakfast, welcome cocktail, tax, and gratuities; a

week of cruising with a skipper and three meals daily; linens, ice, refrigeration, and fuel; and airport/hotel transfers. Beverages are not included but can be ordered and paid for in advance. Air fare to St. Vincent is additional.

If chartering your own yacht appeals to you but you would rather get a taste of the experience first, a Windjammer cruise makes a nice introduction. Windjammer's sailing ships are much larger than the yacht you would charter—they hold from 60 to 120 people—but they give you the exhilaration of sailing and the adventure of exploring small islands like Palm and lesser-known destinations in the tropics like Saba, St. Barts, and Montserrat, plus a chance to share the experience with new friends in a barefoot-fun atmosphere.

Recently, Windjammer introduced its seventh ship and flagship, *Mandalay*, which is also the most luxurious of the fleet. The 236-foot four-masted schooner, which sails from Antigua, holds 60 passengers in 23 deck cabins, six deluxe suites, and one super-deluxe "Admiral" suite, which is built on three decks and has its own Jacuzzi, piano, stereo system, and private steward.

Winter Wonderlands

If your dream of a winter escape conjures up white instead of green mountains, the Rockies or the Alps will be

more to your liking. The ultimate ski adventure has to be heli-skiing. I'm still getting up my nerve just to watch. Experts say the Bugaboos of Western Canada, which have the best powder and endless miles of glacier and tree-chute runs, are the place to go. They also stress that you must be a strong skier and in good physical condition.

Apparently, so many people who were not were trying heli-skiing that an interim stage has been developed by Canadian Mountain Holidays, in Banff, the largest and most experienced company operating heli-skiing in the Bugaboos. Skiers are taught helicopter safety and powder techniques and must demonstrate their ability prior to being taken to a helicopter run.

It's also about the most expensive skiing, but those who are addicted find the experience so exhilarating and rewarding that the cost is worth it. One skier describes it as "the heavenly feeling of being on top of the world."

If you are not quite ready for the higher reaches of the Canadian Rockies, dozens of places in the U.S. Rockies are ready for you. TWA's new ski compendium, one of the most comprehensive available, has packages with a choice of ten hotels in Aspen, Vail, Snowmass, and Steamboat, plus the use of a car for a week. The book also covers six locations in the Italian Alps, and if you can escape for ten days or two weeks, there's an unusual combination of Aspen and the Alps.

One of the Rockies' best-kept secrets is Crested Butte, 30 miles north of Gunnison, at the end of the road—literally.

The new resort promotes itself as "The Great Unknown," but the town of Crested Butte was the gold-rush magnet of the country 100 years ago. One could say the ski tradition dates from those days, when there were no roads and miners and others had to ski to the village to pick up their supplies.

Today, the town's vintage Victorian buildings, housing shops and noted gourmet restaurants, have been designated a National Historic District by the Department of the Interior; the juxtaposition of the old town and the new ski village, three miles up the road, is part of the area's attraction.

Crested Butte has good, dependable snow when other places around the



Skier on slopes of Crested Butte

country do not. The resort has a central computerized reservations system that enables you with one toll-free call to reserve lodgings, lift tickets, ski-school lessons, and rental equipment.

Another American paradise is the resort's Paradise Bowl, an open expanse of powder at 11,200 feet favored by intermediate skiers.

Whether you plan to ski the Rockies or the East, Avis Rent-a-Car has a ski program that covers the major gateways to ski country in a dozen states and features four guarantees: • Guaranteed weekly rates beginning at \$119 for a compact, such as a two-door Chevrolet Cavalier, and ranging up to \$189 for a full-size, four-door Buick. • "Skierized" car with a free ski rack and all-weather snow/mud tires or chains. Most cars have front-wheel drive. • First-on-the-slopes express service. Renter will be able to by-pass the Avis rental counter at the airport and head straight for the Avis bus, give his or her name, and be taken directly to the Avis facility where his/her car is waiting. • Guaranteed reservations.

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The program runs from Nov. 1 through Apr. 30, 1984. During two periods, Dec. 17–Jan. 6 and Feb. 16–Mar. 30, there is a surcharge on the base rate.

European Heights

With Europe being such a bargain because of low fares and the strong dollar, this winter may be the best time ever to take off for one of the great places you've dreamed about skiing. For the deserve-it-once-in-my-life splurge, my choice would be St. Moritz, in Switzerland, and I'd stay at The Palace.

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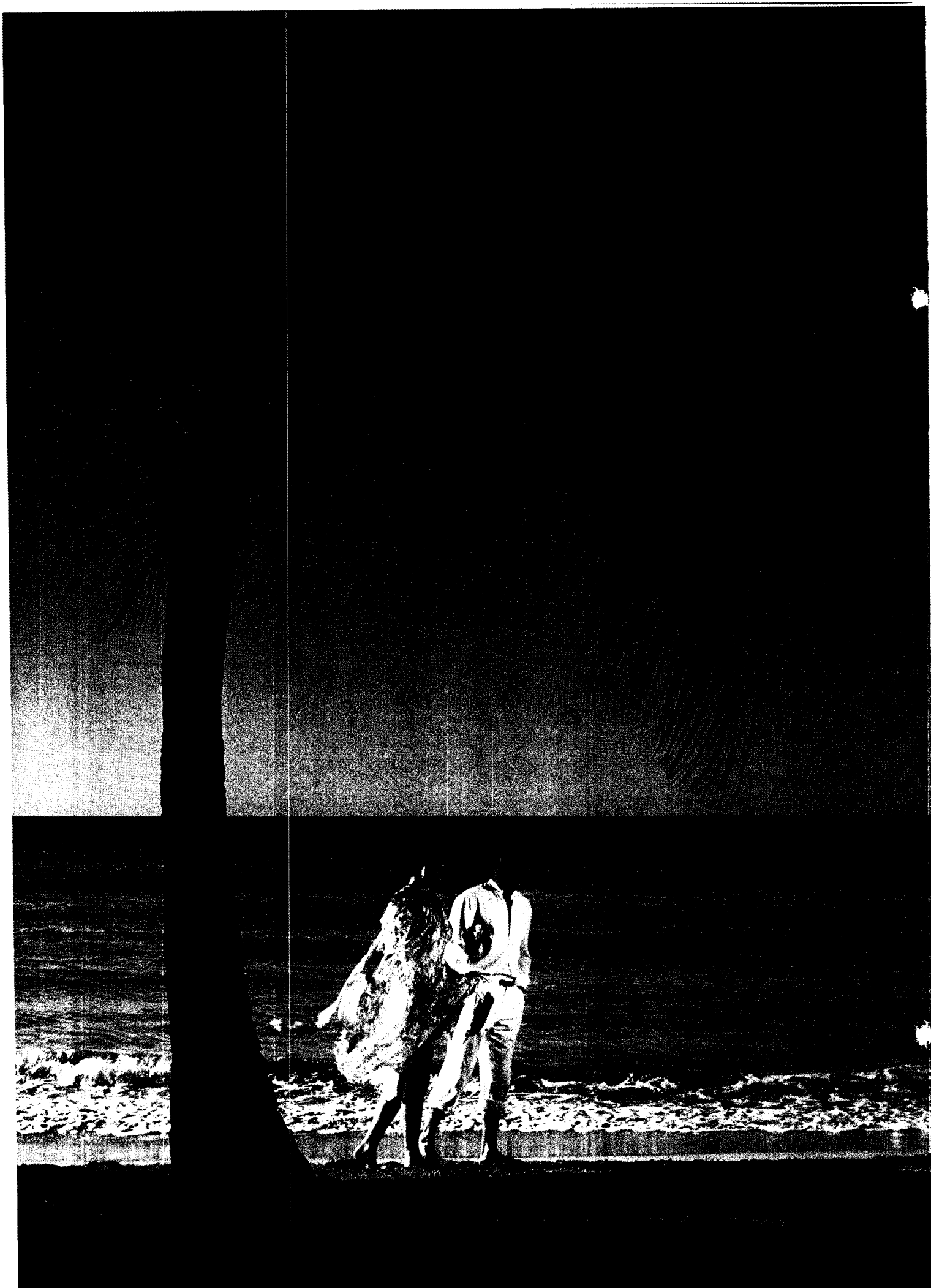
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TRAVEL BY FINNISH DESIGN

St. Moritz and The Palace have been synonymous with the ultimate chic of skiing in the European grand tradition for almost a century, and they never go out of date. The Palace has been owned and operated by the Badrutt family since its inception. From the start, Caspar Badrutt set out to create the most exclusive, most luxurious resort in Europe, calling The Palace's elaborate decor a "baroque celebration of life."

The hotel has many nice touches—full-time staff to arrange the flowers in the public halls and guest rooms daily; shuttle service to take guests to the lift station (when you ski down, you are only three blocks from the hotel); two staff members at the outside ski room to help you upon your return and to place your equipment in a specially numbered rack.

But the ultimate indulgence is The Palace's own version of the "tailgate" picnic: caviar, pâtés, cheeses, and Swiss specialties, with fine wines and champagne, served by a liveried butler from a gaily decorated horse-drawn sleigh.

St. Moritz has activities throughout the season. Would you believe a golf tournament and horse racing across the frozen lake? There's also a health spa with complete facilities for therapeutic and beauty treatments.

A week in St. Moritz at The Palace is part of a program available through KLM. Club Med also has ski weeks in St. Moritz, including one that can be combined with a week in Chamonix, with complimentary transportation between the two resorts on the Glacier Express, the recently inaugurated five-hour train excursion through spectacular mountain scenery. (And if you need to brush up on your French or German, Audio Forum, of Guilford, Conn., has easy-to-use self-instruction tapes in both languages plus 30 other languages you can learn on your own.)

Arctic Safari

For an escape that's so unusual few people have ever heard of it, how about a reindeer safari through Lapland? Yes, I said reindeer. On a one-week package Finnair will fly you from New York to Helsinki and thence to Rovaniemi, capital of Lapland, situated on the Arctic

Circle. During a three-day safari, accompanied by an English-speaking guide, you will be on an actual reindeer caravan, driving your own reindeer-pulled sleigh. There's also time for "lariat" throwing and other Lapp games of skill, meals and singing of local songs around bonfires, tobogganing, cross-country skiing, saunas, and shopping for lovely local handicrafts.

The Finnair package, priced from \$639, departs weekly in March and includes air transportation within Finland, two nights at a hotel in Helsinki, four nights at a hotel in Lapland, a full Finnish breakfast daily, all meals on the safari, daily sauna, sightseeing in Rovaniemi, excursion by snowmobile to a Lapp home for lunch, a Reindeer Driver's License, an Arctic Circle certificate, and more. Air fare is additional, but the airline has a group of holiday fares that begin as low as \$494 round-trip from New York.

The reindeer safari is only one of the many unusual programs that Finnair has available for winter. They are contained in a booklet that lists such highlights as the annual Kaamosjazz Festival, in November; the Finlandia Ski Race, a 47-mile marathon from Hameenlinna to Lahti; and the Arctic Circle Ski Race, a 50-mile cross-country ski marathon from Rovaniemi.

Incidentally, Finnair recently introduced a Frequent Flyer program, which awards with each flight bonus points that can be redeemed for free tickets or upgrades through 1985. The airline has another bonus for executive or first-class passengers who fly to any of its European destinations via Helsinki: a free overnight with dinner and breakfast at the Helsinki Inter-continental, or, if you are making same-day connections, a free sauna at the Helsinki Airport Hotel.

Luxury for Your Health

When "escape" means time for some well-deserved self-indulgence, luxury, and a chance to live out a little fantasy, you are the ideal candidate for a spa or a cruise or both.

If you haven't yet been to a spa, take my word for it, there is no greater escape than a week at a spa, unless it is two

weeks at a spa. It offers a complete change of pace, ambience, and activity. You work hard, and love every minute of it, and at the same time you luxuriate in lots of pampering that enhances your fitness and sense of well-being. When the week's over, you feel like a million dollars. Any moments of guilt for splurging on yourself vanish after the first day, when you begin to discover the benefits.

My introduction to a spa was at the Bon Adventure Inter-Continental, one of the best and most luxurious yet reasonably priced in the country, which probably has a great deal to do with my enthusiasm. Many of its staff members trained at the prestigious Greenhouse, in Texas, the Golden Door, in California, and European spas of equal quality. The spa is part of a resort that offers golf and tennis in a lovely woodland setting about 15 miles west of Ft. Lauderdale.

You can take the spa program alone or combine it with sports. Four-day and longer spa programs are available, at more reasonable prices than you'll find at the fashionable spas, though it would be hard to find a place whose programs and facilities are better than those at Bon Adventure. Duplicate spa facilities are available for men and women.

Your week begins with a consultation to set up a program to achieve your specific objectives—overall fitness, weight loss, etc.—and a doctor's examination to review health considerations.

A daily schedule is drawn up for you that balances exercise (walking, aerobics, stretch, water, yoga) with salon treatments (massage, herbal wrap, loofah scrub, facial, sauna, pressure showers, steam) and nutrition. The imaginative gourmet menu is changed daily and offers a wide selection of tasty, nutritious, low-calorie dishes, beautifully presented.

You can be busy from dawn to dusk, if you wish. Your program is set entirely at your own pace, and there is never any pressure to do any more than you want to. Nor do you feel tired or hungry. Indeed, most people discover that they have more energy and bounce than they imagined possible.

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Escapes to Sea

A cruise offers many of the benefits of a spa, plus others unique to cruising. The fresh sea air and the gentle movement of the ship are the perfect antidote to the pressures and pollution of urban life. The vast expanse of sky and open sea, the serenity of daybreak and sunset, are a banquet for the eyes and spirits of those imprisoned in a city's concrete towers most of the year.

You can put aside the worries of the workaday world and actually live out the fantasy of escape. Instead of phones ringing and computers blinking, there are smiling faces waiting to serve you and dozens of people eager to make you comfortable and happy.

Nothing could be more different from your daily routine than a cruise. The environment of a ship, the places, faces, food, entertainment—all are new experiences to be enjoyed, and you don't have to lift a finger to have them. And best of all, even the pressures of travel are eliminated. There are no planes to catch, no hotels to reserve. You unpack once and relax.

Needless to say, not all cruises have been created equal. Some ships are huge floating resorts, carrying more than 1,000 passengers and offering nonstop action from sunup to sunup. Others are small, cozy vessels for 100 or 200 people that enable passengers to have a closer,

more intimate view of the places they visit.

Some cruises are intended as a getaway for a weekend (Florida to the Bahamas), for a week (the Caribbean; Mexico) for several weeks (China; South America; the South Pacific), or for several months (around the world). Some ships call at well-known ports and capitals; others seek out exotic places. Some roam the oceans and seas; others explore rivers and coastal waterways.

The best example of the latter are the ones operated by American Cruise Lines, of Haddam, Connecticut. During the winter months its three ships, built especially for the purpose, each carrying 100 to 160 passengers, cruise the coastal waters of Florida and the Carolinas. At other times they cruise along the New England coast and up the Chesapeake and Hudson rivers.

The ships of Sun Line Cruises, which combine stops at exotic ports with the luxury of a private yacht, appeal to sophisticated, experienced travelers. A cruise unique to Sun Line visits the small islands of the eastern Caribbean and sails up the Orinoco River, in Venezuela.

This winter, Sun Line is introducing two new cruises: the Amazon River; and Mexico's Yucatan and Pacific coast resorts combined with a Panama Canal crossing. On the Amazon cruise, explorer/author Loren McIntyre, who led an expedition to track the most dis-

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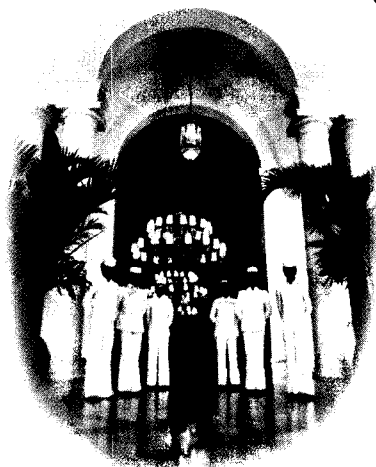
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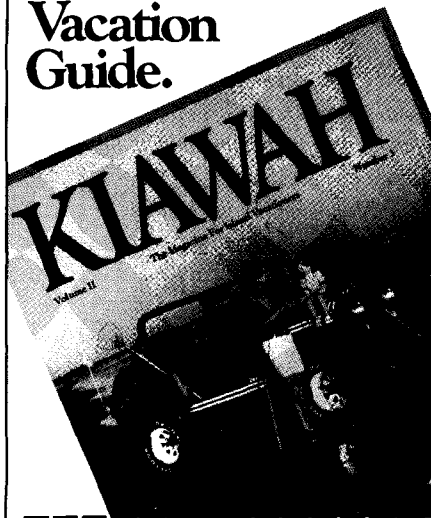
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tant source of the Amazon, will be on board to lecture. Another feature of the cruise will be an exclusive performance, hosted by Sun Line, at the historic Opera House in Manaus.

Sun Line offers a further escape: passengers who sail on a cruise between Nov. 22 and Mar. 20 will get a \$1,000 Breakaway Bonus of up to seven nights' free room in 1984 at one of a dozen Marriott Hotels in such resorts as Barbados, Palm Springs, Maui, Vail, and Santa Barbara.

In the big-ship category, Holland America's \$160 million *Nieuw Amsterdam* is the newest cruise ship afloat, and incorporates many features that are revolutionizing the floating resort of the eighties.

Passengers can enjoy two outdoor heated swimming pools and a gym with exercise equipment, sauna, massage, and whirlpool. There are several nightclubs, a disco, and a casino. Movies, nightclub entertainment, lectures, and other shipboard events can be viewed on television in the cabins. The ship sails weekly on cruises of the Mexican Riviera.

Seascapes with Spas

A cruise with a spa would seem to be an inconsistency in terms. But it's the cruise world's response to the fitness craze, and an irresistible combination, especially on Cunard's *QE 2*, where passengers have use of the Golden Door Spa without additional charge. The Cunard *Countess* recently added an entire fitness center, with sauna, Jacuzzis, massage, and gym.

Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines is offering the Lifeguard Spa-at-Sea, developed by doctors at Miami's Southeast Medical Group. The program is designed for weight control, physical fitness, and stress reduction, and is individually tailored to participants' needs.

Sun Line's Shipshape-at-Sea is an exercise-and-diet program on the *Stella Solaris*, operated with the Phoenix Spa of Houston. It stresses a take-home fitness program, which is a practical, daily routine designed to produce overall toning, coordination, and cardiovascular fitness. Classes are held in exer-

cise, nutrition, and stress reduction.

Norwegian Caribbean's flagship, *Norway*, offers a Fit With Fun program for those who already maintain a fitness program or would like to start one. All activity is monitored by physical-fitness experts and includes volleyball, basketball, racquetball, handball, weight training, stretching, and swimming.

Carolina Wilds

Instead of a spa or a fitness center, you may prefer a place to sharpen your golf or tennis skills. Three specialized tennis publications have named Kiawah among the top two-dozen tennis resorts of the nation. Roy Barth is the resident teaching professional, and Roscoe Tanner is the touring pro. The resort's courts—19 clay and five hard—have video-instruction facilities and an automated practice court. Tennis camps and clinics are available throughout most of the year, and participants get free court time and the use of ball machines, along with other amenities.

Its "Stroke-A-Day" clinics, available year-round, offer one-hour and 1½-hour clinics on forehand, volley, backhand, overhead and lob, serve and return, hitting on the run, court movement, specialty shots, and ground strokes. One-hour sessions cost \$10 per person, 1½ hours, \$14, and they include videotape analysis. The tennis program can be tied to a resort stay of three nights or one week with special rates.

One of Kiawah's 18-hole championship golf courses was designed by Gary Player, another by Jack Nicklaus, and a third is under construction by Tom Fazio. Kiawah's Winter Escape package, from Nov. 13 through Feb. 29, 1984, offers two nights/three days and includes hotel accommodations in the oceanfront Kiawah Island Inn, two rounds of golf or three hours of tennis, use of bicycles (for the island's ten miles of biking paths), and a jeep safari. Kiawah has about 45 miles of highland overlooking lagoons, marsh, creeks, freshwater estuaries, and the Kiawah River, where 18 species of mammals, 30

kinds of reptiles, and 140 species of birds live.

The 10,000-acre island is located off the South Carolina coast, 21 miles south of Charleston. Named for the Kiawah Indians, who lived there at the time of the early settlers, it belonged for 180 years to the Vanderhorsts, a prominent Charleston family.

Finding Winter Bargains

Since many of us must plan our escapes with modest budgets, it helps to keep in mind where to find the winter bargains. Europe is "off-season" from now to mid-April, which means lower transatlantic fares and hotel rates, particularly if you plan early. Some of the best prices require advance purchase.

Car rentals offer another potential saving to planners. Hertz's Affordable Europe is a seven-day-advance-reservations, unlimited-mileage program with rates guaranteed in local currencies through Mar. 31, 1984, and no drop-off charge at eight major gateway cities: you can pick up a car in Paris and return it in Geneva for no additional charge.

The car-rental program is tied in with 20 hotel groups—totaling 500 three- and four-star hotels throughout Europe—offering reduced rates.

Hertz's Affordable Britain is available in conjunction with more than 1,000 hotels and inns recommended by the

British automobile association for service, comfort, and value. The car-rental rate starts at \$127 a week; hotels begin at \$17 daily per person, double occupancy.

The plan is ideal for touring the countryside—if you can tear yourself away from London, that is. London theater tours are among Europe's biggest off-season attractions. The British Tourist Authority's offices in the U.S. maintain up-to-the-minute information on the latest hits, and where and how to buy tickets. They also have a wealth of information to help you plan your trip, including the month's concerts, museum and art shows, etc.

Because of the success of the Affordable Europe plan, Hertz recently introduced a similar program in the U.S. You must reserve a car seven days in advance and keep it for a minimum of seven days. The program is nationwide, but special programs are designed for the most popular vacation spots—Florida, Hawaii, California, and ski areas.

Asian Detours

Earlier in the year, Hertz introduced special three-day, unlimited-mileage rates in 22 Asian and Pacific countries. These too have hotel tie-ins, or you might use them in conjunction with airline and hotel stopover packages, which are a popular feature of Asian travel.



The Manila Hotel's Champagne Room

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For example, Philippine Airlines offers its first-class and business-class passengers en route to the Orient a special-rate stopover package in Manila at the Manila Hotel, one of the world's great hotels.

Actually, the Manila Hotel all by itself is worth a trip to the Philippines. From the white-gloved footman who opens your car door and the grand, elegant lobby you see upon entering, to the exquisite Champagne Room, one of the prettiest hotel dining rooms in the world, and the Filipino specialty restaurant, featuring the Bayanihan dancers—the best performers in Asia—you know you are in a very special place.

For World War II veterans and history buffs, the Manila is a trip of nostalgia. The old hotel was once MacArthur's headquarters, and has been magnificently restored as the centerpiece of the new hotel. The famous general is remembered in the handsomely decorated MacArthur Suite.

The hotel has two other spectacular suites decorated with antiques and original art: the Penthouse and the Presidential Suite, which share a private pool and helipad. You also get your own private butler—not a bad idea for a change of pace.

Closer to home, weekend hotel packages in cities across the country represent one of the best bargains in travel. Hyatt Hotels, for example, have weekend packages at 63 of their hotels across the country. One price includes reduced-rate accommodations, room tax, and a \$25 credit voucher for use at any Hyatt restaurant, lounge, or nightspot during the weekend stay.

As an example, the Hyatt Regency Tampa offers a two-night rate of \$106 for a double room for two, while a similar package at the Hyatt Regency Houston is \$109, and at the new Hyatt Regency San Francisco, \$218.

The Grand Hyatt in New York has a slightly different version of the same package and includes free parking, which can represent a value of \$20 or more. The package is available Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, and costs \$83 (compared with the regular room rate of \$125 for a single and \$145 for two) for a double room, whether it is occupied by one or by two people.

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Peso Magic in Mexico

For those in search of bargains, no place offers more than Mexico, especially with the new buying power of the dollar. Through Dec. 15, Mexicana Airlines has a group of three-night packages with Amigo Tours that start for as little as \$49 in Acapulco, \$59 in Mazatlán, \$65 in Puerto Vallarta, and \$69 in Ixtapa, including 15% tax.

Each program has a bonus feature, such as free airport transfers in Puerto Vallarta and Mazatlán, and a dinner show in Acapulco. Hotels in Ixtapa offer airport transfers plus a fourth night free.

Mexicana also has a series of low fares from its U.S. gateways, particularly for mid-week travel, which can be combined with its low domestic fares. Hotel prices and air fares will increase for the winter season, but even so they will be a bargain compared with the cost of many other winter-vacation spots.

To ensure the integrity of hotel rates, the Mexican Hotel and Motel Association has published a schedule of rates that divides the country into six zones and the hotels into seven categories. Mexico City and Guadalajara are in Zone 1; nine major resorts, including Acapulco, Cancun, Ixtapa, and Puerto Vallarta, are in Zone 2. Hotels are not allowed to exceed these rates regardless of future currency fluctuations.

New Escapes to Discover

Some last-minute ideas for those who like to be first. Long Island, a new resort off the coast of Antigua, in the Caribbean, is scheduled to open Dec. 21. The private island of 350 acres has only one resort with 12 rooms in villas built around a 200-year-old plantation house overlooking a white sand beach four miles long.

When you arrive, you will find banana daiquiris and a basket of fresh fruit in your room, and facilities for tennis, windsurfing, snorkeling, biking, and sailing. Your breakfast will be cooked to order by a private maid and served on your patio.

The resort's consulting chef was formerly at the Ritz Carlton in Boston and was the executive chef aboard a Rocke-

feller yacht. Long's rates through April, 1984, are \$350 a day per couple, or you can rent the whole island for \$3,900 a day.

On a completely different scale, Club Med's newest village, at Guaymas, on the northwest coast of Mexico, is nearing completion. It has been planned for a more affluent clientele than Club Med usually attracts, and will have its own ranch and riding horses, fitness facilities, 30 tennis courts, and specialized equipment for deepsea fishing, for which the area is famous.

The Point, on Upper Saranac Lake, in New York's Adirondacks, isn't new—but your chance to enjoy it is. Nor is it your standard, everyday hotel or resort.

The Point is a private home, built as a "camp" by the Rockefellers in the 1920s, when Wall Street barons and their friends thought it the campy thing to do, and in the process preserved great tracts of northern wilderness.

The Point's owner, Ted Carter, who spent his childhood at his grandfather's Adirondacks camp, bought the nine-acre estate in 1979, leaving his successful business and urban life for the beauty and serenity of the wilderness.

To call the lodge "rustic" would hardly be correct, since it was once described as the most lavish of the privately owned camps ever built in the region, and could not be duplicated today, even by the Rockefellers. "Wilderness elegance" would be more appropriate, and it does not come cheap.

James Myhre, Carter's partner at The Point, oversees the kitchen and makes dining a memorable experience. There are no menus; guests take meals together on the Carter family's heirloom china and silver.

During the winter, guests can enjoy ice fishing, skating, and cross-country skiing. The lodge has ski equipment for guests to use, and lessons are available from an expert instructor. There's also skiing at Big Tupper, a downhill ski area 20 minutes away. But many guests prefer simply to trek through the woods and return to a cozy fire in Great Hall or in their bedrooms.

It may not be a new way to escape, but it's a novel one to get to The Point!

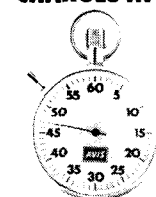
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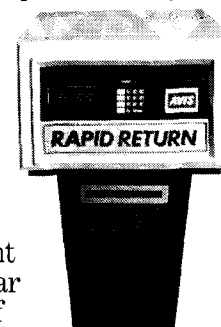
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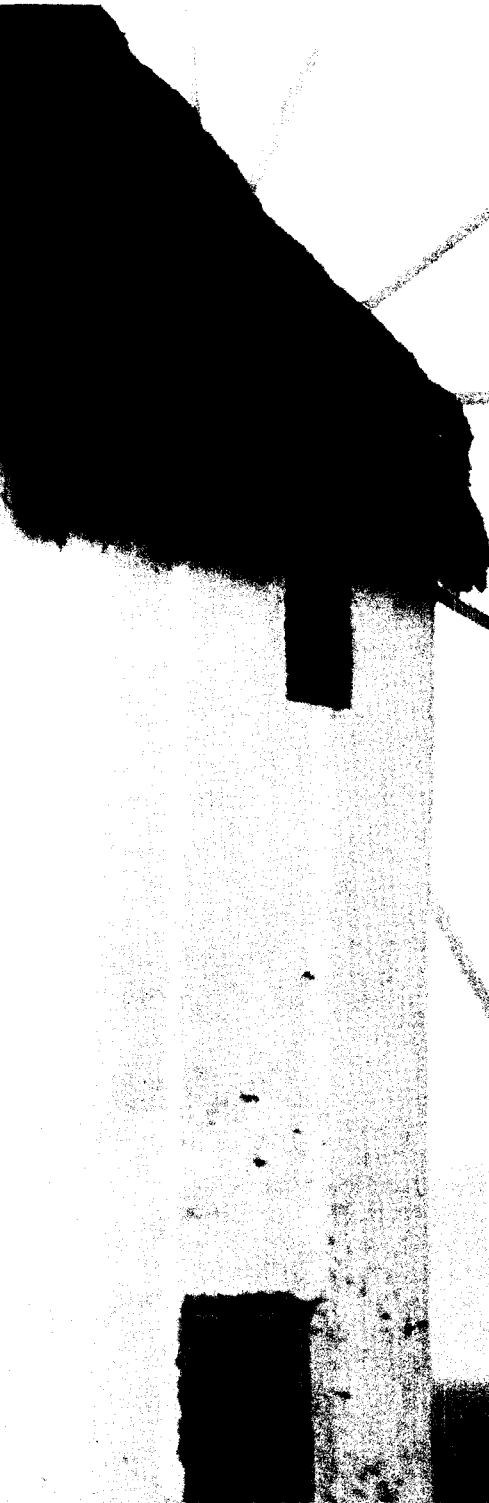


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Holy Land/North Africa October, 1984. Roundtrip from Athens. Includes Istanbul, Haifa, Alexandria. (Also

available, a special Thanksgiving holiday cruise to Ft. Lauderdale.)

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know until a teacher at the new school pointed it out in a ridiculing manner. I began learning English out of revenge." For six years, she took speech classes. "I worked hard so I could sound—like this," she says in standard American. She went to the University of Texas, where she studied history and philosophy and became involved in the Mexican-American political movements of the 1970s. She taught bilingual-education classes in Boston briefly before coming home to Texas.

Armandina Flores was born in Ciudad Acuña, Mexico, across the river from Del Rio, Texas. Her mother, who was born in Houston, was an American citizen, but her parents had returned to Mexico a few months after her birth, and she had never learned English. Flores's father was a Mexican citizen. When she reached school age, she began commuting across the river to a small Catholic school in Del Rio, where all the other students were Chicano. When she was twelve and about to begin the sixth grade, her family moved to Del Rio and she entered an American public school.

At that time, the sixth grade was divided into tracks, which ran from 6-1 at the bottom to 6-12. Most of the Anglos were at the top; Armandina Flores was initially placed in 6-4. She showed an aptitude for English and was moved up to 6-8. Meanwhile, her older sister, already held back once, was in 6-2. Her parents were proud of Armandina's progress; they began to depend on her English in the family's dealings in the Anglo world. She finished high school in Del Rio, went to Our Lady of the Lake College in San Antonio, and came to Edgewood as an aide in 1978, when she was twenty-two.

Considered one way, these two stories might seem to confirm every charge made by the opponents of bilingual education. Through the trauma of being plucked from her parents' comfortable Spanish-language culture and plunged into the realm of public language, Gloria Ramirez was strengthened, made a cosmopolitan and accomplished person. Her passage recalls the one Richard Rodriguez describes in *Hunger for Memory*, an autobiography that has become the most eloquent text for opponents of bilingual programs.

"Without question, it would have pleased me to hear my teachers address me in Spanish when I entered the classroom," Rodriguez wrote. "I would have felt much less afraid. . . . But I would have delayed—for how long postponed?—having to learn the language of public society."

Gloria Ramirez concedes that the pain of confused ethnicity and lost loyalties among Mexican-Americans is probably very similar to what every other immigrant group has endured. She even admits that she was drawn to bilingual education for political as well as educational reasons. As for Armandina Flores, hers is a calmer story of successful assimilation, accomplished without the crutch of bilingual education.

Yet both of these women insist, with an edge to their

voices, that their students are fortunate not to have the same passage awaiting them.

It was a very wasteful process, they say. They swam; many others sank. "You hear about the people who make it, but not about all the others who dropped out, who never really learned," Ramirez says. According to the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund, 40 percent of Hispanic students drop out before they finish high school, three times as many as among Anglo students.

"Many people around here don't feel comfortable with themselves in either language," Ramirez says. Flores's older sister never became confident in English; "she feels like a lower person for it." She has just had a baby and is anxious that he succeed in English. Ramirez's older brother learned most of his English in the Marines. He is married to a Mexican immigrant and thinks that it is very important that their children learn English. And that is more likely to happen, the teachers say, if they have a transitional moment in Spanish.

Otherwise, "a child must make choices that concern his survival," Ramirez says. "He can choose to learn certain words, only to survive; but it can kill his desire to learn, period. Eventually he may be able to deal in the language, but he won't be educated." If the natural-immersion approach worked, why, they ask, would generation after generation of Chicanos, American citizens living throughout the Southwest, have lived and died without ever fully moving into the English-language mainstream?

These two teachers, and a dozen others with parallel experience, might be wrong in their interpretation of how bilingual education works. If so, they are making the same error as German, Polish, and Italian immigrants. According to the historians hired by the Select Commission, "Immigrants argued, when given the opportunity, that the security provided them by their cultures eased rather than hindered the transition." Still, there is room for reasonable disagreement about the most effective techniques for bringing children into English. A former teacher named Robert Rossier, for example, argues from his experience teaching immigrants that intensive courses in English are more effective than a bilingual transition. Others line up on the other side.

But is this not a question for factual resolution rather than for battles about linguistic and ethnic pride? Perhaps one approach will succeed for certain students in certain situations and the other will be best for others. The choice between bilingual programs and intensive-English courses, then, should be a choice between methods, not ideologies. The wars over bilingual education have had a bitter, symbolic quality. Each side has invested the issue with a meaning the other can barely comprehend. To most Mexican-American parents and children, bilingual education is merely a way of learning English; to Hispanic activists, it is a symbol that they are at last taking their place in the sun. But to many other Americans, it sounds like a threat not to assimilate.

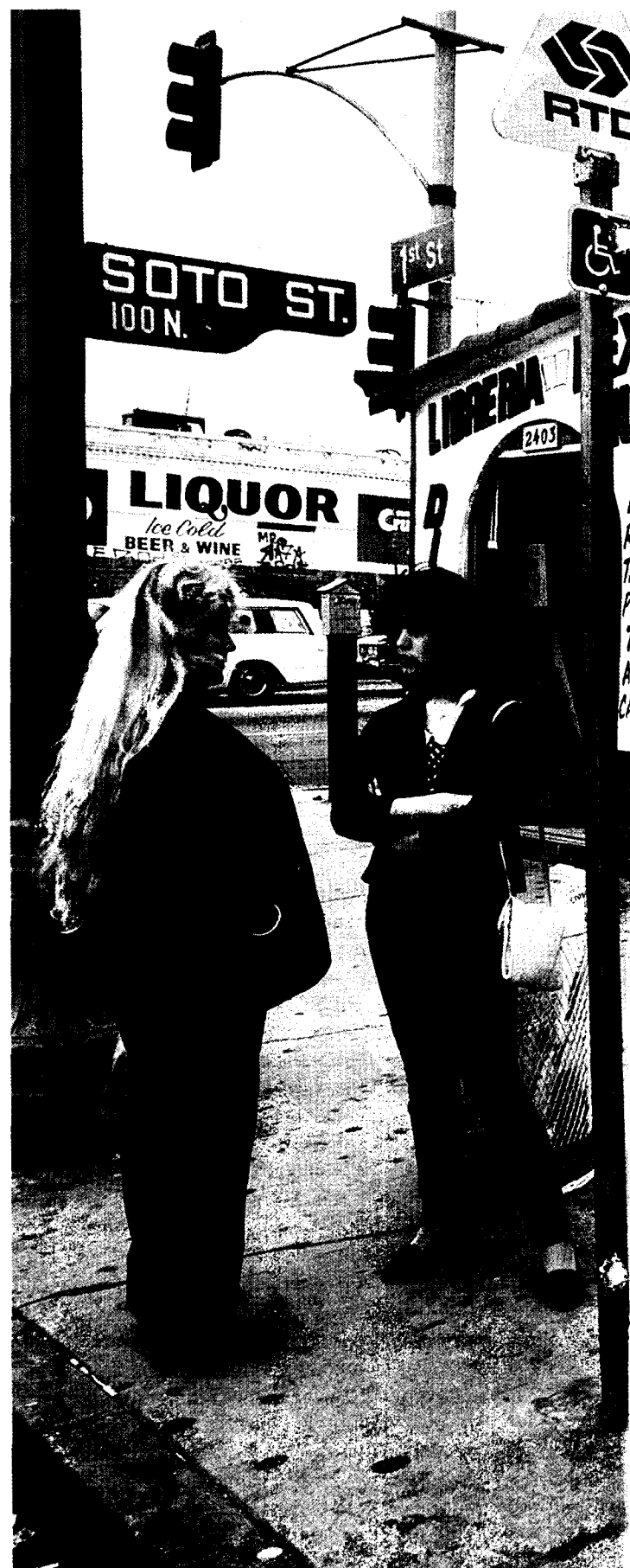
"IT IS EASY FOR AMERICANS TO TAKE FOR GRANTED, or fail to appreciate, the strength of American culture," says Henry Cisneros, the mayor of San Antonio. Cisneros is the first Mexican-American mayor of the country's most heavily Hispanic major city, a tall, grave man of thirty-six who is as clear a demonstration of the possibilities of ethnic assimilation as John Kennedy was. Cisneros gives speeches in Spanish and in English. Over the door that leads to his chambers, gilt letters spell out "Office of the Mayor" and, underneath, "*Oficina del Alcalde*." "I'm talking about TV programs, McDonald's, automobiles, the Dallas Cowboys. It is very pervasive. Mexican-Americans like the American way of life."

"These may sound like just the accouterments," Cisneros says. "I could also have mentioned due process of law; relations with the police; the way supermarkets work; the sense of participation, especially now that more and more Mexican-Americans are in positions of leadership. All of the things that shape the American way of life are indomitable."

In matters of civic culture, many Mexican-Americans, especially in Texas, act as custodians of the values the nation is said to esteem. They emphasize family, church, and patriotism of the most literal sort, expressed through military service. In the shrinelike position of honor in the sitting room, the same place where black families may have portraits of John F. Kennedy or Martin Luther King, a Mexican-American household in Texas will display a picture of the son or nephew in the Marines. Every time I talked with a Mexican-American about assimilation and separatism, I heard about the Mexican-American heroes and martyrs who have served in the nation's wars.

All the evidence suggests that Hispanics are moving down the path toward assimilation. According to a survey conducted in 1982 by Rodolfo de la Garza and Robert Brischetto for the Southwest Voter Registration Education Project, 11 percent of Chicanos (including a large number of illegal immigrants) were unable to speak English. The younger the people, the more likely they were to speak English. Ninety-four percent of those between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five could speak English, versus 78 percent of those aged sixty-six to eighty-seven. Not surprisingly, the English-speakers were better educated, had better jobs, and were less likely to have two foreign-born parents than the Spanish-speakers.

The details of daily life in Hispanic centers confirm these findings. The first impression of East Los Angeles or Little Havana is of ubiquitous Spanish, on the billboards and in the air. The second glance reveals former Chicano activists, now in their late thirties, bemused that their children have not really learned Spanish, or second-generation Cubans who have lost interest in liberating the motherland or in being Cubans at all.



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Ricardo Romo says that when he taught Chicano studies at UCLA, his graduate students would go into the San Antonio *barrio* but could not find their way around, so much had they lost touch with the Spanish language. At a birthday party for a Chicano intellectual in Texas, amid piñatas and plates laden with *fajitas*, a birthday cake from a bakery was unveiled. It said "Happy Birthday" in Spanish—misspelled. There was pathos in that moment, but it was pathos that countless Italians, Poles, and Jews might understand.

With Mexico next door to the United States, the Mexican-American culture will always be different from that of other ethnic groups. Spanish will be a living language in the United States longer than any other alternative to English. But the movement toward English is incapable.

IN ONLY ONE RESPECT DOES THE HISPANIC IMPULSE seem to me to lead in a dangerous direction. Hispanics are more acutely aware than most Anglos that, as a practical reality, English is the national language of commerce, government, and mobility. But some have suggested that, in principle, it should not be this way.

They invoke the long heritage of Mexican-Americans in the Southwest. As "Californios" or "Tejanos," the ancestors of some of these families lived on and owned the territory before the Anglo settlers. Others came across at the turn of the century, at a time of Mexican upheaval; still others came during the forties and fifties, as workers. They have paid taxes, fought in wars, been an inseparable part of the region's culture. Yet they were also subject to a form of discrimination more casual than the segregation of the Old South, but having one of the same effects. Because of poverty or prejudice or gerrymandered school districts, many Mexican-Americans were, in effect, denied education. One result is that many now in their fifties and sixties do not speak English well. Still, they are citizens, with the right of citizens to vote. How are they to exercise their right if to do so requires learning English? Do they not deserve a ballot printed in a language they can understand?

In the early seventies, the issue came before the courts, and several decisions held that if voters otherwise eligible could not understand English, they must have voting materials prepared in a more convenient language. In 1975, the Voting Rights Act amendments said that there must be bilingual ballots if more than 5 percent of the voters in a district were members of a "language minority group." The only "language minority groups" eligible under this ruling were American Indians, Alaskan natives, Asian-Americans (most significantly, Chinese and Filipinos), and Spanish-speakers. A related case extracted from the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals the judgment that "the national language of the United States is English."

So it is that ballots in parts of the country are printed in Spanish, or Chinese, or Tagalog, along with English. This

is true even though anyone applying for naturalization must still pass an English-proficiency test, which consists of questions such as "What are the three branches of government?" and "How long are the terms of a U.S. Senator and member of Congress?" The apparent inconsistency reflects the linguistic reality that many native-born citizens have not learned the national language.

By most accounts, the bilingual ballot is purely a symbol. The native-born citizens who can't read English often can't read Spanish, either. As a symbol, it points in the wrong direction, away from a single national language in which the public business will be done. Its only justification is the older generation, which was excluded from the schools. In principle, then, it should be phased out in several years.

But there are those who feel that even the present arrangement is too onerous. Rose Matsui Ochi, an assistant to the mayor of Los Angeles, who served on the Select Commission, dissented from the commission's recommendation to keep the English-language requirement for citizenship. She wrote in her minority opinion, "Abolishing the requirement recognizes the inability of certain individuals to learn English." Cruz Reynoso, the first Mexican-American appointee to the California Supreme Court, was also on the Select Commission, and he too dissented. "America is a *political* union—not a cultural, linguistic, religious or racial union," he wrote. "Of course, we as individuals would urge all to learn English, for that is the language used by most Americans, as well as the language of the marketplace. But we should no more demand English-language skills for citizenship than we should demand uniformity of religion. That a person wants to become a citizen and will make a good citizen is more than enough."

Some Chicano activists make the same point in less temperate terms. Twice I found myself in shouting matches with Mexican-Americans who asked me who I thought I was to tell them—after all the homeboys who had died in combat, after all the insults they'd endured on the playground for speaking Spanish—what language they "should" speak.

That these arguments were conducted in English suggests the theoretical nature of the debate. Still, in questions like this, symbolism can be crucial. "I have sympathy for the position that the integrating mechanism of a society is language," Henry Cisneros says. "The U.S. has been able to impose fewer such integrating mechanisms on its people than other countries, but it needs some tie to hold these diverse people, Irish, Jews, Czechs, together as a nation. Therefore, I favor people learning English and being able to conduct business in the official language of the country."

"The *unum* demands only certain things of the *pluribus*," Lawrence Fuchs says. "It demands very little. It demands that we believe in the political ideals of the republic, which allows people to preserve their ethnic identity.

Most immigrants come from repressive regimes; we say, we're asking you to believe that government should *not* oppress you. Then it only asks one other thing: that in the wider marketplace and in the civic culture, you use the official language. No other society asks so little.

"English is not just an instrument of mobility. It is a sign that you really are committed. If you've been here five years, which you must to be a citizen, and if you are reasonably young, you should be able to learn English in that time. The rest of us are entitled to that."

Most of the young people I met—the rank and file, not the intellectuals who espouse a bilingual society—seemed fully willing to give what in Fuchs's view the nation asks. I remember in particular one husky Puerto Rican athlete at Miami Senior High School who planned to join the Navy after he got his diploma. I talked to him in a bilingual classroom, heard his story, and asked his name. He told me, and I wrote "*Ramon*." He came around behind me and looked at my pad. "No, no!" he told me. "You should have put R-A-Y-M-O-N-D."

RACE

IN MUCH OF THE WORLD, political boundaries reflect ethnic divisions that have endured for thousands of years. Something more than loyalty to a political system is involved in being a German, a Thai, or a Japanese. Japan, in fact, refused to accept more than a few thousand Indochinese refugees, primarily on the grounds that so alien an element could never be absorbed. But the United States has enshrined the idea that ethnic origins may be surmounted or, better still, ignored. Once Englishmen, Africans, Turks, we are all Americans now.

The glory of American society is its melding of many peoples. But that has never been an easy process. Few threads run more consistently through American social history than concern about racial and ethnic change. Since colonial days, members of successive ethnic groups have warned that the American national character, embodied by their group, was endangered by incoming aliens. The roster of groups that represent the "American" character has slowly expanded: the original British and Dutch Protestants have been joined by Catholics and Jews, Central and Eastern Europeans, and, most slowly and arduously of all, people of color.

Although ethnic concerns obviously remain on Americans' minds, our public language lacks polite ways to express them. The U.S. must rely on political and linguistic terms when it attempts to discuss the complicated web of relations that constitute a society; it has no acceptable language with which to express concern about changes in the ethnic makeup. Mexicans may complain that gringo tourists have changed the character of Mexican resorts, and



HAITIAN MOTHER WITH HER CHILDREN IN THEIR APARTMENT IN MIAMI

Saudi Arabians may worry about the effects of American expatriates on their culture. Everyone concedes that there is a Mexican or a Saudi character, and that Americans do not have it. But when Americans attempt to talk about the effect of Mexican immigrants on American society, the only terms that seem to be available are those of racism. The exhortation inscribed on the Statue of Liberty contains no notion of degree, no hint that immigration could change American society too much or too fast.

The United States has faced this issue once before. Its response to the New Immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe at the turn of the century was very different from the anti-immigrant feelings of the previous

fifty years. Nativist groups had complained about the Germans and especially the Irish during the mid-nineteenth century, but there were few suggestions that they were racially defective. The hostility to Italians, Slavs, and Eastern European Jews, in contrast, was explicitly racial.

The Dillingham Commission, the official government body whose research paved the way for the national-origins quota system, published a "Dictionary of Races" as part of the scientific findings it released in 1910. The purpose of the dictionary, its authors said, was to ascertain "whether there may not be certain races that are inferior to other races . . . to discover some test to show whether some may be better fitted for American citizenship than others." The experts who oversaw the dictionary's preparation, according to Oscar Handlin's *Race and Nationality in American Life*, "agreed that there were innate, in-

eradicable race distinctions that separated groups of men from one another, and they agreed also as to the general necessity of classifying these races to know which were fittest, most worthy of survival."

By "race," these nativist intellectuals meant what would now be called ethnicity. In 1916, a New York socialite and scientist named Madison Grant published a book called *The Passing of the Great Race*. Grant's insight was that the European population might be divided into three distinct races. The Nordic race, the source of America's original British and German immigrants, was, "all over the world, a race of soldiers, sailors, adventurers, and explorers, but above all, of rulers, organizers and aristocrats. . . ." The other two European races, the Alpine and the Mediterranean, were heavily represented in the New Immigration and were deficient in various ways. In the same spirit, Francis A. Walker, then president of MIT, said that the New Immigrants were "beaten men from beaten races; representing the worst failures in the struggle for existence. . . . They have none of the ideas and aptitudes which . . . belong to those who are descended from the tribes that met under the oak trees of old Germany to make laws and choose chieftains."

Most of the quack-scientific theories used to prove the racial inferiority of the New Immigrants make for easy sport these days. Almost no one is contending that today's new immigrants are drawn from defective stock. If anything, the complaint from those who must compete against them is that they are too well equipped in the struggle for economic survival. The only group to earn widespread opprobrium was the several thousand Cubans who were released from prisons and mental hospitals in 1980 and sent to Miami as a small but very noticeable part of the Mariel boatlift.

While the central thesis of "racial" inferiority has no clear counterpart in today's immigration debates, the sense of unease about racial and ethnic differences does. The concerns Americans expressed about the New Immigration help clarify our responses to the immigration now under way.

The turn-of-the-century restrictionists agreed on a premise that seemed so obvious to them that it was often left unstated. The premise was that different races had certain *ineradicable* traits. Observe the Italian peasant in Calabria, the Jewish peddler in Minsk, and you have seen the future of these "races" in America, the argument went. The presumed effects on American culture ranged from a greater dependence on central government to a reduction in the average American's height.

As post-melting-pot sociologists remind us, American ethnic groups *are* different from one another. They have different religious preferences, different eating and drinking habits, different patterns of economic success. Ethnic identification affects our political behavior: American foreign policy, for example, would be different if it were simply "American," and not an amalgamation of Irish-

American, Greek-American, Polish-American, Jewish-American, Cuban-American, Afro-American, Italian-American, etc., views.

Some people therefore wonder about the directions in which today's new groups will push tomorrow's American culture. For example, Griffin Smith, an attorney who is writing a book about immigration, points out that the English word "representative" and the Spanish word "*delegado*" appear side by side on the Texas ballot. "The English word exists in a matrix of history and tradition that the Spanish counterpart does not altogether share. . . . Whatever else Spain gave to the New World, a sound political tradition was not high on the list. Immigration from Latin America brings with it that tradition and culture."

A theme in the early literature of restriction as strong as that of the ineradicability of ethnic traits was the idea that Americans' land was no longer their own, that foreign-looking people speaking foreign tongues had usurped territory that once was comfortable and familiar. In his influential book *Poverty*, published in 1904, the Progressive reformer Robert Hunter wrote,

To live in one of these foreign communities [within American cities] is actually to live on foreign soil. The thoughts, feelings, and traditions . . . are often entirely alien to an American. The newspapers, the literature, the ideals, the passions, the things which agitate the community, are unknown to us except in fragments. During the meat riots on the east side of New York City two years ago, I could understand nothing. . . . A few years ago, when living in Chicago in a colony of Bohemians and Hungarians who had been thrown out of employment by the closing of a great industry. . . I felt the unrest, the denunciation, the growing brutality, but I was unable to discuss with them their grievances, to sympathize with them, or to oppose them. I was an utter stranger in my own city.

With minor alterations for local geography and updating of the ethnic groups, this might be the lament of English-speaking whites of Miami in the 1980s, or of the black and white populations of Los Angeles, confronting their newly polyglot city.

Robert Hunter and his contemporaries had far more reason to feel like strangers in their own land than most Americans do now. In their day the flow of immigrants was far heavier, in both absolute and relative terms. Moreover, the immigrants who were arriving in such numbers seemed more alien than even the Cambodians and Salvadorans who have come during the 1980s. "The people who opposed their entry—and they were more numerous and vociferous and seem to have felt even more threatened than now—made the point that Catholics and Jews were *radically* different," says Lawrence Fuchs, speaking of the New Immigration era.

Certain parts of the United States have recently felt a localized impact approximating that of the New Immigration. First on the list would be southern Florida, which



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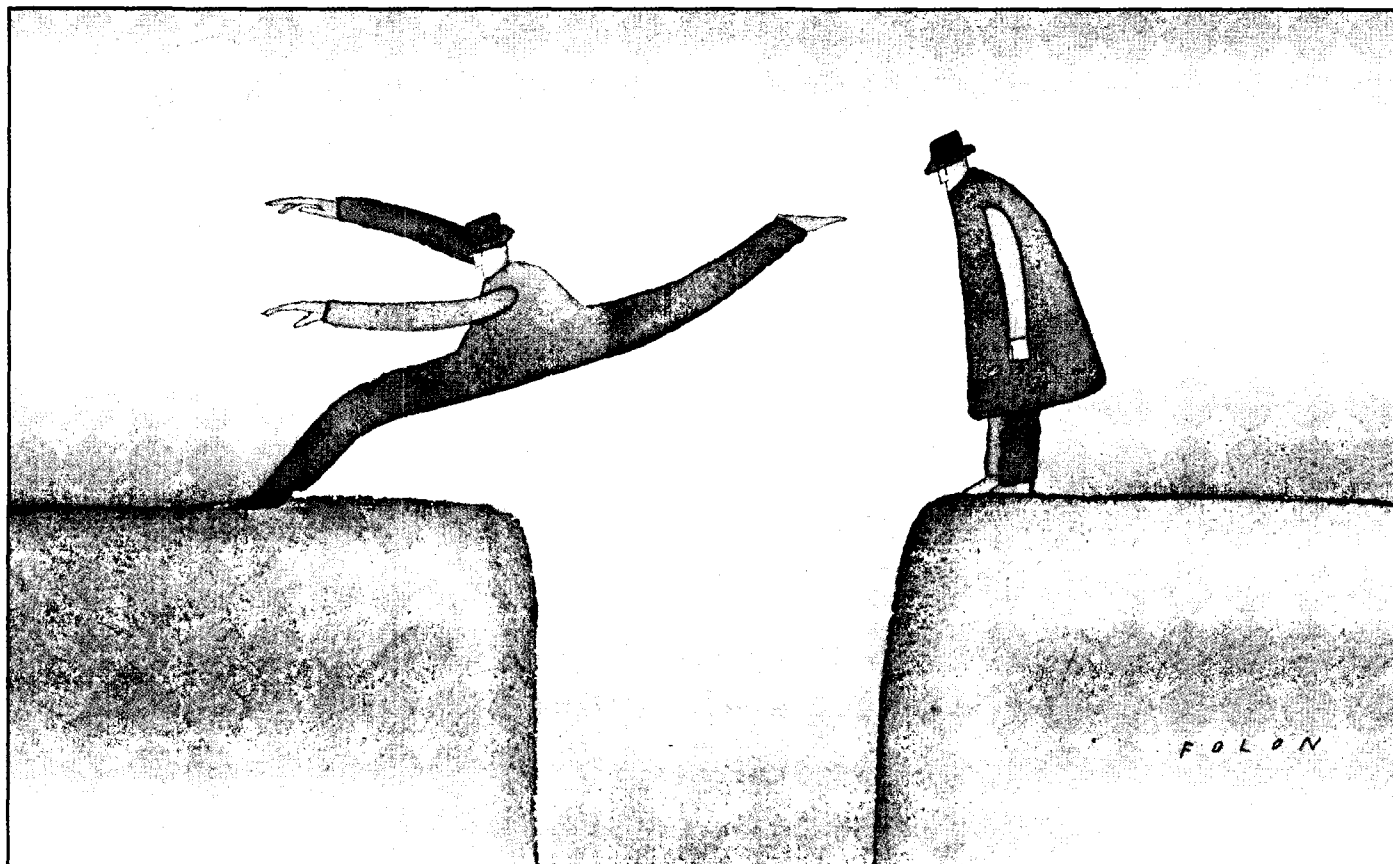
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NUCLEAR ENERGY

Are we being left behind?



Twenty-five countries now produce nuclear-generated electricity. Ten more plan to do so by the end of the decade. The international growth of this energy source raises questions about what, if anything, America stands to lose if we fall behind in nuclear energy development.

America helped pioneer the technology of the world's nuclear plants. Nuclear-generated electricity in the U.S. grew to a record 283 billion kilowatt-hours last year—close to 13 percent of the nation's total electricity production. Eighty-four plants are now licensed to operate across the country, and 56 more are being built. In terms of total nuclear electric generating capacity, America remains number one.

But since 1978, we have under-

gone a time of national hesitation. For five years now, no new nuclear power plants have been ordered in the U.S. During the same period, there have been orders for at least 40 such plants in other parts of the world, even with the global economic slump.

The international rise of nuclear electricity

France, the Soviet Union, and Japan are among the many countries committed to nuclear electricity as an economic, secure alternative to oil-fired and coal-fired power.

By 1985, over half of France's electricity will be nuclear-generated. The cost of producing a nuclear kilowatt-hour in France is 25 percent cheaper than with coal and 55 percent cheaper than with oil. It takes only six years or so to get a nuclear plant built there.

Belgium, Finland, France, Japan, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan, the

United Kingdom, and West Germany all generate a greater share of their electricity from nuclear power plants than the U.S.

Japan's ambitious nuclear construction program

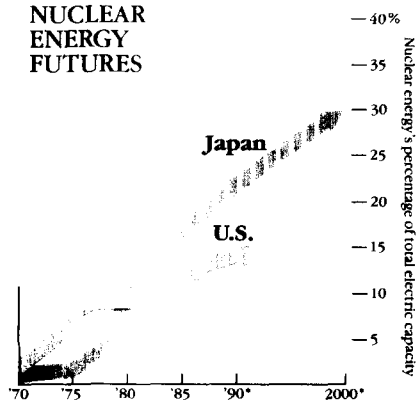
When the 1973 oil embargo struck, over 80 percent of Japan's oil was coming from the Middle East. To reduce such vulnerability, Japan decided to accelerate its nuclear power program.

Japan now operates 25 nuclear units, and expects to double its nuclear capacity by 1990. Japanese companies are busy designing their own advanced reactors, and thus gaining the edge in nuclear energy technology.

And despite Japan's recent economic slowdown, there have been no cancellations of nuclear plants under construction there.

JAPAN AND THE U.S.

NUCLEAR ENERGY FUTURES



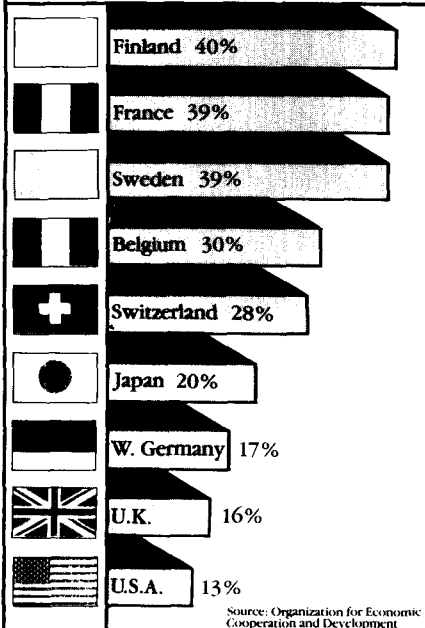
Japan now has a larger percentage of nuclear-electricity production capacity (as a share of total electricity production capacity) than does the U.S. And Japan's nuclear capacity is expected to grow rapidly.

A secure America needs a balanced mix of energy sources

This country has a lot more oil, natural gas, and coal than either France or Japan. But oil supplies are uncertain. Natural gas is more valuable for other uses than for burning in power plants. And coal, though essential, can't be expected to do the job alone.

Some of the renewable energy options are promising, but they're

NUCLEAR SHARE OF ELECTRICITY GENERATED BY COUNTRY, 1982



In many countries throughout the world, nuclear power is now supplying a substantial share of the electricity that people consume.

still drops in the national energy bucket.

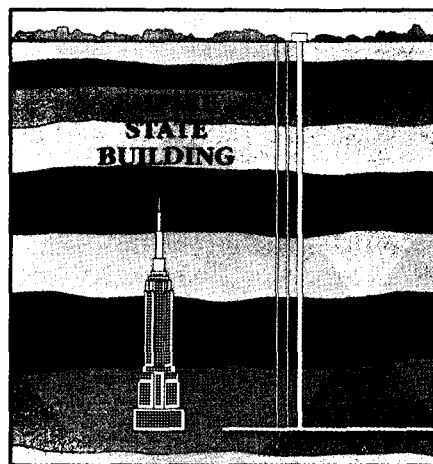
What is best for the practical generation of large amounts of electricity? The National Academy of Sciences has stated that "Coal and nuclear power are the only economic alternatives for large-scale application in the remainder of this century."

Highest safety standards and a U.S. plan for nuclear waste

The accident at Three Mile Island prompted reforms in safety, nuclear regulation, and plant operations. Since that time, the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the utility industry itself have made nuclear energy the most carefully controlled technology in the country. It has one of the best safety records of any major industrial enterprise.

In 1979, U.S. nuclear electric utilities founded the Institute of Nuclear Power Operations. Based in Atlanta, INPO focuses on the human factor of nuclear plant safety. The Institute monitors plants in operation and under construction, and accredits operator training programs to assure that the highest standards are met.

Besides plant safety, another big concern has been nuclear waste. An important step toward solving the



The Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982 directs the Federal government to begin the process leading to the permanent disposal of high-level nuclear waste, in deep geologic formations that have been stable for millions of years. These permanent repositories will be almost twice as deep as the Empire State Building is high.

waste problem is the Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982, signed into law early this year. The Act defines a timetable and Federal responsibility for the safe and permanent disposal of high-level waste, in deep geologic formations that have been stable for millions of years. In 1987, the President is to recommend to Congress the first U.S. disposal site.

The geologic disposal method has been judged the safest by many governments and scientific bodies. They agree that repositories deep underground can isolate the waste permanently. West Germany is now drilling to test the suitability of the salt formation at Gorleben. Canada's research and development is focusing on the ancient rock formations of the Canadian Shield plateau. And Switzerland favors disposal in rock far beneath the northern part of the Swiss lowlands.

The cost of not pushing ahead

Nuclear-generated electricity is a secure, dependable, economic energy source for millions of people in many different countries. And they plan to use more of it in the years to come.

As its use grows, nuclear electricity will help these countries strengthen their position in increasingly competitive world markets. They realize that a healthy national economy needs a healthy supply of energy.

Will we have to play a costly game of catch-up in the competition ahead? America runs the risk of doing just that—if we ignore the growing international reliance on nuclear energy, and the reasons behind that growth.

This is one in a continuing series of discussions about nuclear electricity. For a free booklet that covers the subject in more detail, just fill out this coupon and mail it to:

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received the 125,000 Cuban and Haitian "special entrants" in the course of one year; second, Los Angeles; and third, cities along the Mexican border, such as Laredo and Del Rio, where the human ripples from Mexico's economic catastrophe first touched the United States.

But through most of the country, the immigration of the past ten years has meant a gradual change in proportions, rather than the introduction of startlingly different populations that was so troubling early in the century. Most Asian immigrants are concentrated in the western states, with nearly a third of the nation's total in California alone. Although Asians are increasingly numerous in California, they have been an evident part of the state's population since the mid-nineteenth century, when Chinese contract laborers were admitted to work on the railroads. Although Latin American immigrants now also congregate in Chicago, Boston, New York, and other northern cities, the greatest numbers of them have settled in the same southwestern states where Mexicans and Mexican-Americans are part of the traditional ethnic mix. Neither the Asian nor the Mexican ethnic group has always been welcomed by the white majorities in these areas—the Chinese were the targets of exclusionary laws in the nineteenth century—but they have been there through the years, and their presence presumably blunts the shock effect of additional immigration.

In short, historical comparison suggests that today's immigration should not seem as threatening as the New Immigration did. The country was able to overcome that great dislocation; will it not overcome this one? There is an important qualifier to the confident assumption that it will, however. Precisely because the warnings issued by the racial theorists were taken seriously, the New Immigration came to an abrupt halt. With the passage of the national-origins law of 1924, the ethnic balance of the American population was supposed to be preserved. With the coming of the Depression, immigration ceased to be an issue at all; during the 1930s, more people left the United States than entered it. For more than forty years, until the immigration reforms of 1965, the U.S. had what Roger Conner, of FAIR, calls a "breathing space." The cycles of the assimilative process were able to run undisturbed for more than a generation, slowly bringing the masses of New Immigrants into American culture.

Now there is no let-up in sight. Therefore, if there were signs that the assimilative process was breaking down—that immigrants were not learning English, that they could not participate successfully in economic and political life—there would be grounds for fearing that the society could not bear the strain of further immigration. But if the immigrants are, as all evidence indicates, learning the national language, respecting the rules of political participation, and proving victorious in the economic arena, then precisely what threat do they pose? For better and for worse, America has always been an open, fluid, commercial culture. It has embraced those willing to play the game

its way, and today's immigrants are as willing to do so as any of their predecessors have been.

What of the embedded, "ineradicable" cultural differences that today's immigrants may introduce? To judge them we must leave the realm of evidence and enter that of faith. Either you believe that American society, which has absorbed and adjusted to so much, will be overpowered by this new challenge, or you do not. My own, purely anecdotal impression, shaped by stories like those of the Nguyens and their Mexican and Korean and Haitian counterparts, is that American culture will prove resilient. "I certainly don't think the shift from Poles and Slavs to Koreans and Vietnamese is all that significant," the historian Stephan Thernstrom, of Harvard, told Barry Siegel, of the *Los Angeles Times*, last December. "That's not to say there are no strains, but nothing now portends what the country went through in the mid-nineteenth century and the start of the twentieth century."

We are left, then, with the nasty question of how much resistance to immigration arises merely from color prejudice. Some of it undoubtedly does. This is an atavistic emotion, part of American history and perhaps even of human nature. But it is ugly and ignoble, and it deserves no reflection in American law.

AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL FEAR OF STRANGERS, ESPECIALLY those of a different color, is the idea that they will remain a culture apart, separated by race and behavior and aspirations from the surrounding society. The most sobering impression left by my exposure to today's immigrants—not at all what I started out looking for—is the reminder that such a culture already exists, and it is not made of those new to our shores.

Immigrants rarely get their start in the middle-class enclaves and the high-rent districts. When they move to a city, they settle in today's equivalents of New York's Lower East Side. In most cities, that means that Cubans and Vietnamese are moving into areas that for at least a generation have been home to American blacks. There they do their best to establish themselves. Predominantly black areas of Long Beach, for example, are becoming centers for Cambodian and Vietnamese merchants, doctors, and dentists. From such proximity, poisonous relations have grown.

To many American blacks, it seems obvious that the immigrants, so new to the country, have been more warmly treated than the blacks, who have been here all along. Marvin Dunn, a black psychologist at Florida International University, in Miami, says, "When the first wave of Cubans moved in, there was a deep resentment at all the financial assistance and resettlement aid the government was giving them, at the expense of social programs for people who had been living here. Now there is resentment at a system that would prefer to hire Haitians because they work more cheaply and complain less." Many blacks

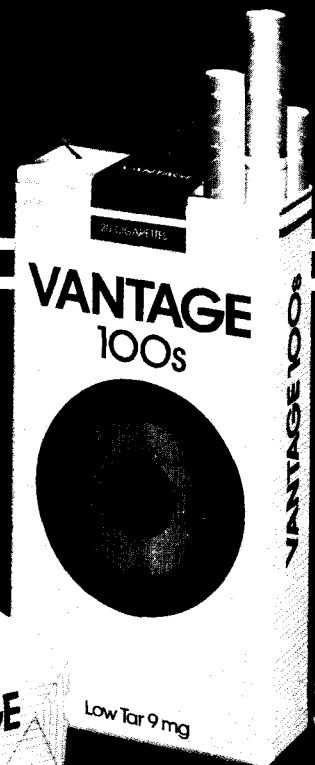
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also point out that the jobs as porters, maids, parking-lot attendants, and hotel workers which their teenagers might otherwise hold are being filled by immigrants.

For their part, Dunn says, "The Haitians have a sense that we complain too much, that our children are out of control, that we don't do enough for ourselves." From Asian refugees, from Cubans, from black-skinned immigrants from the Caribbean, I heard blunt, ungenerous assessments of the black Americans among whom they lived. The contrast is probably sharpest in Miami, where, compared with American blacks, one immigrant group, the Cubans, is economically so successful, and another, the Haitians, seems better loved by the Anglo and Cuban communities, despite its dark skin. The Haitians may live four to a room in ramshackle boarding houses; they may have difficulty finding work, except on the labor gangs in central Florida's vegetable-growing regions. Still, they seem hopeful, determined, convinced that they can make a better life for themselves. "These Haitian families are very hardworking, moonlighting two or three jobs," said a white woman who coordinates Creole bilingual education at a heavily Haitian school. "They have a lot of confidence in the system, they have a lot of trust in the schools. Much more so than many American blacks, who have lost faith in the system."

The immigrants are on their way up, their children guaranteed a better life simply because they will be raised in Los Angeles or Miami instead of Phnompenh or Port-au-Prince. Their optimistic faith that hard work will be rewarded is precisely what is lacking among the black teenagers and young mothers with whom the immigrants share the inner-city streets.

Such an absence of faith cannot be incomprehensible when legalized segregation is but one generation in the past, when extralegal discrimination lives on, and when official policies, especially those built into the welfare system, imply that such people cannot really be expected to take responsibility for their fates. Still, the fact remains that the culture of the black underclass leaves its members worse equipped for economic advancement than immigrants who start out with less.

With some exceptions, such as the criminal minority among the Marielitos, immigrants do not engage in crime and violence. Although fathers often leave their wives and children behind when they migrate in search of work, they typically send money home for support. When I asked young men from Mexico or Haiti about the families they left behind, I usually got a detailed, up-to-date report. Families that migrate together or form after migration are generally stable. There is usually a father as well as a mother to provide an example to the children and to discipline them. There are exceptions to all these generalizations within the spectrum of immigrants, but most immigrants are closer to the pattern the generalizations suggest than are most members of the American black urban lower class.

Many black officials and intellectuals who fear that immigration is harming the black lower class recite the economic arguments about depressed wage rates and competition for entry-level jobs. But when they spoke to me with greatest passion, they were not talking about immigrants at all. Rather, they were explaining that their deepest fears arise from the cleavage within black society.

"Some people seem to think that all blacks are poor and dispossessed," says Marvin Dunn. "It's not true. There are two black Americas. One is doing very well, better than ever. It is taking advantage of the system, moving up. The other is getting larger as a group, and it is sinking deeper into the quagmire of despair. That is the group that threatens the rest of America, black and white."

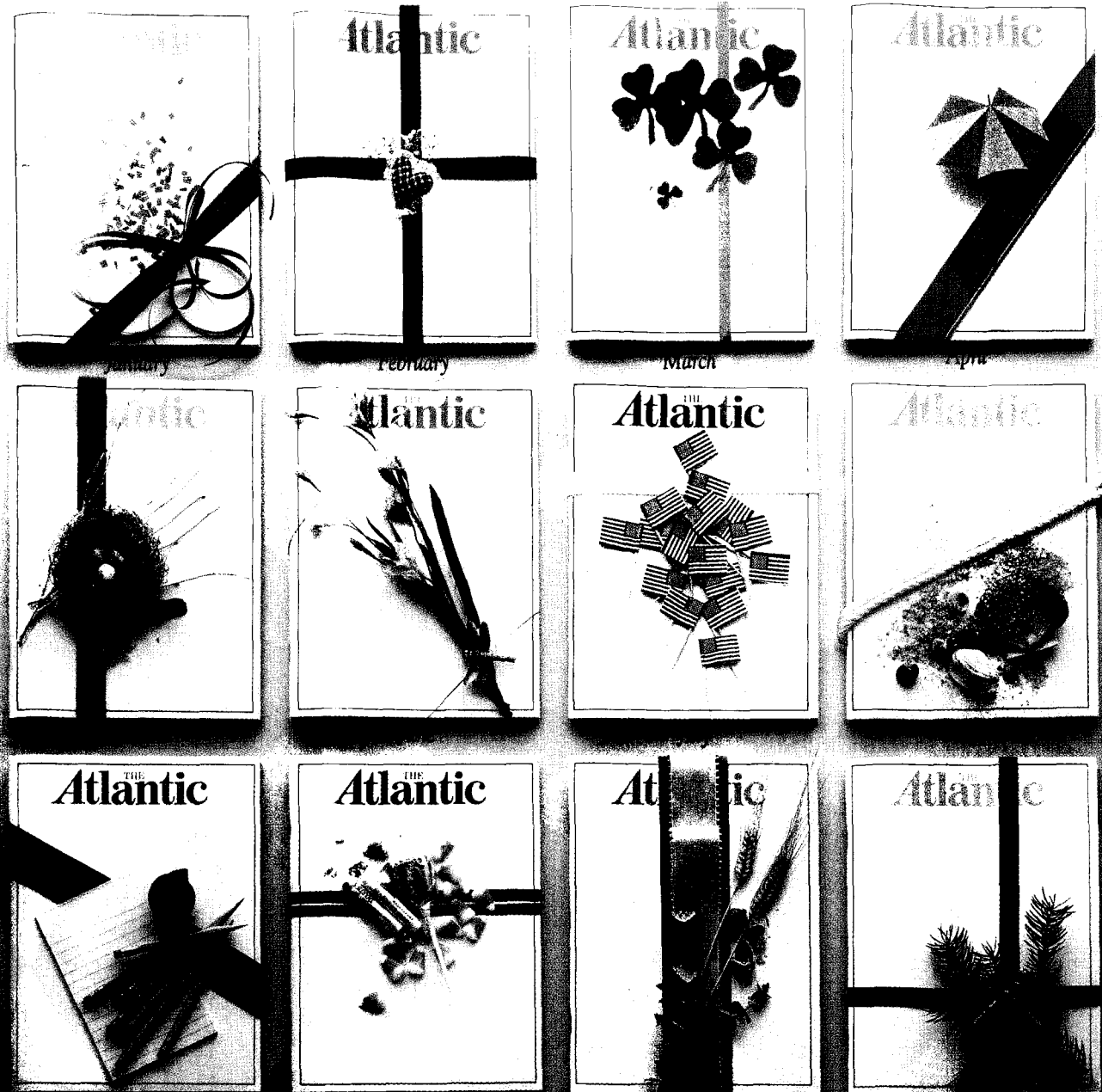
"It becomes a self-perpetuating system," Dunn says. "People who have grown up in single-parent families, especially boys without fathers, are less likely to have a sense of family responsibility when they grow up. The high volume of children who are growing up outside a family network could ultimately cause the destruction of the black family structure."

"This is the black man's black problem," says T. Willard Fair, of the Miami Urban League, an imposing, flamboyantly outspoken man with a shaved head. Fair is a leading advocate of restricting immigration; he has allied himself with Roger Conner's organization, FAIR. He argues that immigrants' gains have been black Americans' losses, especially in Miami, where Cubans and Haitians have made blacks politically and economically "dispensable" to whites. He has recommended a one percent sales tax in Dade County to finance black self-improvement. But, he says, though more money and fewer immigrants are necessary conditions for black self-improvement, they will not be sufficient unless the pathological culture of the black lower class is directly confronted.

"White America created that problem," Fair says, "but they are not in a position to solve it. I am concerned that we are on the verge of losing a generation of children. They have no ambition, no hope for a better future. They live for the now. We have got to understand that unless we [blacks] as a people put some basic values back in place, all the other stuff we talk about—the high joblessness, the housing shortage—won't mean anything."

Strictly speaking, the lower-class cultural problem is not directly connected with immigration, except as the flow of willing foreign workers gives employers even less incentive to find a place for black teenagers. But if our attitude toward immigration ultimately turns on our notion of what makes a society cohere, then it invites speculation about the other ingredients of cultural cohesion. I, at least, have been left with the feeling that our major social challenge will not be assimilating the Minhs and the Garzas, no matter how many of them might come. Rather, it will be coming to terms with that part of American society most estranged from the rest, giving its members a reason to feel that they belong.

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THE LAW

TWICE IN ITS HISTORY, the American government has undertaken a top-to-bottom re-examination of its immigration laws. The first time, the process took more than twenty years to complete. It began in 1907, with the appointment of the Immigration Commission, chaired by Senator William Dillingham, of Vermont, and continued through the late 1920s as successive "national origins" acts were passed.

The Dillingham Commission was able to write on a blank slate; when it began its deliberations, there was virtually no immigration law to revise. But by the time Congress approved the creation of a Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy, in 1978, the immigration code had grown until it was exceeded in complexity and length only by the internal-revenue laws.

The original chairman of the Select Commission was Reubin Askew, the former governor of Florida. When he resigned, in 1979, to accept President Carter's nomination as the U.S. trade representative, he was succeeded by Theodore Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame. The fifteen other members of the Select Commission included four Cabinet members; four senators; four congressmen; and a state supreme court judge, a labor leader, and an official of the Los Angeles city government who were, respectively, of Mexican, Cuban, and Japanese descent. In all, half of the Select Commission's members could trace their lineage to the New Immigration. They included former Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, former Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, and former Representative Elizabeth Holtzman. By contrast, *all* the members of the Dillingham Commission were descendants of Englishmen or Scots.

The Select Commission held public hearings in a dozen cities, from Albany to Phoenix. Like the Dillingham Commission, it hired scholars and consultants for studies of the economic, linguistic, demographic, and cultural implications of continued immigration. In March of 1981, it released its final report and recommendations; since then, these have focused the political deliberations about controlling immigration.

The legislative vehicle for the Select Commission's recommendations has been the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, named for its two sponsors, Republican Senator Alan K. Simpson,



BORDER PATROL OFFICER USING AN INFRARED SCOPE NEAR SAN DIEGO

of Wyoming, who served on the Select Commission, and Democratic Representative Romano L. Mazzoli, of Kentucky, who did not. The bill passed the Senate last year, but a flurry of amendments kept it from coming to a vote in the House. It died at the end of that congressional session, but was reintroduced early this year. It has once again passed the Senate and is still awaiting action in the House.

The premise of the Select Commission's report and of the Simpson-Mazzoli bill is

that legal immigration is good for the United States but illegal immigration is bad. "Immigrants work hard, save and invest, and create more jobs than they take," said Theodore Hesburgh, when presenting the Select Commission's findings to a congressional committee in 1981. "The children of immigrants, according to our studies, acculturate well to American life and actually seem to be healthier and to do better in school on the average than those of native-born Americans." Therefore, "it is in the national interest of the United States to accept a reasonable number of immigrants and refugees each year . . . regardless of the color, nationality, or religion of those admitted." But illegal immigration creates a climate of lawlessness. Its victims, Hesburgh said, include not only the working-class Americans whose wages are depressed but the illegal immigrants themselves ("the ones who are victimized by unscrupulous employers, those who die in the desert, or in the ballast tanks of ships") and those would-be immigrants denied admission ("the ones who are waiting patiently in line for so many years to come to the United States through the normal legal immigration channels").

Before this general principle can be applied to creating specific policies, three questions must be answered. First, can the U.S. accept as many immigrants as would like to come—that is, could it handle illegal immigration simply by legalizing the entire flow? Second, if it must exclude some potential immigrants, how can it most effectively do so? Third, how, then, should it choose which immigrants to admit?

There is almost no dissent on question number one. The population of the Third World nations is expected to increase by 1.6 billion in the next twenty years; more than 80

million additional people will enter the Latin American labor force before the end of this century. Perhaps Mexico will discover a way to feed and employ its rapidly growing population; but for the moment the flow of Mexican emigrants is on the rise. As Central America's population soars, its nations are disrupted by warfare and revolution.

IN THE FACE OF SUCH PRESSURES, THE U.S. HAS NO choice but to limit immigration. The environmental consequences of a larger American population cannot be conclusively proved. What can be proved is that successful absorption of immigrants is largely a matter of proportion. The annual flow of legal immigrants has ranged between 400,000 and 800,000 through the past decade. Even those levels, so modest by comparison with the ones reached during the New Immigration, have provoked widespread uneasiness and concern. The Select Commis-

sion staff recommended that future net immigration be set at 750,000 a year. But after the Cuban and Haitian landings of 1980, the commission decided to recommend 500,000 a year, which was reflected in the original version of the Simpson-Mazzoli bill.

If the purpose of the bill is to open the door to legal immigration, this seems inordinately timid. Immigrants had a shock effect in 1980 because so many of them arrived unexpectedly in so few places. Regular, legal immigration is far less disturbing. If illegal immigration were more effectively limited, an increase in legal immigration might be tolerated; we would have less reason to fear that the situation was out of control. Relative to our current population size, total immigration of 800,000 a year would be one third the rate during the New Immigration; one million would be less than half as much. If immigrants add vigor to our economy and culture, can we not accommodate half as large an alien presence as our grandfathers did?

Still, as many as we choose to admit, more would desire



ABOVE AND RIGHT: ARRESTS OF ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS NEAR SAN DIEGO. BELOW: A DETENTION CENTER IN EL PASO



to come. Somehow the flow must be controlled, and there should be no shrinking from the realities that implies. "Controlling immigration" means using the police and military powers of the state to thwart the desires of human beings whose only fault is having been born on the wrong side of a national border. There is no alternative to exercising those powers, but they should be effective and humane. Current practice is neither.

The main burden is placed on the Border Patrol, supplemented by sporadic campaigns by the Immigration and Naturalization Service to detect pockets of illegal aliens in garment factories, restaurants, and other employment centers. The tools at the government's disposal are hardly fearsome to most. Although it is a crime to "enter without inspection," the punishment in most cases is deportation. For an immigrant from Nigeria or Korea, this is a serious sanction (and an expensive one for the U.S. government, which pays the air fare back home). For Mexicans apprehended at or near the border, it is not. For them, deporta-

tion usually means a ride in a Border Patrol bus back to the river, and another attempt the next day.

Although illegal immigrants may be arrested if found in an American workplace, the employer who hires them faces no penalty whatsoever. The immigration code imposes a \$2,000 fine or up to five years in jail on anyone who "conceals, harbors, or shields from detection" an illegal alien, but thanks to a clause known as the "Texas proviso," passed at growers' insistence in 1952, hiring an illegal immigrant "shall not be deemed to constitute harboring."

The Census Bureau estimates that 500,000 illegal aliens enter each year. That does *not* mean that the alien population grows by 500,000 a year, because a large but unknown number come temporarily, as sojourners. Researchers from the University of Texas have attempted to estimate the number of Mexicans here illegally by seeing how many people (especially working-age males) disappeared unaccountably from the Mexican population between one Mexican census and the next. They determined that between



1.5 and 4.0 million Mexicans were illegally in the U.S. in 1980, which is a smaller number than has been suggested by "certain non-empirically based speculations on the subject."

Since the illegal immigrants themselves cannot be directly counted, the government pays attention to the things it can count—especially the number of people the Border Patrol manages to stop on the way in. This figure has soared. In 1965, the Border Patrol and the INS located about 110,000 "deportable aliens," mainly through efforts at the border. (The Border Patrol attempts to prevent illegal entry at the border; the INS supervises legal entry there and is in charge of "area control" in cities away from the border.) By 1970, the agencies found more than 320,000, and through the late 1970s they apprehended roughly one million illegal aliens per year, more than 90 percent of them from Mexico. After the peso devaluation of 1982, border stations reported another sharp rise in the number of people apprehended. In the Border Patrol's El Paso sector, for example, the number rose by 33 percent between August of 1981 and August of 1982. Through the first eight months of 1983, apprehensions were well above the 1982 levels.

Such increases reflect the increased pressures driving people out of Mexico and Central America. But the figures are also subject to bureaucratic distortions. As Border Patrol officials are the first to point out, a woman crossing for the day to work as a maid in El Paso looks just the same on the records as a young man from Nicaragua nearing the end of his thousand-mile pilgrimage north. The least significant immigrants—the thousands of day laborers who trudge across the Rio Grande as dawn breaks each day—are the easiest to catch. In border cities like El Paso, the Border Patrol can arrest virtually as many of these casual crossers as it chooses. When political attention is focused on apprehension figures, this is the way to build totals with less effort than is required to break immigrant-smuggling operations or to "cut sign"—that is, to track small bands of intruders through the mountains and desert.

Border Patrol officials also point out that apprehension totals omit the crucial return-migration figure. While visiting border stations in Texas and California late last year, I was told that northward activity might be light. The main flow would be to the south, back home for the holidays.

But even when all the limits to statistical precision have been noted, Border Patrol officials are unanimous in saying that more illegal immigrants are attempting to come. The conventional political wisdom is that the Border Patrol is doomed to impotence in controlling the flow. With 2,000 miles of unfortified border to survey and a total work force of 2,600, no more than 450 of whom are patrolling at one time, the Border Patrol is said to be hopelessly out-matched. "There is not enough money in the federal budget to have the Border Patrol stand arm in arm for 2,000 miles, which is what it would take," says Henry Cisneros, of San Antonio.

MY OWN OBSERVATIONS OF BORDER PATROL ACTIVITIES left me moderately more optimistic about the patrol's potential. Yes, the border is vast, and no, it will never be sealed. When I asked Border Patrol and INS officials in El Paso and San Diego whether a very patient immigrant could be absolutely certain of penetrating, the answer was always yes. As I moved down the hierarchy, I heard increasingly skeptical estimates of how much of the flow was being stopped. The station chiefs and district directors said they thought that their men caught one illegal immigrant in two or three. In the vans patrolling "the line," I heard estimates of one in four to one in eight—and everyone was guessing. The old hands said that new patrolmen had to get used to the idea that it was just a job. You had to go out and serve your eight hours and do what you could. If you thought about all the ones who got through, you would soon burn out.

Nonetheless, it was also clear that the Border Patrol,



THE WISH

My daughter comes to me
with her sorrow. She is
not yet ten, not yet
insistent for her father.
As if waiting out a sentence,
she sits at the round table,
her long black shawl of hair
framing high cheekbones.
She thinks she is ugly,
thinks she has no friends.

How can I comfort, what should I
try to tell this radiant
coincidence of genes?
That children can be beasts
to one another? That envy
eats us from the inside?
"All great beauties
doubted their beauty," I tell her.
But why should she believe me:
I am her mother, and asked
repeatedly for beauty,
meaning happiness.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt

however porous, made a big difference by its mere presence, much as highway patrolmen affect the speed of traffic even though they could never arrest everyone going over 55. Most of the activity is concentrated in a few well-known areas. Although the El Paso sector, second busiest after Chula Vista, south of San Diego, is responsible for 341 miles of border, 85 percent of the illegal entrants it apprehends cross in a ten-mile stretch around El Paso.

This is not the same thing as saying that 85 percent of all crossings are made in those ten miles, but it can hardly be surprising that immigration is heaviest in urban areas. In the El Paso sector, where the border arbitrarily divides one large urban population into the American city of El Paso and the Mexican city of Juárez, a Mexican who makes it the first fifty yards in from the border has the hardest part of his journey behind him. Once away from the river, he can mingle in street scenes dominated by Mexican and Mexican-American faces (300,000 of Juárez's one million residents have credentials to cross the border legally every day). The Border Patrolmen pride themselves on being able to pick out illegal immigrants by their dress and demeanor—everyone else will look at a Border Patrol car as it drives by, they say, whereas an illegal immigrant will suddenly stare at a lamp post—but the chances of blending in are better here than in the desert.

Perhaps because all sides realize that so many are getting through, there is a routinized, almost casual air to the Border Patrol's dealings with immigrants in El Paso. As I sat alongside the pilot in a Border Patrol helicopter, he relentlessly tracked a limping Mexican man and two Mexican women carrying string shopping bags, flushing them from a housing development where they attempted to hide, pinning them in a cul-de-sac as a van roared through the streets to apprehend them. The drama and terror of such a moment, or of the nighttime chases on foot through back alleys, seemed lost on the patrolmen—and on their quarry, as well. Each was doing his job; they would probably meet again, in the same way. Five minutes after tracking down the three, the helicopter pilot was chuckling as he buzzed a stocky Mexican man standing knee-deep in the Rio Grande. "We call him the old capitalist," the pilot said of the man, who had his trousers rolled up and was carrying others across the river piggyback. "He keeps regular hours, goes on vacation with his wife. As long as he stays in the river, we can't touch him."

There are higher stakes for both sides in Chula Vista, the busiest part of the border. Fewer of the immigrants are day-crossers. This is the northern terminus of a long migration path up the Mexican interior; a hundred miles farther north lie the incalculable opportunities of Los Angeles. In the Border Patrol's favor, the "line" does not split a city here. For at least a mile north of the border, open fields constitute a no-man's land. From a hilltop with a view of the border, patrolmen spend nights peering through infrared scopes, looking for the bright-green patterns that are would-be immigrants huddling in a riverbed

or crawling through the grass. The scopes, originally designed for Army tanks, are probably more effective for the Border Patrol, since its targets can do so little to conceal themselves or to disrupt the Patrol's activities.

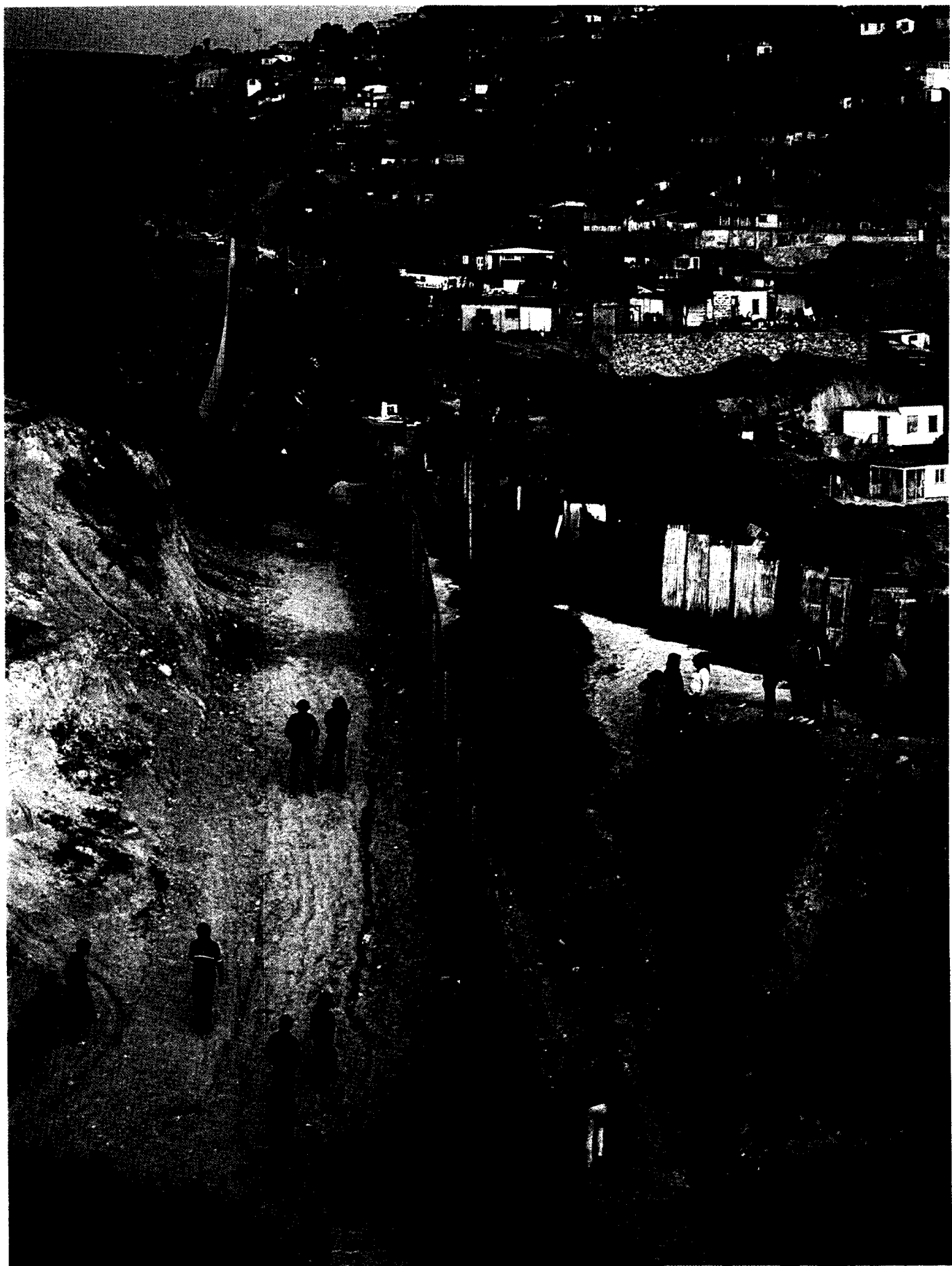
Almost a thousand people a day are apprehended in this sector; in the course of several hours on the hilltop, I watched patrolmen pick out a group of crawling or running green shapes every few minutes and then, by radio, guide patrolmen on horseback to intercept them. Unlike El Paso's sojourners, many of these people tried to escape. They seemed desperate at having been caught. It was an ugly and sobering business; this is what the abstraction of "controlling the border" really means. But it also suggested that the Border Patrol can be more than a fig leaf. The crucial variable, as with the police, seems to be presence, and more presence requires more money. The least controversial part of the Simpson-Mazzoli bill is its recommendation that the Border Patrol be beefed up.

WHILE A STRONGER BORDER PATROL MIGHT FURTHER restrict illegal immigration, it will not stop it. All parties to the political debate agree that poor people will continue to come to a rich country until life in their homeland improves.

Some claim that if international poverty is the ultimate cause of immigration, coping with poverty is the cure. Thus Senator Gary Hart, of Colorado, has said that immigration policy is really foreign policy. By encouraging economic development, we can reduce the pressures that drive people to our shores. Logically and ethically appealing as this approach may be, it is also utterly unrealistic, at least as the centerpiece of immigration policy. Through all its decades of providing foreign aid, the U.S. has helped other nations grow more wheat and produce more steel, but it has been spectacularly unsuccessful in sponsoring large job-creation projects in the Third World.

As its answer to illegal immigration, the Select Commission recommended the step that has become the most hotly contended feature of the Simpson-Mazzoli bill: "employer sanctions," which would undo the Texas proviso—that is, make it a crime to hire illegal immigrants.

The case in favor of employer sanctions is that jobs are the magnet for illegal immigrants, and if the jobs disappear, so will the incentive to migrate. Technical arguments rage about the circumstances in which limited employer-sanction programs have or have not proven effective in Europe or in certain American states. But there is a common-sense connection between restricting jobs and restricting illegal immigration. Illegal immigrants told me that the one place they had to produce plausible documents in order to be hired was southern Florida. (Elsewhere, employers asked at most for Social Security numbers and immigrants provided fake documents, a ruse expedient for both sides.) Miami was also the only place where I saw illegal immigrants who had trouble finding work.



"The chief attraction of employer sanctions for me is that it controls jobs rather than people," the economist Michael Piore told a congressional committee in 1981. "I think it is more humane in general. . . . Most undocumented immigrants come to work. . . . If you could eliminate work opportunities, you would therefore stop the basic attraction. People do develop attachments to this country. . . . Once those attachments develop, it becomes extremely cruel and, I think, in a fundamental sense, inhuman, to expel them."

Under the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, those entitled to work legally in the United States would have to carry some sort of identification. The bill leaves the details of the identification system vague and asks the President to report on different options within three years.

Three groups have formed an unlikely alliance to oppose this plan. Together, they were responsible for keeping the Simpson-Mazzoli bill from coming to a vote in the House last year. Business interests, including agricultural growers, claim that checking credentials will be yet another intolerable regulatory burden. Their real objection, especially in the case of the growers, seems to be the loss of a hardworking part of the labor force. In deference to growers' interests, the Simpson-Mazzoli bill includes a plan under which foreign laborers can be temporarily imported, usually for farm work.

Civil libertarians, including the American Civil Liberties Union, view the national identity card as another dangerous infringement on individual rights and privacy. "A secure verification system could very likely be built on a national data bank which would centralize personal data about all persons authorized to work in the United States," John Shattuck, of the ACLU, told a congressional committee last year.

To such assertions, Senator Simpson has replied that the national identity card would be nothing more than a forge-proof record of a Social Security number, which is already required when accepting most jobs, opening a bank account, registering at many universities, and participating in other aspects of modern life. How would civil liberties be harmed, he asks, by a more authentic card? Are they not more gravely threatened by continuing to encourage the flow of immigrants who live outside the full protection of the law?

Finally, Hispanic organizations oppose employer sanctions, arguing that a crackdown on illegal immigrants will become a crackdown on anyone who looks Hispanic. "Well-meaning employers, fearful of government sanctions, will shy away from hiring us," says Vilma Martinez, of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund. "Racist or biased employers will simply use the fear of sanctions as an excuse to avoid hiring us."

The supporters of the bill contend that, on the contrary, a universal identity card will protect Hispanic Americans.

Since everyone will have to present his identity card, Flanagan as well as Rodriguez, the Hispanic will have ironclad proof of his right to hold the job. (Under the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, the employer would be obliged to ask for the card, and once it was presented, he would be obliged to accept it as proof of legally admitted status.) This has not convinced the Hispanic organizations, who represent the most formidable opposition to the Simpson-Mazzoli bill. Their arguments so persuaded Senator Edward Kennedy, of Massachusetts, that he became the only member of the Senate Judiciary Committee to vote against the Simpson-Mazzoli bill. The way out of this standoff may be through modifications of the bill, such as those proposed by Gary Hart. He has sponsored an amendment that would impose stiff penalties on employers who discriminate against employees on the basis of "national origin."

AS A COMPLEMENT TO ITS CRACKDOWN ON ILLEGAL immigration, the Simpson-Mazzoli bill proposes an amnesty for illegal aliens who are already here. Anyone who could prove that he had been in the country since before a certain cutoff date would be granted the status of having been legally admitted. Under the current Senate version of the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, anyone here before January 1, 1977, would immediately qualify for permanent-resident status, and anyone here before January 1, 1980, would qualify for temporary-resident status, which could be converted to permanent-resident status if the immigrant demonstrated competence in English within two years. The bill has not yet passed the House, and the House version includes amendments that would push the 1977 date forward to 1982.

"We're never going to see again in this country what we saw in 1954 with Operation Wetback," says Alan Eliason, the Border Patrol chief in El Paso, speaking of the last large-scale attempt to round up illegal immigrants. "We are not going to go out and try to locate and deport several million illegal aliens. We don't have the resources. People won't stand for it. It's not going to happen." Senator Simpson also says that amnesty is inseparable from the basic goal of immigration reform: ending the two-class society in which some immigrants live outside the shelter of the law.

The major opposition to amnesty now comes from local governments. Once immigrants are free to step out of the shadows, it is argued, they will demand more public assistance. But if Orange County, California, or Dade County, Florida, or Bexar County, Texas, ends up bearing an unfair burden for this change in national policy, the federal government should offer reimbursement. It is no solution at all to pretend that the U.S. will ever evict the millions of illegal immigrants who have already arrived.

That leaves the final question about immigration policy: Of the many who hope to come, how shall the U.S. choose which to accept? Admissions fall into two categories—nor-

mal immigrants and refugees—and each presents painful choices.

In addition to changing the ethnic mix among immigrants, the reforms of 1965 placed a higher value on family reunification. Before, under the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952, skilled workers had an advantage in qualifying for admission. Since 1965, potential immigrants have been considered in three tiers. First come the immediate relatives of U.S. citizens, defined as spouses, children under twenty-one, or parents of citizens over twenty-one, who are admitted without limit.

Next come less immediate relatives, who have first claim within the annual ceilings of 20,000 immigrants per country and 270,000 from the entire world. Places within these “numerically limited” categories are assigned according to six preference categories, four of which are for relatives. First preference is for unmarried adult children of U.S. citizens; second for spouses and unmarried children of permanent-resident aliens; fourth for married children of U.S. citizens; and fifth for brothers and sisters of adult U.S. citizens. Together, these members of the extended family accounted for 190,000 of the numerically limited admissions in 1978.

Finally, there are immigrants without family ties to the United States, who, as a whole, have far bleaker chances of admission. Some qualify for third preference, professionals and people of “exceptional ability in the sciences or the arts”; otherwise they are relegated to sixth preference, workers in occupations with labor shortages, or to “non-preference,” which is everyone else. In 1978, some 14,000 occupational-preference immigrants were admitted, along with their spouses and children, 16,000 in number. Only 54,000 people were admitted as non-preference immigrants or through “private bills,” special legislation admitting immigrants one by one.

A sane immigration policy would continue the emphasis on reuniting immediate families. It is harder to see the justification for devoting so much of the limited quotas to members of the extended family. Admissions systems are inevitably arbitrary, but this is more so than most. It bestows benefits on certain families simply because an uncle or a cousin managed to immigrate in the past. It closes the door on the classic immigrant, the independent man or woman who sets out to make a new life. As of 1980, Mexico had a backlog of 173,000 non-preference visa applications; worldwide, 280,000 non-preference applications were pending. They will be considered only after the 807,000 preference-category applications are handled—which is to say, never. In recognition of this imbalance, and in an attempt to open the door to new “seed immigrants,” the Select Commission proposed reducing the quotas for the extended family and increasing them for independent immigrants. Why not follow the logic to its conclusion? Keep the places for immediate family members, and open the rest of the queue to independent immigrants.

Refugees and applicants for political asylum present the

most painful choices of all. The 1965 Immigration Act reserved 6 percent, or 17,400 per year, of the numerically limited visas for refugees. Under the Refugee Act of 1980, the annual limit was raised to 50,000. But that law also gave the President enormous leeway in admitting refugees, and in fiscal years 1980 and 1981 President Carter determined that more than 200,000 refugees should be accepted, specifying a ceiling of 168,000 each year from Indochina and 33,000 from the Soviet Union.

If the major enforcement problem for the INS is stopping Mexican immigrants at the border, its major administrative problem is handling the claims for refugee status and political asylum filed by Haitians and Salvadorans. Almost none of the claims have been approved; fewer than one hundred Salvadorans, for example, have been granted asylum.

One technical obstacle to the Haitian and Salvadoran claims is that the Refugee Act of 1980 applies only to those who have already fled their homeland for some country of first asylum other than the United States. A Vietnamese in Thailand is eligible, but a Haitian who lands in Miami is not. He may apply for political asylum, but he must prove, like candidates for refugee status, that he is “unable or unwilling” to go home “because of persecution or a well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or political opinion.” In principle, this might be read to include almost anyone subject to the generalized oppression of Third World governments. In practice, it covers almost anyone who wants to leave the Soviet Union or its satellites, including Cuba, and precious few others besides the Indochinese.

The stories told by Haitian and Salvadoran “refugees” lack the crisp distinctions implied by the law. A few give convincing testimony that specific revenge awaits them if they go home. A larger number say that life there would be worse than it is in the United States. They are, of course, correct; and that is the ugly reality of our refugee policy. Most of the world’s population lives under some kind of repression. Even though America’s upraised torch of liberty is the noblest part of its role in the world, the U.S. cannot provide a new home for all of the oppressed. To whom, then, should it offer shelter?

The policy would seem less arbitrary if it were more narrowly focused. The United States should accept as refugees those who have been political prisoners or have been singled out for persecution. In addition, we have a special responsibility in situations like Vietnam’s, in which our policies have directly affected foreigners’ lives. (Some who advocate asylum for Salvadorans say that the same reasoning should apply there, because of past and present U.S. influence in that country.) For the rest, the U.S. should make more room in its overall immigration quotas, offering a less arbitrary chance to the millions around the world who hope for a better life and who could, in unexpected ways, make our lives better too. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

FATS WALLER AND AL CAPONE

It was January, 1926. Prohibition reigned, and Chicago was a wide-open town. When the mobs staked out their territories, he who trespassed died—rubbed out by hired hands. Alphonse “Al” Capone had made his share of “arrangements.” Recent mass carnage had left him sole proprietor of a chain of breweries, brothels, speakeasies, and gambling dens that netted millions. The press, politicians, and the police were all in his pocket. He was twenty-seven.

Thomas “Fats” Waller was another kind of prodigy. To him, a “mob” was what packed in to hear you at Harlem rent parties. The “family” were your musical mentors, people like James P. Johnson and Willie “the Lion” Smith; an “arrangement” was something you did on the piano. His experience with booze and women was strictly from the consumption end, and his only brush with the law was dodging the process server to avoid paying alimony. When Fats left New York for Chicago to play a few gigs, he was twenty-one years old.

The ebullient young man with the dazzling jazz style was a big hit at the Hotel Sherman. His nightly audience included men with wide lapels and bulging pockets. One evening Fats felt a revolver poked into his paunchy stomach. He found himself bullied into a black limousine, heard the driver ordered to East Cicero. Sweat pouring down his body, Fats foresaw a premature end to his career, but on arrival at a kind of fancy saloon, he was merely pushed toward a piano and told to play. He played. Loudest in applause was a beefy man with an unmistakable scar: Al Capone was having a birthday, and he, Fats, was a present from “the boys.”

The party lasted three days. Fats exhausted himself and his repertoire, but with every request bills were stuffed into his pockets. He and Capone consumed vast quantities of food and drink. By the time the black limousine headed back to the Sherman, Fats had acquired several thousand dollars in cash and a decided taste for vintage champagne.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

REAL SEASONS

AN ATLANTIC "FIRST" BY MINDY PENNYBACKER



AS HARRY MACLEOD WAS LATER TO REMEMBER, IT was Elaine who answered the phone on the April afternoon Harry's mother rang from Hong Kong. Laurie MacLeod, with the uncanny timing of mothers, had interrupted them in bed.

"Don't answer it, Harry," Elaine said.

"It might be a job," he said.

"You've already got a job."

"I mean an acting job." He would be graduating from the Central School of Acting that June; already, talent scouts were coming to the senior rehearsals. As he reached over her for the phone, Harry watched Elaine's eyes clear. She pushed his arm away.

"I'll get it," Elaine said. "I'll tell them you're not here." But when she heard the voice on the other end, she gave the receiver to Harry without a word. He flinched when he heard his mother's voice—that dry, insect sound.

"Who was that, Harry?" his mother asked.

"A friend," he said. As if on cue, Elaine got out of bed and began pulling on her jeans.

"Does she live with you?"

"No. I'm still sharing the flat with Sam." He had known Sam in college and now Sam was also studying acting at the Central School.

"But, my dear," said Harry's mother, "guess what! After wandering around for all these years, I'm coming home at last." Harry didn't know quite how to react to this—he couldn't think what his mother meant by home. She had first gone abroad, from her parents' home in Scotland, to join Harry's father when he was stationed in India. Four years later, she gave birth to Harry in Kenya. Harry had grown up in Ontario and California, and at about the time he graduated from college and moved to London, his father was transferred to Hong Kong.

"To Edinburgh, do you mean?" he asked her.

"No. But London's close enough, eh?"

She was coming to him, then. Harry looked around at the four walls of his bedroom with a sudden fierce possessiveness. His mother was saying that her doctors had recommended chemotherapy treatments that were unavailable in Hong Kong. She could get them in London on the National Health. "So, Harry," she said, "how would you fancy me moving in with you for a few months? Would it

cramp your style?" Her blithe tone made Harry suspect she had been drinking.

"Not to worry, Mom," he said. "You and Dad can have my room. It's pretty nice; it looks out over the trees." Harry looked at Elaine, who was sitting half-naked on the floor between the two tall windows, her long legs stretched out in front of her. His mother, halfway around the world, was having a fit of coughing. Finally she said, "Dad can't come, Dad has to stay here and work. He'll join us later."

"Can I speak to Dad?"

"He's out just now, I'm afraid—he says to give you his love."

As she went over the details of her trip, Harry remembered his last visit to Hong Kong. "Don't know how he'd get on without me," Harry's mother had said, referring to his father, who, dressed in his white-linen suit, was watching a soccer match on TV in the tiny living room of their high-rise flat. Ian MacLeod was a thin man, taller and fairer than Harry, though both of them had long, low-bridged noses and large almond eyes, set rather close.

"Got to keep going for *his* sake, haven't I?" she had said. His father was silent. His eyes ticked back and forth, following the plays; his long fingers gripped the armrests of his chair as if he were in danger of being hurled from it.

When Harry hung up, Elaine asked him, "What's wrong with her voice? It used to be so beautiful."

"How can you say that? You've never met my mother."

"I heard her voice once. You invited me home before you left for England, remember? At the last minute something came up and I phoned to say I couldn't come? Your mother answered—she had this musical voice, it sounded like chimes. She said she'd been looking forward to meeting me because you'd never brought a girl home before. For the first time, it seemed possible that you cared for me."

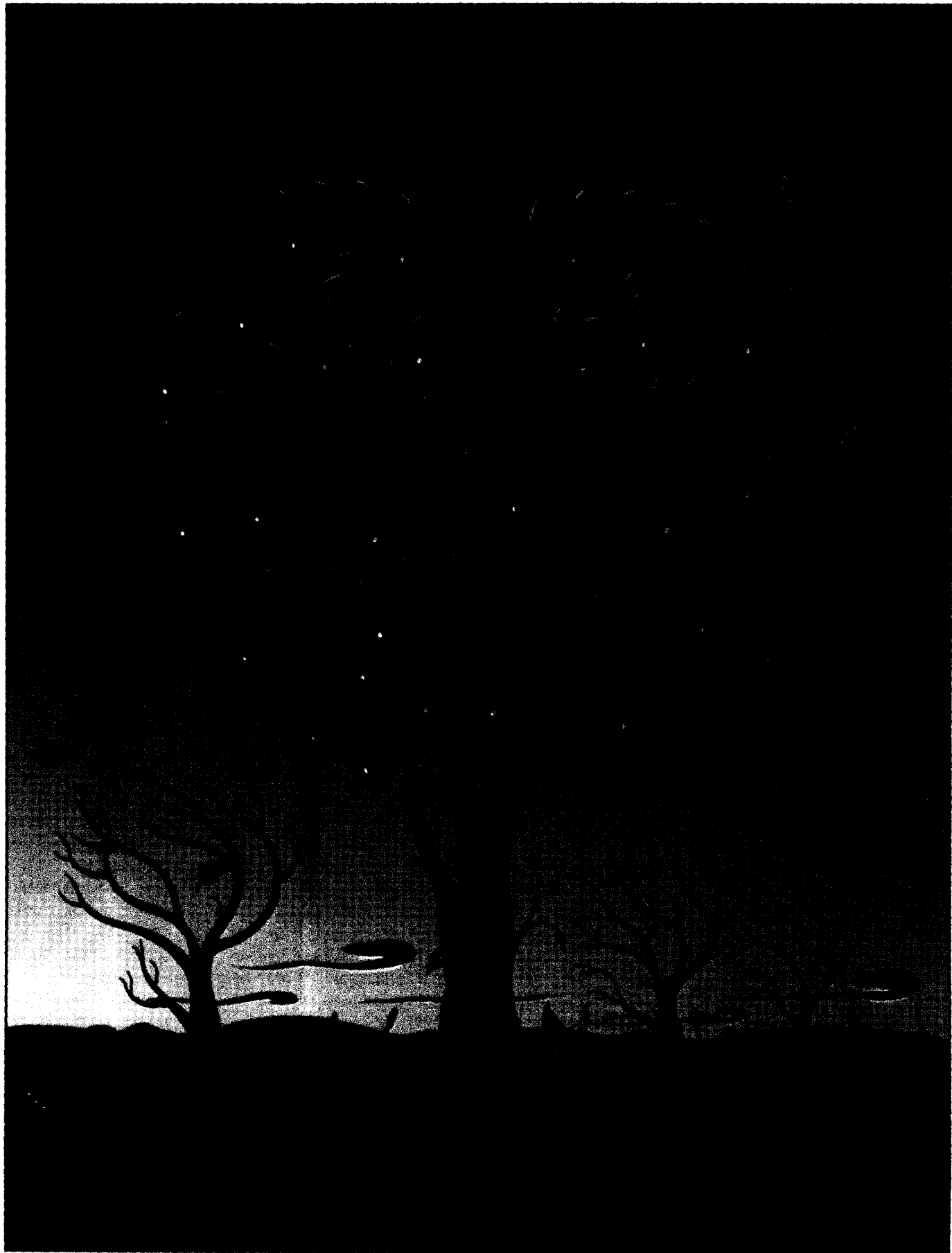
"But, still, you didn't come for the weekend," he teased.

"Well, it hardly matters now, does it?" Elaine tossed her long dark hair over her shoulder and leaned back on her hands. She had a very nice body. Harry threw her shirt at her.

"Let's get out of here," he said. "I need some air."

It was the first really warm day of the year. They entered the Freemason's Pub beneath its sign of a golden scarab on a blue ground and walked through to the garden.

Harry thought of the time he first met Elaine, at an outdoor table at Rossotti's, in the hills above Stanford. When



he had offered her a ride back to campus, Elaine had blurted out that she had never been "a technical virgin," because she rode horses. He could tell right away that her eagerness made her clumsy. In the beginning he didn't mind, but when she came to London to study painting at the Slade, he was afraid that she had actually come to be with him.

She had arrived nine months before, and had stayed with him and Sam; it was something of a relief when she found her own place.

She watched him across the table as she raised the pint mug to her lips and tilted it too far; the beer sloshed down the front of her shirt. She laughed; for a moment she was awkward in the old way.

Harry began dabbing at her with some napkins.

"Don't bother," she said. "It's an old shirt."

"But, my dear, I like to do it."

Elaine gave him a solemn look. "Is she in very bad shape, your mother?"

"I think so."

"She sounded as if every word were being torn out of her. Literally."



AT ELAINE'S, 40 PARLIAMENT HILL, THEY CLIMBED a flight of stairs, crossed a sunny landing, and climbed another flight, painted blue. On the third floor Elaine unlocked her door and they stepped into the kitchen. Dishes and pots filled the sink. Messy cans of paint covered the drainboard and shelves, and the window-sill held jars of water in which brushes stood, losing their shape. The north window framed a square of blue sky above Parliament Hill; they were just across the street from the Heath.

The table was littered with the remains of a meal: two plates covered with fish bones and skin, withered vegetables; beer cans; a Players cigarette pack crumpled beside a saucer full of butts. Neither Harry nor Elaine smoked. Harry fought an urge to clean it up—it wasn't his mess, after all. Instead he went to the sink and, leaning across, unlatched the window and threw it open with a bang.

"I don't know how you can take the stench in here," he said.

"But you're the one who's always telling me to keep the place locked up, because anyone could just wander in out of the trees," Elaine said.

Harry followed her into the next room, where she stretched out upon the bed. Through the tall window in the far wall, to the right of Elaine's worktable, Harry could just make out the towers and spires of Parliament and

Westminster Abbey, wavering in a brown-pink haze. Harry stood by this window and looked down at the back garden. A lawnmower lay askew in one corner; the grass was long. At the foot of the garden stood a single white-flowering pear. Behind the small tree the thick, intertwined arms of an orchard, not yet in bloom, followed the curve of the hill.

The bedsprings creaked. "Harry," said Elaine.

"Wait a minute," Harry said. That was the problem—why couldn't they all wait for a minute, an hour, for all time? What was the rush? He'd been chasing all over London looking for jobs and had missed the spring opening up around him, these pockets of country hidden in the city. It was all fragility: the light in the glass, the city traced far below, the delicate limbs of the pear floating like white coral before the dark mass of the older trees.

On a day like this you could live free of the past, he thought. He just wanted to look at the view. Anything seemed possible. He was half in love with Elaine again for her awkwardness in spilling the beer; today, at odd moments, they had been new and strange together. Harry liked that feeling—it was better than landing in another country. Perhaps it was time for them to make some sort of commitment, despite Elaine's casual attitudes.

Once he had complained about her other lovers, but Elaine had just smiled and said, "I know you've had your own little flings, Harry."

"You sound like a wife," he had told her. It was true—they were as dull as a married couple sometimes.

The idea of marriage filled him with dread. The past encroached on him like a cold fog drawn by the memory of his mother's voice. Elaine liked memories, but she was careless—she didn't see how one triggered others. Soon Harry's mother would be coming to London. Already he seemed to feel a third presence in the room.

Elaine had crept up behind Harry; he felt her breath on the back of his neck and turned around. "How can you remember how my mother's voice sounded three years ago when I can't remember at all?" he asked her.

Her thick-featured Danish face went smooth as stone, and Harry knew it was the tone of his voice, not the words, that had hurt her.

"Harry, what's the matter?" she asked. When he didn't answer, she said, "I only heard her once before today. It made an impression—she was your mother, after all. For you the change happened in stages, bit by bit. You forgot how it was before."

She knew him too well. "Do you know what you want from me?" he asked roughly.

"I just wanted you," Elaine said. She was looking down at her feet, which she had wedged between Harry's. Apologetically she added, "I can't stand to be around sick people, Harry."

"I know what you mean—neither can I," Harry said, but he was later to discover that he hadn't really known what she meant at all.

HE REMEMBERED THE SONG PLAYED BY THE WIND chimes, bits of bone and shell, beach glass and metal pipe, that had hung from a corner of the porch in California. That couldn't have been like his mother's voice—she had never been musical. He remembered the scent of the mock orange mixed with the smell of the sea. Harry had stood at the high-tide line skimming stones, reciting lines from *Exit the King* for an audition. The sea was flat. It made a noise when it washed up the beach, like acid fizzing.

His mother had come out of the house wearing a madras shirtwaist she'd bought in India before Harry's birth. She was dark, long-legged, slender. He'd watched as she'd approached, swinging a golf club like a walking stick, occasionally pausing to hit rotting seaweed, bleach bottles, and other debris back into the ocean. A littered beach depressed her.

In his memory, his mother had communicated soundlessly, telepathically, as she stood beside him facing out to sea. There was bad news: first, Elaine had phoned while Harry was out—she wasn't coming for the weekend after all; second, his mother's doctor had phoned with the results of her tests.

Harry hadn't been able to think of what to say. *You're dull company.* His mother laughed, and then took off like a shot down the beach. After watching her for a few seconds, Harry sprinted after her. It wasn't difficult to catch up, but just as he was about to pass her she dipped sideways and tried to trip him with her club.

He was sorry that he couldn't remember the way she'd sounded that day—it struck him that he would never hear that voice again—but on the other hand, it didn't matter. Memories only weighed a person down, and Harry had always prided himself on traveling light.

LAURIE MACLEOD CAME TO LONDON JUST BEFORE the end of April. Harry bought a return fare for the underground to Heathrow, but when he saw his mother at the gate he knew immediately that they had to take a taxi back to town. Exhausted by the long flight, she looked smaller than he remembered. She was wearing black pumps, a pink-wool suit, bright-pink lipstick, and a wig, black and shiny as Chinese lacquer. She stood with her toes turned slightly inward and her chin tucked into the ruffled collar of her blouse, and looked sideways at Harry as he ran down the bright corridor toward her. Despite her thinness, her face was puffy; pain had marked her features. He took her in his arms, lifting her a little. She was weightless.

"My boy," she said. "I know, I know. I look terrible."

"Nonsense."

As they entered the city, she turned all her attention out the window. Harry had the cabbie take a scenic route past Parliament and Westminster Abbey, up to Buckingham Palace, but it was nature, not buildings, that interested

her. "The *daffodils*," she said hoarsely as they passed St. James's Park. "The chestnuts in bloom. Harry, open the window! Ah, look there, the Round Water. It's so fresh here, compared with Hong Kong. Compared with anywhere. I've forgotten how it is to live with real seasons."

In Hong Kong she had complained about the sticky heat and the discomfort of the wig she'd worn since she'd lost most of her hair in chemotherapy. "I don't mind the heat," Harry's father had said. "Rather like it, actually."

She approved of the flat. Ellerdale Road was quiet, "though a bit removed from the shops and transport," she said. She liked the brownstone houses on the hill—the scene reminded her of Edinburgh. From her duty-free bag she took a bottle of Laphroaig, "to help me unpack." She and Harry were mildly drunk by the time Sam came home carrying a bouquet of daffodils and irises.

"Welcome, Mrs. MacLeod," Sam said, giving her the flowers. "I bet you don't remember me."

"How very nice," she said, squinting up at him. "Of course I remember you—from Harry's graduation. Only you didn't have that beard. Why don't you shave it off? You have such a nice face, why hide it?"

Sam, who was from Virginia, laughed as if she had said something witty. "Oh, I don't know, ma'am," he said. "I guess I never thought my face was anything to advertise."

"Then why be an actor?"

"Now, that's a good question."

The three of them took a cab to a nearby restaurant. Harry would have invited Elaine, but she was on holiday in France. Though his mother liked Indian food, she couldn't eat much. After dinner, she set her black alligator purse on the table and insisted on paying.

EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY AT FIRST. HARRY skipped classes in order to escort his mother to and from the hospital until she felt confident enough to do it on her own. They took day trips upriver to Kew and Maidenhead.

Harry got a friend to sub for him at the Old Vic, where he worked as an usher five nights a week. He took his mother there to see Olivier. Just before the curtain went up, she remarked, in a rasping voice audible to all, that Olivier had gone to the same acting school as Harry. Harry was embarrassed, but he was also glad to see her excited about the theater. They went to a play every other night, had a drink, and hurried to catch the tube before it closed. She treated even the ride as an adventure.

This airy spirit soon vanished. After two weeks, she turned despondent and refused to go out anymore, except to the hospital. The long trips by cab and the treatments exhausted her. The sudden cure that she had hoped for had not materialized.

Apart from therapy, she spent all her time at home, following her schedule of pills, watching television, reading fashion magazines, and taking nips from the bottles of

Scotch she bought at a store on the way back from the hospital. Every night, Harry and Sam set three places at the table in the sitting room, but she refused to join them. She would say that she had eaten in the hospital cafeteria. She preferred to sit in her armchair by the hearth and just watch them. By the end of that week, Sam was eating out most of the time.

On Harry's next night off, his mother agreed to sit with him and try some supper, but she complained about the taste of the liver and onions and threw her plate onto the rug.

Harry looked at the mess for a while in silence. Then he went and got a rag.

"I'm afraid there's no more where that came from," he said calmly as he knelt, cleaning it up. "So it's off to bed with no supper for you."

He was sitting by himself in the kitchen, drinking from a bottle of Bell's, when Sam came home. "Where's the mum?" Sam asked.

"In the sitting room having herself a nice sulk." Harry poured a drink for Sam.

"Saw Elaine at the Gate tonight," Sam said.

"With anyone in particular?"

"Why the long face, Harry? Just call her."

"She said she'd call me when she got back from vacation. That was two weeks ago. Anyway, she doesn't have a phone."

From the room across the hall came his mother's hacking cough, followed by that voice of a cricket in dry grass. "Why are you two hiding in the kitchen?" she asked. "Telling secrets? Why don't you sit in here?"

"Because you're in there, Mom," Harry said.

"What? Doesn't anybody want to sit with me?"

"No," Harry said.

"Why not?"

"Because you're always so bloody cheerful."

"Go and see her, then," Sam said. "Elaine, I mean."

"I don't just drop by Elaine's anymore. I did that once, and she was with somebody, don't know who. The door was locked."

"You're kidding. I thought she was your girl."

They paused, hearing Harry's mother shuffle past on the way to her bedroom. She didn't say good night.

"My girl, somebody's girl, anybody's girl," said Harry. "Or, as Elaine would put it, her own woman."

He was determined to take his mother out, get her interested in her surroundings. The next afternoon he found her in the armchair wearing, despite the warmth of the day, baggy brown woolen stockings and a smock dress of some dark, heavy material. She had a black crocheted shawl over her shoulders and a sort of printed rag tied round her head. She usually dressed neatly. Harry looked at her inquiringly and she glared back at him. "You think I'm an ugly old woman," she said.

"No, I don't think that," he said. "And you're not. I wouldn't have an ugly old woman for a mom."

"You think that I look like a char."

"Now that you mention it, you do, actually. Mind telling me why?"

Wanting a fight, she hadn't expected him to agree with her. "It's the new fashion," she said, narrowing her eyes. "In Paris they're calling it the peasant look."

"Since you're so fashionable, I'm taking you out to the pub. Won't take no for an answer this time."

"But I can't go out looking like this!"

"You can change. Come on."

She explained that she'd been going bare-legged to the hospital all week because she could no longer get her nylons on. It was the pain when she bent over. All she could manage was loose woolen hose.

"I can help you dress," Harry said.

"But you *can't*." She looked really frightened, and Harry remembered that she'd always had this sense of delicacy. Back in California, she used to criticize their neighbor for hanging her nylons and underthings out on the line in plain view of everyone. "She shouldn't let even her husband see those," Laurie MacLeod would say. When Harry laughed at her, she went on. "It destroys the mystery that keeps men interested. Never marry a girl who leaves her dirty things in the sink!"

In those days, when she washed the dishes she would furtively stick her hand into the drain, scoop out the food mixed with soapsuds, and fling it into the trash as if it were a horror to be concealed from Harry and his father. After the move to Hong Kong, she began to drink alone in the closet-sized kitchen.

Harry had to get her out. It was healthier to drink in company than by oneself. He couldn't let her hide, now that she had added herself to her catalogue of unsightly objects.

"Just take off all that nonsense," he told her. "The dress is fine by itself. There's nothing wrong with bare legs in summer." To his surprise, she agreed.

"Where are we going?" she asked him in the cab. "Is it up there?"

"Yes. You haven't been to the Hollybush yet."

"Let's get out, shall we? Shall we get out and walk?"

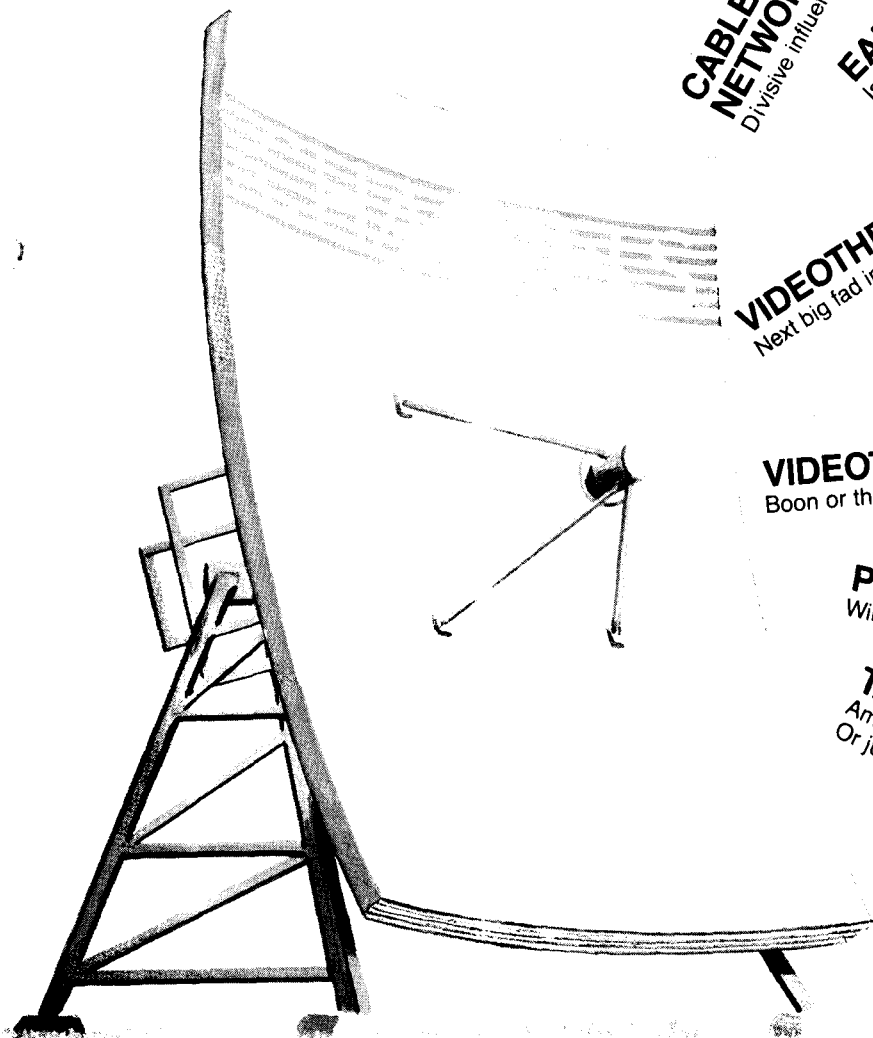
"If you like. It's a steep climb, though."

The cab let them out at the base of Holly Walk. She looked up the hill and took Harry's arm, leaning on him slightly. "What are we waiting for? Lead on!" she said.

"Up we go," Harry said heartily. The brick walk was flanked by low stone walls with gardens on either side, the small fruit trees were in bloom, and the borders were brightened by delphiniums, snapdragons, and alyssum. Clouds passed overhead in torn swatches; sunlight flickered down, casting parts of the hill in sharp relief. Then all at once they were passing a graveyard—he'd forgotten about that. "It reminds me of Mr. Pickwick, this graveyard," he said.

"Oh, I should say." She was flushed, breathing heavily.

"Oh, it's lovely. Isn't it lovely, just the two of us?"



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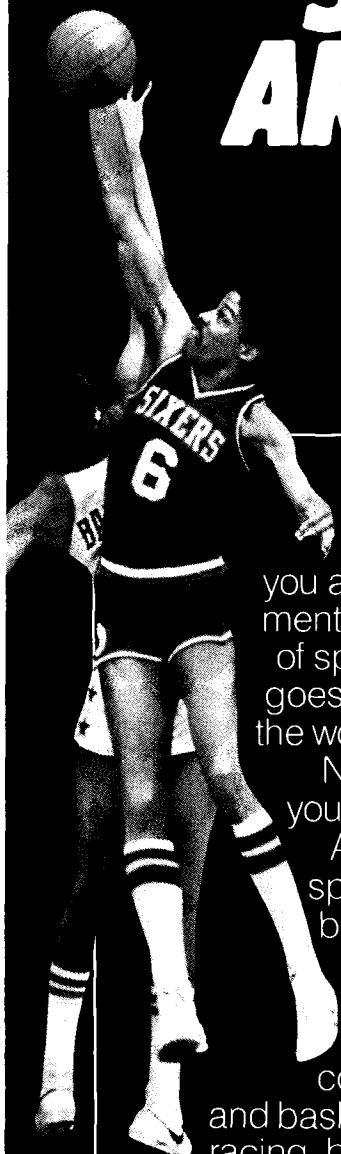
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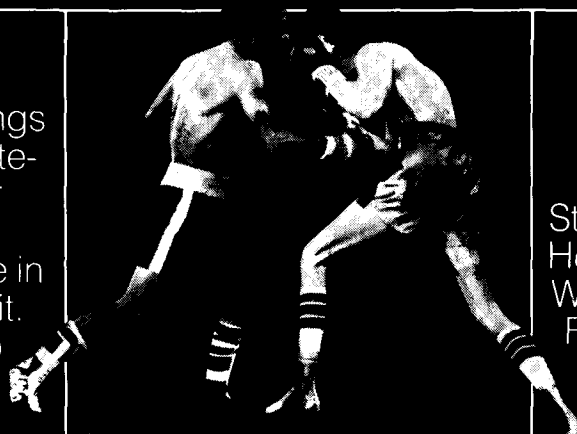
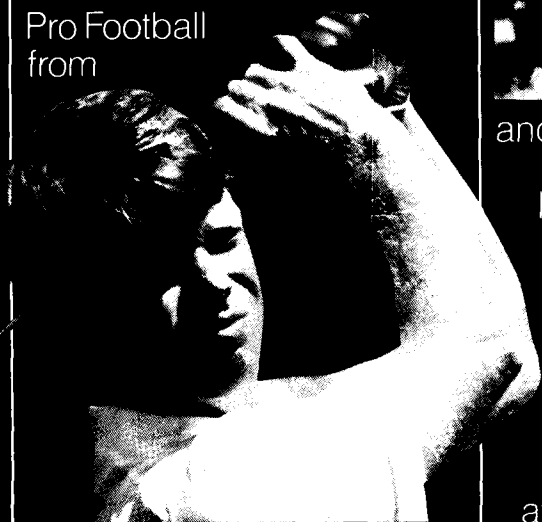
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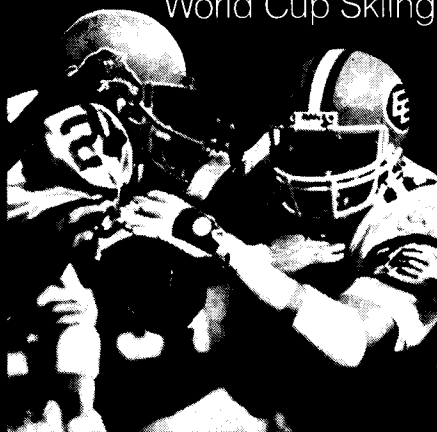


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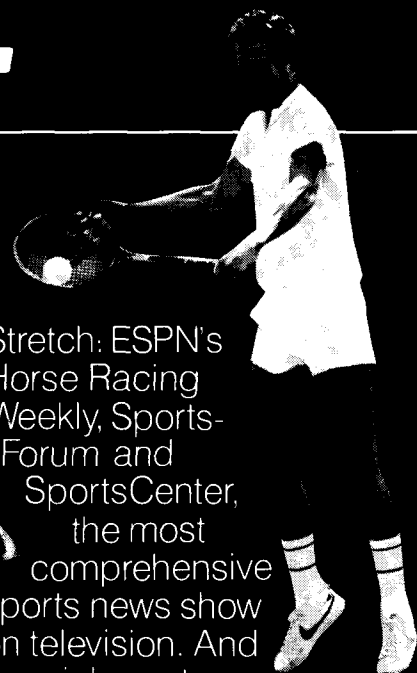


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"Isn't it?" he said, meaning he agreed.

She smiled and let go of his arm, turning to face downhill. The river, far below, was a thread of silver. Clouds banked there. "Funny," she said. "I dreamed of Edinburgh again last night."

"I didn't know you dreamed of Edinburgh."

"Oh, yes. I dream about Flora Macdonald, my terrier, and the walks we used to take. Sometimes we'd walk all the way out to the crags. Flora Macdonald liked to sniff the wind out on the crags. Sometimes it was so strong it blew her right over, like a bit of white fluff. But really, Harry, isn't it lovely just now, with just the two of us?"

"Yes. A beautiful day." He felt happy, thinking of the little dog tossed merrily by the wind.

"That's why I want Sam to move out," his mother said.

Harry didn't reply. He was considering stepping off the hill and bounding down a series of green terraces—Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, Green Park, St. James's Park—to the river.

"Sam doesn't pay his full way," she said. "Doesn't carry his weight. It's a drain on Dad, my being here, with the taxis and rent and food."

"Sam pays his share," Harry said. "Besides, he goes out to eat."

"But he snacks between meals. Always eating. Like a giant rat."

"You're getting carried away now. Let's just forget it."

She clutched his arm. "You don't understand, Harry. I can't stand it anymore. I need my privacy." There were tears in her eyes. "Please."

He looked away. "If you really can't live with Sam, all right. But we can't ask him to move before the end of term."

She had stopped listening. "Dad can have Sam's room, when he comes," she said happily. "Dad likes privacy too."



HARRY'S FATHER DIDN'T COME TO LONDON AT THE end of term, though Laurie MacLeod told him that there was plenty of room now that Sam had moved out. When she heard her husband's reply, she handed the phone to Harry and left the room.

"What's the problem, Dad?" he asked.

"I can't get away just yet, Harry," he said in a weary voice. "Can't afford it. Got to keep paying the bills. Now your friend's moved, I've more rent to pay, haven't I? I appreciate the sacrifice on your part, Harry . . ."

"No sacrifice. Glad to have Mom here."

With the arrival of summer, the Hollybush was taken over by teenagers, so Harry took his mother to the Flask

to try the best ale in the neighborhood. He kept away from Freemason's, because it was Elaine's local. She had avoided Harry for so long that it would be awkward to run into her.

The Flask, an eighteenth-century pub off a brick alley, with a small garden out back, had been taken over by the gigolo actors, but at least they were a quieter bunch than the teenagers. Unemployed, dressed in tweeds, the gigolos hung about the Flask looking for action.

Harry was sitting in the garden with his mother when he caught sight of two Central students whom he knew slightly. He was about to introduce them to his mother when they averted their eyes and glided past. He heard one of them say, "Look at Harry on the make. The dirty dog." For a moment Harry was angry, then he gave a short laugh. It was true that he and his mother were quite alone together, ignored by his father and by Elaine. That made them a couple, of sorts—a couple of lonelyhearts.

A company in Manchester offered Harry a part, but he couldn't take it, for it would mean leaving his mother alone. Instead, he got a second job pumping gas at a station on the Finchley Road. On his way home from work one day he saw Elaine through the window of a tea shop, looking very pretty in a low-necked milkmaid's frock. He went in and sat down at her table and soon they were talking in the old way. Neither of them mentioned his mother.

There was a little girl sitting across the aisle with a couple of gossiping women; the child darted over to Elaine. "I've got a Superman jersey," the child said, pointing to the red letter S on her gold shirt.

"Lucky you," Elaine said.

"I've got it," the child insisted, spreading her arms wide.

"It's odd—she doesn't claim to be Superman," Harry said. "Only that she's got a Superman shirt. Not very feminist."

"Maybe she thinks he's a designer name," Elaine said.

Harry liked children. "You look as though you're ready to fly," he said to the child. She brightened, and ran back to her mother with her arms beating like wings.

"She's just jealous," said Elaine. "She wishes she had tits."

"She will, someday," Harry said.

"Do you want to wait till then or come home with me now?" she asked him with a smile. Harry went with her.

From the window of her apartment the orchard looked dusty. They stood naked in the middle of the warm room. She pressed her forehead against his. "I'm sorry, Harry," she said. "I can't stand sickness. Please try to understand. I have to keep away."

"Just be quiet, Elaine," he said.

"But, Harry, you have to talk about it."

"I'd better get back to her," he said.

Yet he didn't leave. He stayed hours longer, fell asleep, and got back to Ellerdale Road much later than he had ever done before. The door to the flat was unlocked. His heart racing, he leaped up the stairs. There was a bar of light beneath the bathroom door. "Been out, Mom?" Harry

asked, tapping lightly on the door, but there was no answer. It was unlocked, so he entered and found her passed out, sitting on the john. She was snoring. Her bathrobe had fallen open, exposing her nakedness beneath the harsh glare of the ceiling bulb. He'd have to fix that light, he thought—put a soft shade over it.

"Time to go to bed, old girl," he said, leaning down to help her.

She woke and said, faintly, "Go away. You mustn't see me like this." But her legs would not support her. Her breath was heavy with liquor.

"I don't want to see you this way," Harry said, "but there's no one else to help you, is there? So it's got to be me. Come on, let's get you cleaned up, there's a good girl."

"Don't you speak to me in that patronizing tone," she said, and glared at him a moment; her white wisps of hair showed beneath the crooked black wig. Then her head fell back on Harry's shoulder and she was out again. He carried her down the hall to her bedroom and she snapped awake as he set her on the bed. Though unable to move, she watched him warily.

"You're just like your dad, you are," she said, as he lifted each of her swollen legs to free the covers. "Staying out late as you please till I'm worried sick; then you have to come back and use that *patronizing* tone because I happen to have taken a drink or two. Nobody's out there counting how many drinks you take, so you drown in it, and all the little yellow-skinned girls, I can smell them on you. You're putrid with it, filthy rotten bastard, with your smug face and your holier-than-thou, do you think I can't smell it?" She turned her head from side to side as she spoke, watching Harry always from the corners of her reddened eyes. "It's piss-poor living with a lover man like you, loving everyone but the one you promised."

"You don't know what you're saying, Mom," Harry said. "Just lie back now, don't tire yourself." Her eyes were wild with rage, but it was not, he knew, rage at him. He was afraid of the effects of a lot of alcohol combined with the drugs, so he stayed up and watched her. After a while she passed out again. He sat on the edge of the bed with only the hall light on, outside the room. He stared at her half-lit face and tried to see the lineaments of her old self in it, but failed.

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS IT SEEMED THAT HIS mother's sole occupation was to erase the person she had once been. Harry had hoped that she would not repeat that scene, but she did, a number of times, despite his precautions. He tried never to leave his mother alone late at night. He saw Elaine only at lunchtime, while his mother was taking her treatments. His mother phoned

Harry constantly at the Old Vic and at the gas station; Elaine's place was his only refuge.

His father came to London at the end of the third week in August, in time to help move Laurie MacLeod permanently to the hospital. She turned all girlish and coquettish for his father; Harry felt, along with the relief of a bedside nurse who has sat too long without a break, a kind of jealousy.

She died in the middle of September. It was a stifling hot day. Harry's father was with her at the hospital. He phoned Harry at the gas station.

"Are you all right, Dad?" Harry asked him.

"Yes, fine."

"You're sure?"

"Everything's being taken care of, lad, don't worry, you've had enough of that. I'll see you after work."

"I'll leave now and come meet you."

Harry was off and running. He vaulted onto the step of a bus, found himself going in the wrong direction. He let himself go with it. The city spun by. At the Hampstead roundabout he jumped off, and ran past red-brick houses with dusty windows, roses wilting in the gardens. From the street, he could smell the stagnant duck pond on the Heath, see the willows heavy-headed in the still air. Above Parliament Hill, red and yellow triangles—kites—hung motionless in a chalky blue sky.

At number 40, the street door stood ajar—for ventilation, he supposed. He pushed through and climbed the two flights, faster than air rising, he thought, yet smoothly, as if in a dream, under a net or spell that any sudden movement might break. The door off Elaine's landing was propped open with a can of gesso. Dirty dishes and rinds of toast covered the kitchen table. Through the window above the sink Harry saw a red kite about the size of a playing card, perfectly centered in the square of blue sky.

Elaine was sitting with her back to him, drawing at the table in her bedroom. Her elbow moved, and the table wobbled slightly beneath the pressure of her pencil. Through the tall window Harry could see the back garden with its pear tree blossoming as white as on the day he had stood there anticipating his mother's visit. Yet this whiteness was a trick of vision, he saw, an illusion—just the wind turning the leaves, showing their pale undersides. The wind stopped; the leaves settled; and Harry felt a sense of loss, as if he could have caught his mother in that moment, had he been quick enough.

For a moment Harry was like a diver fighting upward to breathe who emerges in a cavern where everything is familiar yet strange, which contains, in its perishable air, the whole of his memory. Elaine's long hair moved over her shoulders and Harry wanted to cry out to her not to turn around, but it was too late—she was already turning. □

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THE FRAGILITY OF DOMESTIC ENERGY

BY AMORY AND L. HUNTER LOVINS

ORTHODOX ENERGY POLICY SINCE 1973 HAS RESTED on three assumptions: (1) Imported oil, especially from the Middle East, is unreliable. (2) Domestic energy supplies are secure. (This assumption is used to justify such diverse projects as arctic gas pipelines, off-shore oil drilling, coal leasing, the development of synthetic fuels, and breeder reactors.) (3) Secure energy supplies cost more than imported oil, but are worth it.

The oil shocks of 1973 and 1979 vindicated the first of these assumptions, but at any moment the lesson could become far more emphatic. By attacking the oil terminals at Ras Tanura and Ju'aymah, an Iranian jet or saboteurs in a couple of dinghies could cut off five sixths of Saudi Arabian oil exports for three years, the time that would be needed to rebuild key components; after that, of course, the attack could be repeated. The Persian Gulf's facilities are extraordinarily centralized: on average, each Saudi Arabian well lifts about a thousand times more oil per year than a typical American well does. The supergiant Ghawar field alone—a strip about a dozen miles wide—has, until recently, lifted oil faster than any country except Saudi Arabia as a whole, the U.S., and the USSR. The oil from this field is collected at a single site; in 1977, a fire there, of questionable origin but officially described as accidental, cut off ARAMCO's output for ten days. The Middle East's dense webs of pipelines, pumping and compressor stations, refineries, and natural-gas plants have been prime targets in the battles between Iran and Iraq, and have been subject to sporadic attack by various antagonists in the region for more than a decade.

The lumbering supertankers that bring Middle Eastern oil halfway around the world to Western ports are also insecure. Naval planners shudder at the tankers' vulnerability to submarines, but even pirates in small boats manage regularly to board and rob tankers off the coasts of Singapore and Nigeria. Moreover, it is not at all unusual for such ships to sink or blow up without any assistance.

So manifest is the fragility of Middle Eastern oil that the

second and third assumptions listed above have been accepted uncritically as corollaries. The supply has been presumed to be unreliable because the oil is foreign, and a more fundamental defect has been ignored: in reality, the Middle East's political volatility matters mainly because of the extreme geographic concentration of the oil drawn from the region.

Domestic energy, of any kind, from any source, and at any price, has seemed the obvious answer. However, most domestic sources, current and potential, are also centralized—and hence vulnerable to different, but equally serious, kinds of disruption. Amid the enthusiasm for all-American energy, this cause for concern passes unnoticed. Analysts who are quick to note that some 500 miles of pipe in eastern Saudi Arabia carry a sixth of the non-Communist world's oil have failed to observe that three fourths of the oil extracted in the U.S. comes from four states (Texas, Alaska, Louisiana, and California); that more than half the refinery capacity is in three (Texas, Louisiana, and California); that three fifths of the petrochemical capacity is in one (Texas); and that five sixths of the interstate natural gas comes from or passes through one (Louisiana)—3.5 percent of this amount being processed by a single plant equivalent in terms of energy output to twenty giant power stations.

Only a tenth of the total energy supply in the U.S. now comes from imported oil. Making cars and buildings more energy-efficient could reduce that fraction to zero within a decade. Nearly all of the remaining 90-odd percent is accounted for by domestic sources. This share, however, can be disrupted about as easily as foreign oil, faster, and in larger increments. Moreover, the vulnerability of American supplies to sabotage, natural disaster, or technical accident is increasing year by year, because successive administrations, wrongly assuming that any domestic source must be reliable, have promoted, with subsidies totaling more than \$10 billion a year, those energy technologies that are the least secure.

Already, a handful of people in Louisiana could shut off three fourths of the gas and oil supplies to the eastern states in an evening, leaving them out of action for as long as a year. A small group could black out the electric power to a city, or perhaps a region, for weeks or months. Certain attacks on natural-gas systems could incinerate a city. Low-technology sabotage of certain nuclear facilities could

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make vast areas uninhabitable. The electromagnetic pulse of a single nuclear explosion high over the Midwest could accomplish most or all of these disruptions simultaneously, by burning out electronic devices throughout the contiguous U.S. that control refineries, gas-processing plants, oil and gas pipelines, power plants, and gas- and electricity-distribution grids.

These loopholes in national security are the work not of enemies abroad but of highly qualified and patriotic engineers who faithfully performed the wrong task: designing a reliable system for supplying cheap energy to a technological paradise, in which everything works according to

the blueprints, unsullied by human fallibility or malice. The result, built up piece by piece without regard to the fragility of the whole, is enormously complex and mostly interdependent networks of aerial wires, shallowly buried pipelines, fuel-storage facilities, gas-processing plants, oil refineries, and billion-dollar power plants—systems that take years or decades to be constructed and whose routine operation very few people understand. The systems depend on split-second computer timing and elaborate, instantaneous communication. Those that govern the distribution of electricity and natural gas—together delivering 41 percent of the energy we use—are tightly coupled and

not particularly flexible. Electric-power grids depend on the ability of many large, precise electric generators to rotate in exact synchrony across half the continent. Regional gas grids require the continuous maintenance of minimum pressures. Many of the spare parts for these systems are special-order items that are too expensive to be stockpiled, yet require months or years and unusual skills to be made and installed. Some key components are not built in this country. Moreover, supposedly redundant backup devices can themselves suffer unstoppable, grotesquely cascading failures. (For example, in 1969, technicians at the Oak Ridge Research Reactor tried to deploy a safety system with three redundant channels. The backup devices in each channel suffered seven independent and simultaneous failures, a coincidence that, according to the official post-mortem report, was "almost unbelievable.")

When all these traits are considered together, it appears more than conceivable that a well-coordinated attack on electric grids and pipelines, and on the computers that orchestrate their output, could enmesh the U.S. in spreading waves of chaos from which recovery would be difficult at best.

According to the General Accounting Office and private security experts, most energy control and distribution centers are protected by chain link fences or Keep Out signs, or not at all. (An audit done by the GAO in 1979 revealed that only a single locked door protected the computer controlling a pipeline that carries a quarter of the crude oil fed to midwestern refineries. A public road provided free access to the facility.) Hardening the most vulnerable sites, however, buys little security. Fences, alarms, and guards may discourage the casual or incompetent attacker, but will elicit stronger attacks from serious adversaries, or divert their attention to softer targets. There are far too many soft targets to defend. Vital control centers, pumping and compressor stations, switchyards, and the like—each of which governs huge amounts of energy—number in the thousands. Moreover, energy lifelines are stretched thin over hundreds or thousands of miles. The Trans-Alaska Pipeline System alone spans nearly 800 miles of rough country. America's principal oil and gas pipelines would stretch more than twelve times around the equator; the overhead electrical transmission circuits, more than fifteen times. The total length of gas pipelines in the U.S. exceeds a million miles.

The scale of modern energy systems is such that a relay failure in Oregon can cause a blackout in Arizona (and did so last year). Their concentration is such that the loss of three major domestic oil pipelines would interdict nearly 5 million barrels per day—substantially more than all the imported oil now used in the U.S.

One can hardly imagine a target more ideal than the domestic energy system for easy disruption, widespread catastrophic failure, and slow, difficult recovery. Major failures could produce abrupt backward lurches, of decades

if not centuries, in this country's economic progress and in its standard of living. Suddenly, the United States might find itself grappling with problems of daily survival that for years have been confined chiefly to the poorest countries.



WHEN THE PENTAGON'S DEFENSE CIVIL PREPAREDNESS Agency (now incorporated into the Federal Emergency Management Agency) commissioned us in 1979 to analyze the vulnerability of American energy systems and seek remedies, we were unprepared for what we found. Practically no one in government, we discovered, knew or cared about any form of energy insecurity other than interruptions of oil imports. And that problem had been "handled" with the establishment of the Strategic Petroleum Reserve (a huge repository of oil stored by the government in Gulf Coast salt formations), which one person in three nights could render useless. Three pipelines ship the reserve's oil to refineries. Each would have to be cut in only one place for the oil to stop flowing. It could take six months or more to mend a break in pipe running through a swamp or across a river; damage to important pumps or controls could shut off the oil for an even longer period. Pipelines carry three quarters of the crude oil that U.S. refineries use, and about a third of the refined products they produce. A single pipeline system, the Colonial, whose 4,600 miles of main pipe cover 1,600 miles of territory stretching from Texas to New Jersey, handles half of the shipping of these refined products.

Our research revealed a comprehensive denial of reality: policy-makers tend to be so preoccupied with Persian Gulf oil that they fail to consider the frailty of their favorite alternatives. The Trans-Alaska Pipeline, for example, carries a seventh of all the crude oil fed to American refineries. Its failure would cost more than \$700 per second, and in three winter weeks could turn the line into "the world's biggest Chapstick," as 9 million barrels of hot oil congealed inside. (The pipeline's proprietors believe that the pumps are powerful enough to get the oil moving again, but no one knows for sure.) It would take as long as seven months to replace a large section of the labyrinth of forty-eight-inch pipe at the system's north end. The line has already been bombed twice, incompetently and with only light damage. The most accessible and dispensable of its pumping stations was blown up accidentally, in 1977.

Although the Army has declared the Trans-Alaska Pipeline indefensible, the system's owners seem to perceive no security problem. The Reagan Administration wants to augment the oil pipeline with a still more vulnerable arctic gas pipeline, which would carry half as much fuel at three and a half times the cost. In fact, the new line's estimated cost is so high that even though Congress has waived all legal impediments, it probably will not be built. If it ever is built, however, it will hardly enhance energy security.

Other federal proposals invite similar concern. Consider, for example, the government's hope that by the year 2000, mining in Wyoming's Powder River Basin will yield 500 million tons of coal a year—three-fifths as much as is now mined each year in the U.S. as a whole. The coal would be carried out of the basin along the Burlington Northern rail lines; its concentration would make it as easy a target as the oil shipped through the Strait of Hormuz, in the Persian Gulf. What if the U.S. did come to depend on all this coal? Coal trains and bridges have been bombed frequently in Appalachia during labor disputes; why not in Wyoming, and by attackers with larger motives?

Consider, too, the Department of Energy's encouragement of the electric utilities to build more than 400 giant coal and nuclear plants. The DOE forecasts that otherwise the current overcapacity of electric power plants will turn to shortage. The electricity generated by the new plants would have to be distributed by longer, higher-voltage lines than are now typical, requiring more-specialized and more-vulnerable switchgear and controls. Investors do not seem to share the DOE's enthusiasm for another trillion dollars' worth of power plants: no nuclear plant has been ordered in the U.S. since 1978, and more than a hundred have been canceled since 1972; no large power plant of any kind has been ordered since 1981. For the DOE's projections to be fulfilled, the plants would have to be ordered at an average rate of one a week, starting now. If built, the plants will make blackouts more likely and bigger than they have been thus far.

Offshore oil is favored by the secretary of the interior, James Watt, as a secure substitute for Persian Gulf oil. The Coast Guard says that in good weather it could put a vessel alongside a threatened platform in the main Gulf of Mexico fields in eight hours. Only an incompetent saboteur could fail to destroy the platform in eight minutes.

Twenty billion dollars in federal subsidies are being offered to yet another component of energy security—giant synthetic-fuel plants. Only two countries have ever substantially relied on such plants: Germany, during World War II, and, more recently, South Africa. The German plants were bombed by Allied aircraft; the South African plants by African National Congress saboteurs. Synthetic-fuel plants, like refineries, are dense clusters of high-pressure tanks and pipes carrying flammable liquids and explosive gases, such as hydrogen, interlaced with sources of heat to ignite any fuels that escape. Their configuration

makes the saboteur's task easy. Such plants also require prodigious amounts of water and power—supplies that are not hard to interdict.

In sum, *all* of the energy sources currently being promoted as the backbone of American energy supplies into the twenty-first century are precisely those least suited to surviving the uncertainty and violence that seem likely to characterize the future.

These risks are frighteningly real: so real as to make us ask whether they should be studied at all. Might it not be better to hope that they will simply pass unnoticed? Unfortunately, it is already far too late for that, as a glance at the newspapers reveals. Worldwide, significant attacks on energy systems are now occurring about once a week (not counting the ones in El Salvador, which occur more or less daily). In the past decade or so, they have occurred in twenty-six states in the U.S. and in more than forty other countries. Such attacks are becoming more frequent, more intense, and more sophisticated.

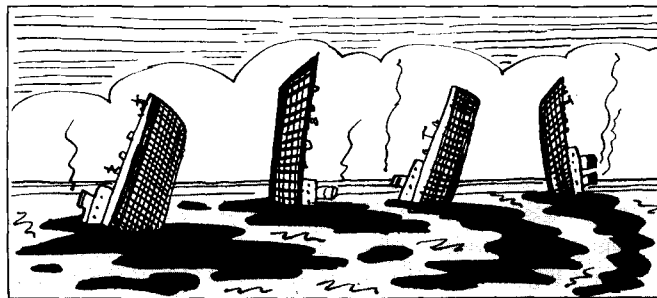
Since 1972, 117 countries have suffered terrorist attacks of some kind, and ten of these—all advanced countries—account for more than half of the incidents. So far, the U.S. has been very lucky, but few experts on terrorism expect our luck to hold for long. According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, from 1972 until 1978, minor facilities of American electric utilities were bombed, on average, every two weeks, mainly by political-protest groups. Someday, however, attacks on the country's utilities may become more common, and they may have consequences more severe than the local and symbolic effects that have so far been typical.

Because the risks are real, we have taken great care that our analysis not provide a cookbook. Formal government classification review and extensive peer review have reinforced our own sense of discretion. Yet we feel that the only thing more dangerous than publicly discussing these previously unrecognized forms of energy vulnerability is *not* discussing them, for if the vulnerability increases, while remedies languish unused, everyone's security will suffer. Since the record of attacks shows that terrorists already know that energy systems are a soft target, it seems time that political leaders and the public be informed of the hazard, and of what they can do about it.

Our work for the Defense Department led the General Accounting Office last year to reiterate its warnings that the U.S. is poorly prepared to deal with assaults on its electrical-power system. Three congressional hearings have been held, a committee on energy vulnerability has been established at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, and further analyses have been undertaken at Los Alamos National Laboratory and by some energy companies. Our work seemed to be welcomed by the military and security communities, but not by the Department of Energy. And our final report to the Federal Emergency Management Agency, delivered in November of 1981, seems to have sunk without trace.

The government's limited interest may be owing, at least in part, to the natural assumption that experts have everything under control. After all, the energy supplies of advanced industrial countries are ordinarily quite reliable. Unfortunately, modern energy systems are so complex that nobody can foresee all the ways in which they might fail, even accidentally. Each major failure has been a surprise to the designers. Further, designing energy systems to be reliable in the face of predictable kinds of technical failures—as the engineers have done with commendable thoroughness—does not provide, and may even discourage, a more vital characteristic: resilience in the face of unpredictable kinds of failures (especially from sabotage). Energy engineers tend to design highly centralized, monolithic systems. On their own, they do not fail often, but when they do fail, they fail big. Thus, if a relay failure blacks out New York, the normal response is to improve the relay—but at the same time, the centralized architecture that caused the cascading grid failure in the first place is not only preserved but expanded. Thus the next crash is not prevented, it is enlarged.

Someone unacquainted with the hundreds of actual incidents that we have compiled might reasonably suppose that the country's energy supply could never be seriously jeopardized—just as a regional blackout was considered implausible until 1965; as the hijacking of three jumbo jets in a day was until 1970; as the seizure of more than fifty embassies was until the 1970s; and as an air raid on a nuclear reactor was until 1981 (when Israel destroyed one in Iraq). But, given the stakes, nobody would wish to be in the position of the British intelligence officer who, on retiring in 1950, after forty-seven years of service, reminisced: "Year after year the worriers and fretters would come to me with awful predictions of the outbreak of war. I denied it each time. I was only wrong twice."



ENERGY VULNERABILITY IN ITS WIDEST SENSE—the potential for interruptions of any form of energy supply, by any means, on any scale, at any time and place—has serious political implications. The threat of terrorism can fundamentally alter the political balance between large and small groups in society. This may in turn erode the trust and the civil liberties that underpin democratic government.

Modern energy supplies depend on technicians with specialized skills. Strikes that disrupted electric power helped

to unseat the ruling party of Britain in 1974 and (with the aid of oil and gas workers) deposed the Shah of Iran in 1978. Similarly, power strikes, or threats of them, have been used as political instruments in Argentina, Australia, Israel, Puerto Rico, and elsewhere. Coordinated attacks on electric-power systems hastened the fall of President Salvador Allende, in Chile; in 1972, they disrupted a presidential inauguration in Portugal and frustrated a coup they were meant to precipitate in El Salvador (where the blackout prevented the plotters from communicating with one another or with the public).

The vulnerability of cities and factories to even simple kinds of energy sabotage invites a particularly debilitating kind of economic warfare, such as is now being waged in El Salvador, Peru, Afghanistan, and South Africa. Key power lines and plants are periodically destroyed in all four countries. (In South Africa, the attacks provoke what appear to be retaliatory raids on oil facilities in Angola and elsewhere.) All over the world, valuable energy targets are typically clustered in exposed positions. The burning of the main oil depot in Salisbury, Rhodesia, in 1978 destroyed nearly half a million barrels of oil, which the embargoed regime had painstakingly accumulated from Iran and from South Africa's synthetic-fuel plants. Thus a raid with simple munitions increased Rhodesia's budget deficit by 18 percent within a few minutes. The value destroyed was at least a million times that expended in rockets and tracer bullets. Attacks on oil depots have succeeded in Italy, have partly succeeded in the Netherlands, West Germany, and the U.S., and have been narrowly foiled in Chile and Israel.

The expense can entail lives as well as money. Modern liquefied-natural-gas (LNG) facilities often store flammable inventories equivalent in energy to megaton-range strategic warheads. Some such facilities are sited near cities—Boston, London, and Tokyo, among others—even though a major leak could cause a firestorm. Just the radiant heat from a large LNG fire can cause third-degree burns a mile or two away. There have already been near-misses: for example, an LNG terminal on the River Thames near London has almost been ignited three times by oil spills and fires. An audit done by the GAO in 1978 found that LNG trucks—each potentially a portable, quarter-kiloton firestorm—had only slightly better security than potato trucks; unauthorized people could readily enter the terminals where the trucks are filled and drive them away. Finally, if a saboteur cut off a city's piped natural-gas supply long enough to extinguish the pilot lights, and then turned the gas on again, any errant spark would ignite a conflagration.

The huge radioactive inventories in nuclear reactors and spent-fuel facilities place the fallout potential of a sizable nuclear arsenal in the hands of anyone with the simple means required to cause a major release. Various attempts at sabotage of nuclear facilities—bombings, arson, and destruction of equipment, rather than the more minor inci-

dents that can take place during anti-nuclear demonstrations—have already occurred in Spain and France, and less frequently in other European countries, the U.S., Argentina, and Brazil. By 1980, more than 400 acts or warnings of violence (mostly telephoned bomb threats) had occurred at U.S. nuclear facilities; each year, several more actual incidents and dozens of new threats are reported. Worldwide, more than a hundred attacks or significant breaches of security have occurred at nuclear facilities. Fissionable materials stolen from a nuclear plant can be made, directly or indirectly, into crude nuclear bombs, which might, in turn, be aimed at a nuclear facility. The long-term, long-range radiological consequences of exploding such a sub-kiloton bomb in a public area near a large reactor would probably be similar to those of a one-megaton groundburst.

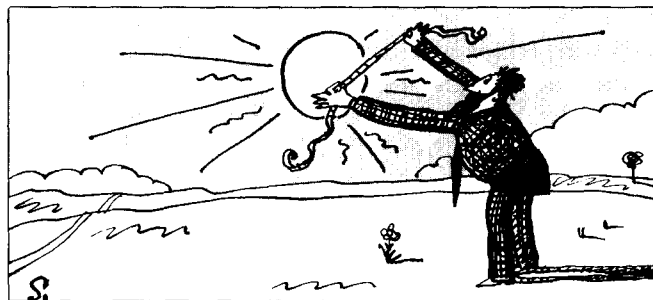
Because attacks on the energy system can be devastating, yet cheap, pointed, and deniable, they offer an attractive means of clandestine or surrogate warfare, against which a free society has no effective means of defense. It is hard to see why any of the conventional means of overt warfare—costly, indiscriminate, and inviting retaliation—should be preferred to clandestine attacks on a country's energy infrastructure (or, for that matter, on equally vulnerable targets in telecommunications, data processing, food, water, and so forth). From this point of view, the U.S. is spending about \$10,000 per second on military defenses for the front door while the back door stands ajar unnoticed.

Deterring attacks by thousands of nuclear missiles does not provide security if a few satchels of high explosives have, in the meantime, upset the national economy by blacking out New York City for upwards of a year. Just as the delivery vehicle of choice for a nuclear warhead may now be a tramp freighter, rental van, or parcel-service truck—modes that can be anonymous and therefore undeterrable—so future strategic attacks may occur in the form of abrupt, complete, but seemingly accidental breakdowns of infrastructure vital to national life. Energy vulnerabilities have broad implications for NATO, too. For example, even if no nuclear bombs were used to counter a Warsaw Pact thrust across the north German plain, collateral damage to the four large reactors now sited there could readily release about as much radioactivity as would issue from the groundburst of many thousands of tactical nuclear warheads.

Military history teaches important lessons about energy vulnerability. Hermann Goering and Albert Speer stated after World War II that the Allied Forces could have saved two years by bombing the Nazis' central power plants early. (The Allies had mistakenly believed that the German electric grid could reroute power flexibly enough that a few plants or switching centers would not be missed.) Japan's power system, however, did successfully withstand heavy assault during the war, because it was decentralized. Its thousands of small and dispersed hydroelectric

plants, which were thus all but impregnable militarily, generated 78 percent of Japan's electricity. Those plants sustained 0.3 percent of the bombing damage. Japan's large power stations, which supplied only 22 percent of the country's power, sustained 99.7 percent of the damage.

The accidental blackout of virtually all of France in 1978 showed that substituting domestic energy (nuclear power, actually based on imported uranium) for foreign oil does not necessarily protect people from freezing in the dark, and may even cause large numbers to do so at one stroke. This lesson was repeated with the accidental blackout of Israel in 1979, of most of southern Britain in 1981, and of Quebec in 1982 (the most recent of many there). Several countries—notably Sweden, the People's Republic of China, and Israel—are already pursuing energy decentralization as a national-security measure. The Red Army is reportedly anxious to follow suit, but the Politburo forbids this on the grounds that any sort of decentralization would threaten its own authority.



ENERGY INSECURITY IS NOT NECESSARY; IT IS NOT even economic. Cheaper alternatives exist. Design lessons from biology and from many engineering disciplines—computer theory, aeronautics, naval architecture, nuclear science—can be embodied in practical, available, and cost-effective energy technologies. Systematic use of these principles can make the energy system so resilient that major failures, from any cause, become impossible. Investing in a resilient energy supply would enhance American military preparedness, minimize the threats to be prepared against, and make defense costs less onerous. Best of all, such an investment would be paid back. According to a study released by the Solar Energy Research Institute in 1981, the U.S. could double its energy efficiency and convert at least a third of its energy supply to renewable sources within the next two decades. The institute's data suggest that such a shift could save several *trillion* dollars, make the energy sector deflationary, and provide as many as a million jobs.

A resilient system is one that has many relatively small, dispersed elements, each having a low cost of failure. These substitutable components are interconnected not at a central hub but by many short, robust links. This configuration is analogous to a tree's many leaves, and each leaf's many veins, which prevent the random nibblings of insects from disrupting the flow of vital nutrients.

Such dispersed, diverse, and redundant systems can yield striking economic savings. For example, when a power engineer in Holyoke, Massachusetts, saw the blackout that struck most of the Northeast in 1965 rolling toward him, he was able to separate the city from the collapsing grid and power it instead with a local gas turbine. Within four hours, the money saved by not having to shut off electricity to the city repaid the cost of building the turbine. In 1978, the residents of Coronado, California, were not aware that the surrounding San Diego grid had been blacked out, because their power was supplied by an independent cogeneration plant. In the bitter winter of early 1977, when midwestern factories and schools were closed by natural-gas shortages, rural New England was unaffected, because its supply was bottled, rather than delivered through the nexus of pipelines; as a result, system-wide collapses could not occur. In 1980, officials from the Department of Energy were cutting the ribbon on a West Chicago gas station powered by solar cells when a violent thunderstorm blacked out the city. The station's power was not interrupted. Likewise, a Great Plains farmer who uses wind power was once watching the television news and saw a report that his whole area was blacked out. He went outside and, sure enough, all his neighbors' lights were off.

All of these examples illustrate the architectural principle of resilient energy supply. But the last two also show the security advantage of harnessing natural energy, which cannot be depleted or disrupted by wars, strikes, embargoes, sabotage, and the like.

Renewable energy sources are often dismissed as unreliable. Yet several analysts have shown that a variety of renewable sources in combination can be more reliable than nonrenewable sources. Stormy weather, bad for direct solar collection, is generally good for windmills and small hydropower plants; dry, sunny weather, bad for hydropower, is ideal for photovoltaics. A diversity of sources, each serving fewer and nearer users, would also greatly restrict the area blacked out if a grid connecting them failed. And when renewable energy sources do fail, they fail for shorter periods than do large power plants. Windmills in appropriate sites might stand becalmed, at reduced output, for tens of hours; but reactors typically fail for 300 hours, at zero output. It can be cloudy (not a serious impediment to properly designed solar systems) for days or weeks; but a total eclipse lasting several months—the natural analogy to an oil embargo—is most unlikely.

Finally, while the intermittence of renewable supplies is caused by well-understood effects that are fairly predictable (rotation of the earth, calm, cloudiness, drought), the nonrenewable supplies are intermittent for reasons that are much harder to predict (terrorism, reactor accidents, strikes, and international politics). One can have greater confidence that the sun will rise tomorrow than that no one will blow up Ras Tanura today.

The most resilience per dollar is achieved by the most productive use of energy, whatever the source. For example, if America's car fleet averaged 65 miles per gallon (fifteen fewer than an advanced diesel Rabbit tested two years ago), the cars could run for hundreds of miles on half-filled tanks. The stocks of oil extracted from the ground but not yet sold would run the fleet for about a year—whereas now, if the pipeline feeding a refinery is cut, the refinery must shut down in a few days, and its customers would run out of products in about a week. Thus, using energy more efficiently diminishes fuel stocks more slowly, buying precious time to mend what is broken or to improvise new supplies.

Fuel-efficient cars are only one of many ways to make the failure of an energy supply less critical. If, for example, the heating system of a superinsulated house in Montana were to fail in midwinter, it would probably take days or weeks—not hours—for the indoor temperature to drift down into the mid-fifties. The warmth from people and from sun shining through windows (and, if the electricity were on, from lights and appliances) would make lower temperatures physically impossible. The body heat from a few neighbors, coming in to take refuge from their sieve-like houses, would restore the superinsulated house to a comfortable temperature. If they brought along a large dog, the house would overheat unless the windows were opened. Alternatively, the house could be evenly heated by any small, improvised source of heat, such as burning junk mail in a large tin can. If well-designed, the house need not have been equipped with a heating system at all.

If electricity were consumed more efficiently, the country's large hydropower plants could team up with smaller units of supply—micro-hydropower plants, industrial cogeneration equipment, windmills—to meet the demand. New technologies for saving electricity can perform the tasks of existing technologies more cheaply. Heat-saving renovations of buildings and passive solar systems can reduce or even eliminate the demand for electric heating and air-conditioning; changes in the configuration of motors can drive industrial machinery twice as efficiently; household appliances can be designed in ways that cut their demand for electricity by at least 75 percent; improved bulbs, fixtures, and electronic controls and the creative use of daylight can reduce light bills by between 60 and 90 percent.

Analyses by an energy study group at the Harvard Business School and by the Solar Energy Research Institute have shown, and market experience is confirming, that renewable sources, chosen carefully and acquired sensibly, are generally cheaper—many by several times—than the centralized, nonrenewable sources that they stand ready to replace. Within decades, resilient energy sources could wholly supplant the vulnerable supplies, both domestic and foreign, on which the U.S. now depends. Using energy in an economically efficient way can buy the country enough time to complete the transition comfortably.

de Mendez-Zunz



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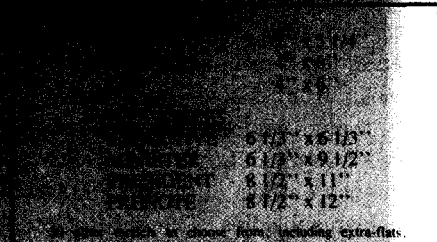
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THE TRANSITION IS ALREADY WELL UNDER WAY. Since 1979, the United States has gotten more than a hundred times as much new energy from savings as from all the expansions of the energy supply combined. Of those expansions, more new energy has come from renewable sources, which account for about 8 percent of the total U.S. supply, than from any or all of the nonrenewables. That is, sun, wind, water, and wood have been adding to the American energy supply at a faster rate than oil, gas, coal, and uranium, singly or combined. Higher energy efficiency is far outpacing them all. The amount of energy needed to make a dollar of GNP has fallen by a fifth in nine years, and is still falling by several percent per year.

These savings reflect only a tiny fraction of those that are technically possible and economically attractive. Energy technology is advancing with extraordinary speed. Many of the most important innovations have been developed within the past two years: windows so heat-conserving that they can capture more solar heat than they lose, even facing north; refrigerators using an eighth as much electricity as a standard model; ships and jetliners twice as fuel-efficient as today's fleet; light bulbs that cost \$25 but that yield better light than standard bulbs, use a quarter as much electricity, last ten times as long, and return their cost within a year or two; moderately priced heat exchangers that bring copious amounts of fresh air into tightly built houses, yet capture four fifths of the heat or coolness from the air they withdraw; ice ponds that cool buildings using a tenth of the energy that air conditioners require; ways to make existing buildings so heat-tight that they don't need heating—the list goes on.

Renewable sources of energy, too, are penetrating the market. Since 1979, more new electric generating capacity has been ordered from small hydropower and wind-power plants than from coal or nuclear plants or both. Wood-burning, though seldom done in the best way, now delivers about twice as much energy as nuclear power, despite the government's outlays of more than \$40 billion in nonmilitary nuclear subsidies. The rate of practical progress is similarly impressive in Europe, Japan, and a few developing nations.

In 1980, Americans spent some \$15 billion on energy-saving devices and renewable sources (not including purchases of fuel-efficient cars)—about a fifth of the total U.S. investment in energy equipment. A manifestly imperfect market is working remarkably well, proving that in a large and diverse society, energy security does not require, and may not even be able to tolerate, central management. The problem of secure and affordable energy supplies is starting to be solved, by individual and community action—from the bottom up, not from the top down. Washington will be the last to know.

More than \$400 billion a year is spent nationwide for conventional fuels and power, and this huge sum is a keen spur to local initiative. Typically, between 80 and 90 percent of the dollars spent on energy leave a community, nev-

er to return. This drain can be equivalent, in a town of 100,000 people, to the loss of about 10,000 jobs. In contrast, higher energy productivity and the harnessing of renewable energy, using local skills and manufacturing capacity, can keep the money, the jobs, and the economic multipliers at home. Thousands of communities are already moving with remarkable speed to capture these opportunities. They would not act so quickly if resilience cost more than vulnerability. Energy security and price are *inversely* related. The resilient technologies are what a truly free market in energy services would reward, if one existed.

These technologies would enter the market even faster if the severe price distortions created by federal subsidies were removed, and if people were not prevented from responding to price signals by many silly rules and customs left over from the cheap-oil era (3,000 obsolete building codes, conflicting incentives for landlords and tenants, restrictive lending and zoning regulations, inequitable access to capital and information, and so forth). But this will require greater willingness than the Reagan Administration has shown to expose *all* technologies—even synthetic fuels and nuclear power—to free competition.

Since we cannot afford (and do not need) to do everything, we must compare investment alternatives. Consider, for example, five ways to spend \$100,000 to save oil:

- Catalyze a program of door-to-door citizen action to weatherize the worst buildings, as Fitchburg, Massachusetts, did in 1979, and as dozens of towns have done since. Experience shows that over the first ten years, the investment of \$100,000 in such a program can save 170,000 barrels of crude oil, at about \$.60 a barrel.

- Pay the extra cost (at the highest published estimate) of making forty-four cars achieve 60 mpg. The first decade's savings: 5,800 barrels at about \$17 a barrel.

- Buy about 3,000 barrels of foreign oil, put it in a hole in the ground, and call it a "strategic petroleum reserve." After ten years, the oil may be available, but the storage and carrying charges—probably between \$50 and \$70 a barrel—will be unrecoverable.

- Buy a small piece of an oil-shale plant. After ten years, it will have produced nothing. After that, if it works, it will produce up to 9,000 barrels of synthetic oil per decade, probably retailing at between \$70 and \$120 a barrel, in 1982 dollars.

- Buy a tiny piece of the Clinch River breeder reactor. After ten years, it will still be under construction. After that, if it works, the \$100,000 investment will yield up to 500 "barrels" of energy (as electricity) per decade, retailing at over \$370 per barrel, in 1982 dollars, and probably uncompetitive even with roof-mounted photovoltaic cells.

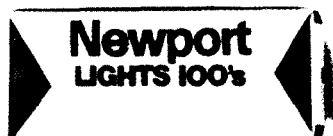
By having failed to allow a truly competitive marketplace to operate and make the alternatives clear, the U.S. has pursued these options in reverse order, choosing the worst buys first. Energy security will come slowly until we take economics seriously. □

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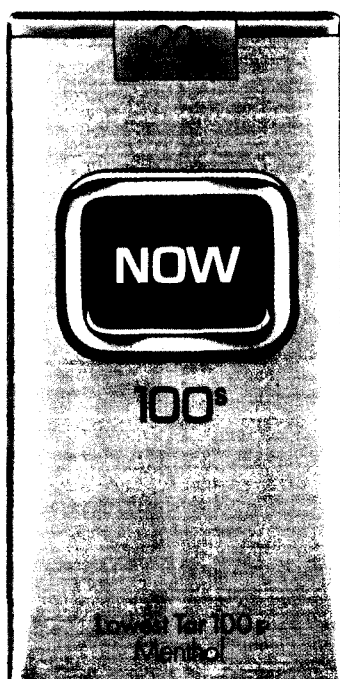
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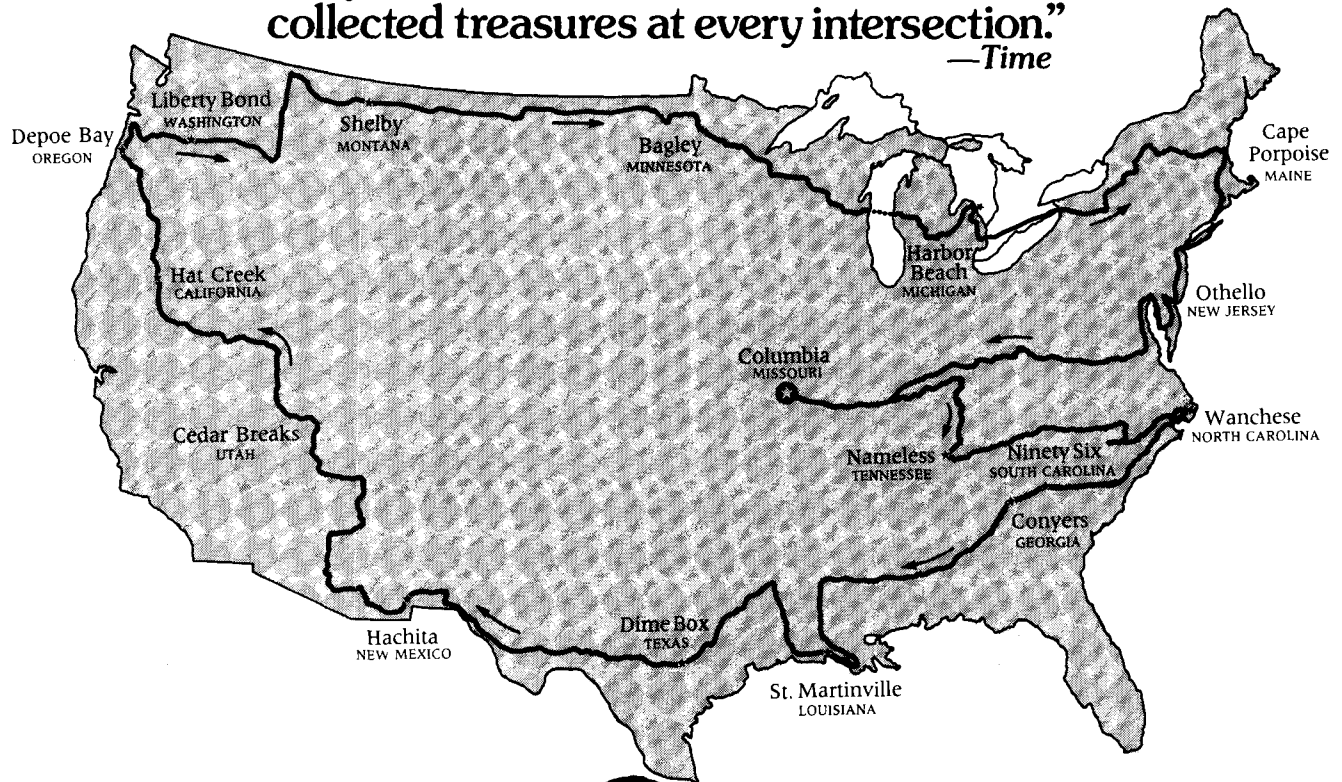
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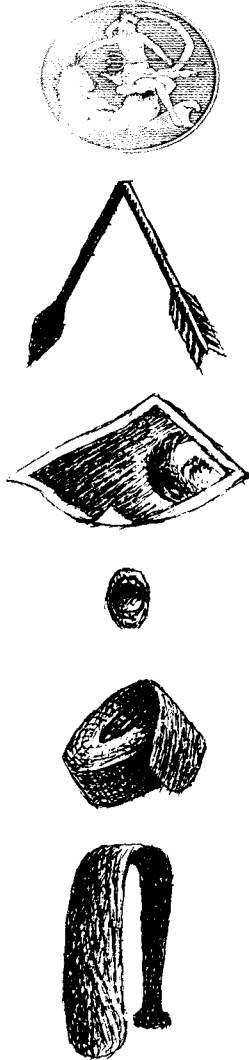
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Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 149

THE ATTLA TAPES

BY BRUCE MCCALL



Great Hall, Wooden Palace, Pan-
nonia, 5 A.M., October 11, 453. At-
tending: Attila the Hun, Thurgobald,
Golk.

A. the H.: Well, Valentian we can write
off, then.

T.: He says no tribute. Not what you
asked, and uh . . . not, not even in the
general area.

G.: Not in a giving mood.

A. the H.: So write him off.

G.: So write him off and the Western Ro-
man Empire off.

T.: Yes, but . . . uh . . . but deal with
him. Write him off in one sense, but . . .
on the other hand, don't, uh . . . don't
just let him off. Or them off, uh . . .

A. the H.: But we deal with him in the
follow-up. As the follow-up.

G.: In the follow-up, and personally, I'd
frankly deal with the guy harshly. Em-
peror or not.

T.: Oh, harsh as hell.

A. the H.: The danger of the Romans
thinking the Hun just likes to bluff.

G.: Likes to just bluff, yes . . . but,
ah . . . um . . . but . . . what else be-
sides the bluffing is what gets . . . what
worries . . . maybe, because maybe At-
tila has quit, uh . . . maybe Attila got
the ague, pox, whatever . . . maybe, uh
. . . one too many bumps on the . . .
maybe he doesn't . . . this is a hypoth-
esis from their side I'm constructing
here, maybe Attila doesn't have . . . uh
. . . ah, not a full set of arrows in his
quiver anymore . . . so . . . ah, go ahead
and, uh . . . forget our demands, you can
if you're a Roman just toss those Hun
tribute demands over there in that pile.
This is frankly my . . . what worries me
sick.

T.: If that's what they think . . .

G.: Not saying I know that's what they
. . . but we ought to . . .

A. the H.: We have just got to, Golk . . .
just got to get those people saying At-
tila, brrrrr . . . you better duck down be-
cause it's the Scourge of bla-bla-bla and
so forth, loud and clear.

G.: Loud and clear.

A. the H.: Did you say the Saxons are
coming in next?

G.: I said the Ostrogoths were coming in
next.

T.: One look at Attila and you're history,
is the tone I'd take.

A. the H.: Waldo, or Waldorf, is it?

G.: He couldn't make it. Walamer is the
King, Widumer and . . . I have it here,
Theudemer. They'll be here in . . . uh
. . . any moment now.

A. the H.: I'll do the . . . I'll handle them
alone. But that's Valentian, now . . . the
next . . . I have to talk about that letter.

G.: You wanted to talk about this . . .
about this Honoria's letter.

A. the H.: Before the what's-their-names
are here.

T.: Ostrogoths.

A. the H.: Not Saxons? Where did I get
the idea they wanted me to see the Sax-
ons?

T.: When the ram's horn blows twice, the
two people from King Walamer, they'll
show them in here.

G.: This Honoria is, believe it or not, Val-
entian's actual sister . . .

A. the H.: It was in Latin, the whole
damn thing. It took my people two days
to read it. To go through it.

T.: They should just stick to the illumi-
nated parts. Everything else . . . uh . . .
is just, ah . . . protocol. Protocol. Every-
thing is . . . forget the protocol . . . you
just go right to the illuminated parts.

G.: The lady proposes a marriage, is
what it comes off as to us. To you person-
ally.

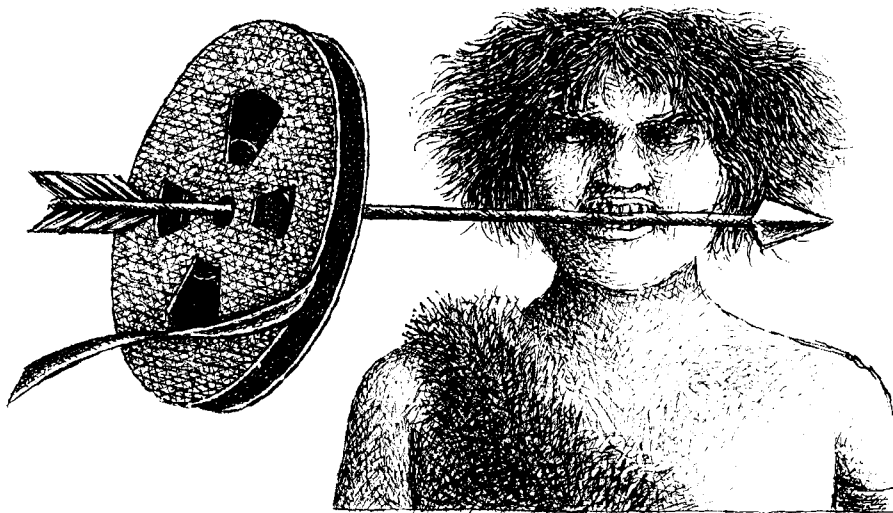
A. the H.: Yeah . . . I was told the . . .
that was our impression when they gave
me the contents.

T.: This is not . . . this is definitely not a
personal love kind of a thing, an offer
here, uh . . . that we have here with
Honoria. It's political to the core. That
is, uh . . . that judgment is what we
judge it to be, how it comes off.

G.: There goes the horn, so . . . they're
here, so. . . shall we?

A. the H.: I heard. Was there a picture in
with it?

T.: Picture, no.



A. the H.: This is . . . a bad sign . . . no picture is a sign of no confidence.

G.: So we either ignore the whole thing, or . . .

A. the H.: I didn't say ignore it . . .

T.: Or a thanking-you-for-your-interest sort of a way, a reply, uh . . . I could have that drafted . . .

A. the H.: I ask Honoria for let's say half the Western Roman Empire as her dowry. That ought to make her think twice. *(Inaudible)* So good . . . coming here to *(inaudible)* . . . welcome to Pannonia, both of you. Welcome. Come in. Let's bring on some mead here. This calls for some mead. I wouldn't . . . not, don't kneel there if I were . . . nobody ever called me Attila the Housekeeper. Have some of this?

W.: Well, thank you so much, Scourge of God. Uh . . . King Walamer of course says to say hail and so on and so forth.

THEUD.: I'd heard about this place. This is quite the place.

W.: Walamer would very much like you to know, Scourge, just how much he wants to join our forces and how much he hopes we can hammer out something here, because we feel it just frankly could not miss.

A. the H.: That the idea of looting and pillaging is . . .

W.: Exactly. That the future for you and us both is in sacking.

A. the H.: That message is absolutely clear to us from what your King Waldo has said to some of my people . . .

W.: Uh, the King here is Walamer, King Walamer.

A. the H.: Of course, of course. Well, let's toast King Walamer, and let's toast sacking, and you two people, incidentally, for coming all the way out here, and . . . Now, you want to talk sacking, well this

Gaiseric character, down there in . . . is it Carthage?

W.: It is Carthage.

A. the H.: Carthage. Who lives there? Mongols? Gauls? Who lives there?

THEUD.: The . . . uh . . . the Carthaginians, as far as I can tell.

A. the H.: Well, the man is there.

THEUD.: You have to hand it to the Vandals.

W.: Or they'll just grab it off you. *(Laughter)*

A. the H.: The man is there. Because . . . he's a Vandal, right? Because your Vandal means business, that's all. He is all business.

W.: I have just got to have some more of this mead.

THEUD.: Oh, nothing but. All business. Strictly business. You talk sacking and you're talking us, you're talking the Huns, and you're talking the Vandals.

W.: But not necessarily in . . .

THEUD.: Did I give an order? It was a for instance, I wasn't giving an order. The big three.

A. the H.: And nobody else.

W.: And nobody else.

W.: Theudemmer, sip this. Delicious. This mead is delicious.

THEUD.: I've never tasted a better mead and you can quote me.

A. the H.: But now, uh . . . you fellows, that is one great tribe you have. I say tribe as over and against just the people sort of a thing.

W.: Well, that's . . . Walamer has really worked very hard at this, and when it comes . . . comes down to sacking anything, if you took two outfits like ours . . . yours, I mean, and ours . . . the Scourge of God, one, and us, two, together, well, Gaiseric or not, that's just one hell of a winning combination.

A. the H.: Double trouble.

THEUD.: Not to take anything away from Gaiseric, but . . . yes, the winning combination that spells double trouble sort of an idea.

A. the H.: So that until the Huns and you people joined up, nobody . . . people didn't . . . but now they have to just re-define the word "trouble."

W.: Stay indoors, because here both of them come.

THEUD.: Here's a winning combination not used to losing.

W.: Because here's a winning combination that cannot possibly lose.

A. the H.: Not possible. Impossible. But here's the . . .

THEUD.: Now, this is what I would call mead.

A. the H.: Is it Mongols that you people are?

THEUD.: The correct name is Ostrogoths.

W.: Ostrogoths.

THEUD.: We represent the Ostrogoths and only the Ostrogoths. The Mongols . . .

W.: Ostrogoths is correct.

A. the H.: Ah . . . this . . . I of course meant that, because, uh . . . and we just put Mongols, the Mongols aside.

W.: Correct.

A. the H.: Correct. That's a relief, frankly. But this still leaves . . . then because, who are the Visigoths? You're not them?

W.: A hell of a good question, actually.

THEUD.: A good . . . we can answer it that, one, there is no connection whatsoever that we know of, as far as Ostrogoths and Visigoths.

W.: Even though the names sound like there is.

A. the H.: And now the Jutes and the Picts.

W.: There we can't help you.

THEUD.: These would be raw materials of some kind.

A. the H.: Oh, no . . . see . . . oh, no. There you go. These would be tribes. But one from another . . . who knows? Can you see my . . . do you follow this . . .

W.: People who don't try this mead just don't know what they're missing.

THEUD.: It's fascinating. It's fascinating. But you know, if we did join up in sacking, it would be just us up here, way up here . . . and the Jutes and whatever, the whole mob of them, way down there someplace, who cares? I mean literally, who in hell cares, because they aren't

double trouble, they aren't the winning . . .

W.: Because it's double trouble, the principle of double trouble, and that you spell Huns and Ostrogoths.

A. the H.: But you're all Goths. Have some more mead. But you're . . . I'm at least correct in thinking you're all originally Goths, whatever that means.

W.: The . . . yes, all Goths. No more mead, thanks.

THEUD.: It goes . . . uh . . . this goes, ah . . . way, way back, way, way, way, way back in time. Crossing the Danube and . . . oh, no, no more, thank you, I'm . . . well, thank you, but I would theorize they split up, uh . . . Visis and Ostros or whatever they . . . frankly, we never bothered about it.

A. the H.: Finish that up, Widumer, because he has another flagon . . . well, this is why this has been most helpful to me personally, because they keep telling me, now, this is Goth country, and that is Visigoth territory, and the Angles are over there, and the Saxons up here, and . . . could you keep it straight?

W.: Probably couldn't, probably not. But the Visigoths, they're in northern Thrace, up there in the north of Thrace . . . and you, uh . . . I . . . you don't need, really, to go any further with that particular part of it, because frankly, it's mainly that the Visigoths are from there.

THEUD.: And we aren't.

A. the H.: So when I say I can't tell between, say, a Grepid and a Gherkin . . .

W.: You're only being frank.

A. the H.: The Franks. That's . . . there you go again.

THEUD.: Now, then, the Vandals.

W.: Great . . . terrific, as far as sacking. But just . . . just not a very attractive people.

A. the H.: Decidedly not.

THEUD.: Not attractive in the least. In any way.

A. the H.: For an instance. For . . . you know, they say the Romans eat with their fingers, and the Huns eat with our fists, but . . .

W.: Oh, this is so good, I know this one, because we say the same . . .

A. the H.: Oh . . . now, let me finish, now . . . but remember just what you were going to . . . but the Vandal eats, he eats with his . . .

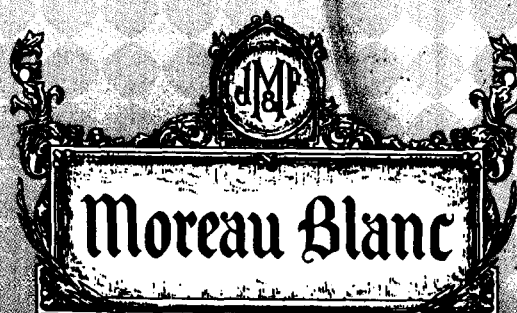
THEUD.: . . . with his elbows.

A. the H.: We heard it as arms. But yes, the same idea.

THEUD.: A good point. The point is, of

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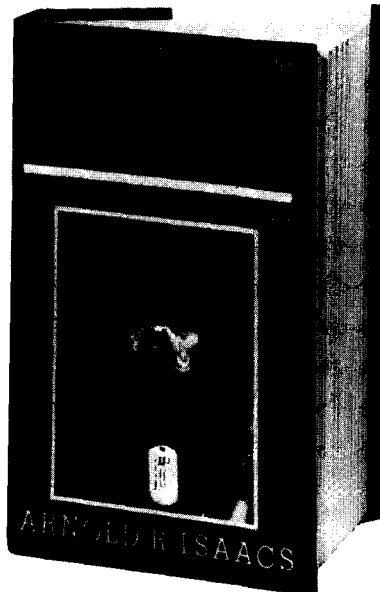
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course, those people are nothing more than just common barbarians, the Vandals, I mean.

W.: But strictly speaking, and this goes right back to Attila's point of a minute ago . . . the Barbarians are, strictly speaking, the uh . . .

A. the H.: The real Barbarians.

W.: Exactly.

A. the H.: But it doesn't pay to, you know . . . to under-rate you fellows.

W.: Fatal. But of course you didn't get to be . . . you aren't Attila the Hun for nothing, now. We (*inaudible*) today on the way over here . . . it was in fact Theudemir here, saying that, uh . . . when the Scourge of God is around, just be careful, that's all, because . . .

THEUD.: Stay indoors.

W.: Stay indoors, because here comes the Scourge of God.

A. the H.: And they know it.

W.: And they know it.

THEUD.: Because here comes the Scourge of God.

A. the H.: Well, you're very kind.

THEUD.: Well, damn it, I meant it.

W.: We meant it.

A. the H.: Well, that's very, very kind.

W.: We meant it. □

TOYS

EASY TO SNAP

BY ROBERT S. MCCORD



IF YOU HAVE always wanted to be able to take professional-looking color pictures but couldn't or wouldn't master the intricacies of 35-millimeter photography, it's time for you to visit your neighborhood camera store.

There you will find fifteen or twenty new cameras—compact, automatic 35s, called "point-and-shoot" models—that have eliminated the mystery and the bulkiness and the broken fingernails of 35-millimeter photography. These are not your drugstore Brownies, whose fixed-focus lenses made reasonably sharp pictures as long as they were used outdoors in good light. Mostly, the lenses have apertures (or f numbers) of f/2.8, which allow three times as much light as the apertures on inexpensive cameras

Robert S. McCord is an associate editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*.

like Brownies. Also, the pictures are much sharper. A fixed-focus camera is set to take its best pictures at an optimum of ten to twelve feet, so the degree of sharpness of a subject at a different distance (especially closer) is a compromise. These compact 35s, on the other hand, have six to ten variable focus settings, for from three feet to infinity.

And these cameras do much more than solve the focus problem. Using infrared beams and microchips and photo-electric cells, they perform all of the complex and routine chores, and you have only to set the camera for the speed of the film you are using, compose your picture in the bright viewfinder, and press the shutter release. (If you buy a Fujica camera and Fuji film, you can even eliminate the first step.)

There's no more squinting to focus or to center a waving needle in order to get the right f-stops, as there is with many of the popular single-lens reflex 35s. Distance and exposure are determined automatically. So is whether to use flash. Some of the cameras require you to flick on the flash after you get a warning, but on others the flash turns itself on and off. You have to put the 35-millimeter film cassette into the camera, of course, but there is no more threading—and no more winding. Simply insert the cassette and close the back. The film advances to frame no. 1, and thereafter advances each time the shutter is fired. When the last frame is exposed, the camera rewinds the film. All you have to do is remove the cassette and take it to the photofinisher.

These new cameras beep. They chime. They blink. Flashguns rise without command from the camera body, ready to fire. One of the cameras even talks to you.

"What we've done," says a technical rep, "is to try to put enough gongs and whistles on our cameras to get our share of the market. What else could we do? They all make good pictures."

Nearly everyone admires good photographs and would like to be able to make them, but not enough to master the technique or the equipment. The advanced amateur who has—the fellow with the gadget bags and the cameras draped around him who always causes delays and gets in everyone's way—is often the subject of ridicule. Most of us don't want to be that conspicuous or work so hard at anything that is supposed to be pleasure.

On impulse, a few snapshooters actu-

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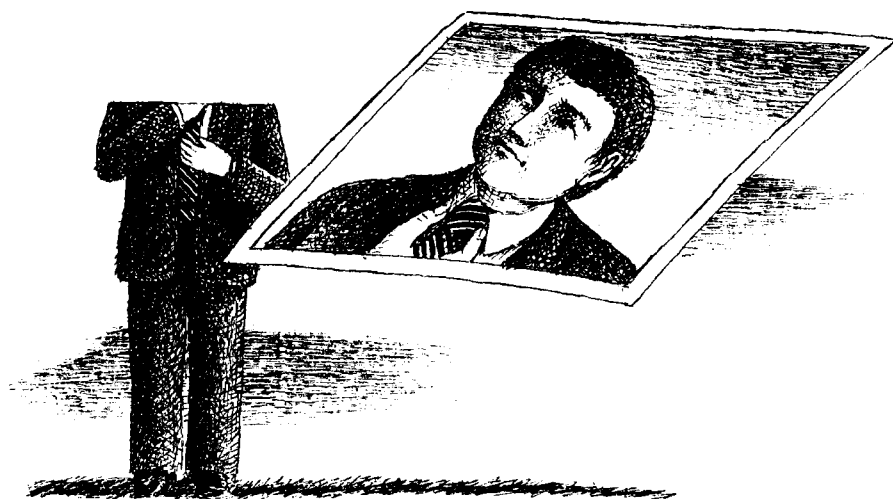
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ally bought fine 35-millimeter outfits, but with infrequent use it was hard to remember the instructions, and there was never enough time to reread all the manuals before the picture-taking was to start. So the 35-millimeter was often relegated to a closet shelf, and when a birthday or a trip came along that seemed to merit photography, the pictures were likely to be taken with one of Kodak's finest—a Brownie, an Instamatic, or, more recently, a Disc camera. The pictures, taken through fixed-focus lenses on tiny film (a 35-millimeter negative is ten times the size of a Disc negative), were usually less than satisfactory, but there was always *some* image on the film, and at least it hadn't been much trouble. Many snapshooters, of course, went to instant cameras, where to get an acceptable picture the only requirements are film and inexhaustible patience—after you've waited for the first picture to develop, the second and subsequent shots can hardly be called candid photography.

So the 35-millimeter market in this country has been limited until lately to professionals and advanced amateurs. The casual, or snapshot, market belonged to Kodak and Polaroid. What the deluge of automatic point-and-shoot cameras is all about is that the 35-millimeter manufacturers—almost all of them Japanese—are trying hard for more customers.

In 1976, Canon introduced an automated camera that sold for more than \$400, and promoted it heavily on television. Amazingly enough, it sold well; America had entered the computer age, and the automatic features of the camera appealed to young, well-heeled members of the high-tech society.

Last year, Canon brought out two models of the Snappy: the Snappy 20, a fixed-focus camera with an $f/4.5$ aperture, and the Snappy 50, which has automatic focusing in two zones and an $f/3.5$ lens. The Snappy was the 35-millimeter industry's first popular entry into the snapshot market—an idiot-proof camera under \$100 that comes in five colors. Canon won't reveal sales figures, but says it is confident of meeting projections, which in the beginning were sales of 35,000 a month by this year. Obviously, business has been good, or such well-known names as Vivitar, Nikon, and Pentax would not be appearing on the new models.

The Japanese think the real market is upstream from the Snappy—maybe \$100 higher but still well below the \$500 to \$800 prices for many of their conventional 35-millimeter cameras. Since spring, the new 35-millimeter point-and-shoots have been coming out so fast that the camera dealers can't keep up with them. Many dealers, in fact, are irritated because the competition has reduced prices to the point where no one stands to make much of a profit from the new photography boom. For example, Canon brought out its new upscale point-and-shoot, the Sure Shot, in April, with a suggested retail price of \$240. You can buy one almost anywhere now for \$140 and at some large discount operations for much less. Also keeping prices low is the so-called "gray market": big discounters go overseas and buy these cameras direct from the manufacturers, thereby cutting out the shipping costs and other add-ons of the American distribution network.

As a result, the consumer who really wants better pictures than he can take with fixed-focus equipment is getting a

break. This is quality equipment selling for a lot less than anyone would have expected. And since nearly all of these new cameras are battery-powered, they will introduce an entirely new photographic technique to most amateurs—sequence photography. Series of pictures of Johnny going off the diving board and Mary perfecting her *tour jeté* will provide a new look for albums and photo walls. It's not just the amateur who will appreciate these cameras. The compacts make ideal second cameras for advanced amateurs and professionals—they're small enough to keep on hand and so unobtrusive that they make it possible to shoot pictures in places where someone with professional-looking equipment would not be allowed.

I HAVE MADE PICTURES with nine of these new cameras. I have used them at birthday parties, Easter-egg hunts, a Rotary Club meeting, family dinners, and a Little League baseball game at night. I have taken them on a cruise of the Greek Islands and to the Stratford Festival in Canada. I can report that in many ways the pictures could not be distinguished from those I might have taken with my Leica or my Pentax. The subjects of the photographs would have looked better, however, if I had used my more flexible equipment. The white houses on the cliff at Santorini would have looked more like houses and less like dots, because I would have used not a 35-millimeter lens, which is standard on most of these cameras, but a 200-millimeter telephoto. The guests at a birthday party would not have had the stark look of a police lineup, because I would have used my flash from an angle or bounced the light off the ceiling rather than firing it straight ahead barely an inch away from the lens, which is where the flash is installed on these cameras.

But most people don't want the bother of carrying separate flashguns or changing lenses, so they will be content with fixed-flash equipment and relatively wide-angle lenses, which perform perfectly with objects or persons close to the camera.

But not too close. Three feet is the minimum distance from the subject at which you can still get a sharp picture, eliminating the possibility of interesting closeups. Another objection is the care that must be taken in holding these cameras: a finger placed carelessly over one of the autofocus windows would foil the

automatic operation. And, of course, though most cameras use batteries for some functions, the point-and-shoots are completely dependent on them and drain them rapidly, meaning you always have to have an extra pair around.

These are niggling complaints about equipment that goes to such extremes to keep you from fouling up a roll of film. Double exposures—once the most common blunder—are impossible with all of these cameras, but the number and types of other safeguards vary from camera to camera. Some will warn you if you are too close, and others will tell you if you get too far away to use flash. A few have windows to show you that there's film (and what kind) in the camera, and most have some sort of device to tell you whether the film is advancing properly. (Do you remember anxiously opening the photofinisher's envelope and finding nothing but clear plastic strips, the result of your film's never having left the cassette even though the counter showed that it had?)

As a matter of fact, since all the point-and-shoots are capable of producing excellent pictures, I think the decision of

which to buy should be made on the basis of these safeguards. All have the same system of determining exposure—it's called a "programmed shutter aperture." And they use nearly the same infrared system for focusing—a beam from one autofocus window strikes the subject of the photograph, and the distance is computed according to the speed with which the reflection of the beam returns to the second window.

A warning about taking sharp pictures: most of these cameras have outlined shapes in the center of the viewfinders, and whatever they cover is what the camera will be focused on. So if you compose your picture so that your main subject is off-center, it is likely to be fuzzy; something else—the building in the background, for example—will be sharp. To prevent this, most of the cameras have focus locks that let you frame your picture any way you want, and the subject will still be sharp. Some of these locks, like the ones on the Fujica, the Nikon, and the Vivitar, are easy to use, but others, like Canon's, are not.

The camera with the most safeguards is the Minolta AF-SV, or, as it's popular-

ly known, "The Talker." Three of the most common mistakes in photography are not loading the camera, not using a flash when it's needed, and trying to make flash pictures at too great a distance. Minolta has incorporated a voice warning that operates if you press the button and are about to commit any of these blunders. "Load film" is what you hear if you pick up an empty camera and try to start shooting. (Yes, the female voice does sound slightly Oriental.) "Too dark, use flash" is the warning when the light is so low that you need to activate your built-in flash. "Check distance" is what you are told if you try to make flash pictures of objects too far away. If you don't like the camera nagging you (or, as Minolta says, if you are "at a church ceremony or a recital"), you can switch off the voice.

The camera has other safeguards: you can't fire the flash until it's fully charged, and when the battery power is too low for the camera's systems to function properly, the camera locks so that you won't waste film.

A good feature of "The Talker" is that it will accommodate the new 1,000-speed

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film, whereas nearly all the other compact 35s take a maximum speed of 400. There are at least two advantages to this: you can take pictures in relatively dim light without using the flash, giving your photography a more natural look; and you can shoot at much higher shutter speeds, giving you action pictures that will be much sharper than those taken on slower film. Another good feature is the infrared focusing system. It is supposed to be the only one with no moving parts, which means it's less likely to get out of adjustment and it's not as much of a drain on the batteries.

You won't go far wrong buying any of the new cameras. Another new Minolta, the AF-C, is small enough to fit into an inside coat pocket or a purse and, though it has to be wound manually, is much easier to handle and more foolproof than any of the other tiny 35s.

The very popular Olympus XA2, for example, takes fine pictures, but in Greece I had to thread the film into several XA2s for my fellow tourists and even to extract a cassette that had been inserted backward.

The XA2 has to be wound manually, as does its poor fixed-focus cousin, the XA1, and its rich cousin, the XA, which has a range finder that requires you to align a split image to get the subject in focus. All these cameras are popular, but they are behind the times. The best evidence of this is the new Olympus—the AFL Quickflash, which has just come on the market. It is completely automatic; it can be set for 1,000-speed film; and it is powered by two lithium batteries. These are good for five years but must be replaced at the camera store, which I don't like, because it's always been my experience that no matter how long the batteries last, they always conk out on the Sunday morning the baby takes his first steps, or just as you reach the top of the Acropolis.

I like the Vivitar TEC35, because of its built-in metal shield that protects the lens and the autofocus windows. And its flash not only pops up automatically when you need it but also retracts and cuts itself off in sixty seconds, conserving batteries.

The Nikon L35's best feature is a backlight compensator, which makes the flash more usable outdoors when your subjects have their backs to the sun. Like the Minolta and the Vivitar, the Nikon has an all-glass lens—and it's a five-element lens rather than a four, which is

the minimum number of elements for an f/2.8 lens if you want your pictures to be really sharp when projected on a screen or made into big enlargements. The Nikon, like "The Talker," operates on just two AA batteries, which can be bought at the nearest 7-Eleven. The Vivitar has to have the two AAs plus one of those lithium batteries that have to be replaced at the camera store.

The daddy of all these automatic point-and-shoot cameras, the Canon Sure Shot, also runs on just two batteries that can be bought anywhere. And though it doesn't have the voice or other refinements of some of the newer models, it's still one of the slimmest and handiest to have around. □

MUSIC

FAT LADIES AND FALSETTOS

BY HOLLY BRUBACH



IN THE SECOND act of *Don Carlo*, the Princess Eboli offers to entertain the ladies of the court with a song. She takes up the mandolin, and as she begins strumming, the entire orchestra, brass and woodwinds included, strikes up the opening bars of the "Song of the Veil," *fortissimo*. This is a lot of sound for Eboli to be getting out of one small mandolin.

People who love opera talk about the necessity of accepting its "conventions," its white lies. Trouser roles, in which women play men, are the most drastic example. But operas are full of smaller discrepancies between what we're seeing on stage and what we're asked to believe. The 200-pound soprano dying of consumption, the romantic lead too stiff to get down on one knee, the heroine about to hurl herself from a parapet for love who peers over the edge before she jumps—no wonder getting all caught up in an opera strains our imagination. Why are movies like *E.T.* and *Totsie*, which are farther-fetched, easier to believe?

For one thing, a movie can show us the world, where opera can only represent it, and usually not very convincingly. Compared with a movie, which looks

"natural," as if it's really happening, an opera looks artificial and staged. For some years now, the issue in opera has been how to bridge the gap between the version of reality audiences are used to seeing in the movies, on TV, and even in plays and the more abstracted version they get on the opera-house stage.

Movies (and, later, television) ushered in a new naturalism in acting, and stage acting—in the spoken theater—changed accordingly, becoming subtler and more everyday-lifelike. Opera singers, however, continued to rely on stock gestures: Rapture—hands to the heart. Passion—arms outstretched. Anguish—one hand to the forehead. Wrath—one arm raised. A naturalistic style of acting might do for spoken theater, but not for opera, it was argued: opera characters are meant to be interpreted not as real people but as archetypes, larger than life; opera houses are larger than most theaters, and a singer's gestures and facial expressions must be legible from the last row of the balcony; singers have to produce beautiful sound and so don't have the freedom of movement that actors have. Besides, why try to make opera look natural when the premise of it—that the characters sing their lines—is so hopelessly artificial?

In theory, opera is the consummate form of theater, incorporating art, literature, drama, music, and dance. There is no other form in which three (or two or four) characters can come together and express their conflicting emotions about a situation all at the same time. People live at cross-purposes, and opera can delineate them.

Music propels opera into another dimension, beyond spoken theater. Through the music, we learn more about the characters than their speeches can tell us. In fact, the music can over-rule their words. In *Don Carlo*, in the Grand Inquisitor's conversation with the King, his music modulates higher and higher, climbing relentlessly: he talks of justice and peace, but we don't believe him, because his music is ruthless, without mercy.

You would think that with all this going for it, opera would rank at the top of the list of unforgettable experiences in the theater for most people. And for opera devotees it does. It does for me, but not without the willful suspension of disbelief. When what's going on onstage seems preposterous, I concentrate on the music.

Holly Brubach is a staff writer for The Atlantic.

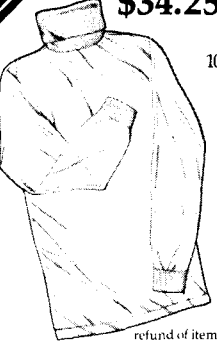
FOR CENTURIES, THE definition of opera was *dramma per musica*—drama for the sake of the music. The drama is in the music. It's almost invariably easier to believe the plot of an opera on a recording than in the theater. The characters, the action, the dialogue, all reside in the music.

Then why stage an opera? Last season, I heard concert performances of Richard Strauss's *Guntram* (by the Opera Orchestra of New York) and Rossini's *Semiramide* (one of a series of Rossini operas at Carnegie Hall). Both operas were plausible enough to listen to but hard to picture on the stage. *Guntram* sings long-winded arias, visions of love and nature that only he can see; these are better left to the imagination. The extended coloratura passages in *Semiramide* can be delivered in concert as frank displays of virtuoso singing; there is no danger of their grinding the plot to a halt, no need to justify them dramatically. What a concert version has going for it that a staged production doesn't is understatement, which is appealing even in a form as grandiloquent as opera.

Most operas, however, insist on being staged. A concert performance of *Tosca* or Verdi's *Otello* could only be a compromise. If the staged versions we get aren't the overpowering dramas they ought to be, they're better than nothing. There are always circumstances to be blamed—singers who have no notion of acting, insufficient rehearsal time, casting that must be decided two years in advance, disputes between the producer and the conductor—and it doesn't seem as if opera, under the current system, is ever going to get much better. So audiences have learned to content themselves with performances that, however poorly acted or directed, in some way flesh out the score with gestures, embraces, a little swordplay.

It's only lately that audiences have begun to think they're entitled to some credibility on stage. Young singers complain that (in America, especially) they not only have to be able to sing a part, they now have to look it, too. This trend was too inevitable to be any one person's doing, but the one person who seems to deserve a lot of the credit for it is Maria Callas. Teresa Stratas told me in an interview that Callas had ushered in a whole new era in opera: "She taught us why *that* word was on *that* note," Stratas said. This approach, by which Callas

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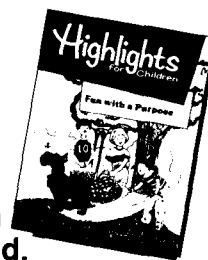
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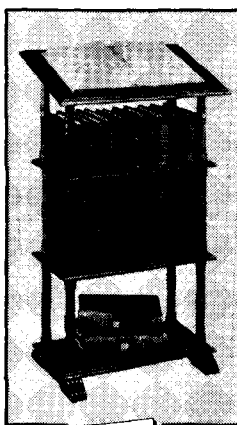
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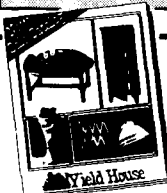
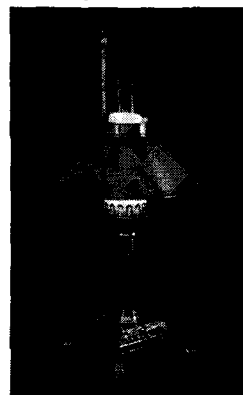


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19

sometimes sacrificed purity of tone to expression, is only one side of an ongoing debate; the opposition is at the moment led by Joan Sutherland, who relaxes her diction in the name of beautiful sound. It can't be coincidence that Sutherland's acting is so inept, or that Stratas and Plácido Domingo, who use words to bring the vocal line into sharp focus, are two of the best actors in all opera. They sing as if they were talking. The music is their characters' native language, the form their thoughts take. This is opera at its most naturalistic, when the singing is second nature. It seems perfectly reasonable that most characters in opera, who are depicted at some fever pitch of emotion, struggling with duty, love, war, death, or eternal damnation, would resort to song for getting across what's on

open up an aria. While the singer delivers his music, the director can cut to some visual material that illustrates the words, as Zeffirelli does.

Coloratura presents a similar dilemma, since its intended purpose is to demonstrate a singer's agility. Few singers know how to engage in such shameless pyrotechnics in character, though in some cases there is dramatic justification for them. In *The Tales of Hoffmann*, for example, Olympia warbles and trills, gets stuck on a high note, winds down, and gets cranked back up again—because she's a doll; these tricks are mechanical. In other instances, the coloratura seems purely ornamental, and then the singer must try and make something more of it. In *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Maria Ewing makes delightful sense of her

Her eloquent attention to his aria, "Ah sì, ben mio," brought home its meaning, though his delivery was fairly impassive. By Bing's account, "He didn't know what he was singing, but she knew."

In silence, a singer's only expression is physical, and often awkward. Too many singers seem to think of themselves as disembodied voices, under no obligation to learn how to move (no actor could afford this attitude). There are a few exceptions, singers who can hold the stage with a dancer's iron-fisted command.

One is Samuel Ramey, in the title role of Boito's *Mefistofele*, at the New York City Opera. Having sung his last note, he has the seemingly thankless task of finishing out the opera while the orchestra goes on for another fifteen pages in the score. Faust, with Ramey hanging onto his leg, groveling after him, walks to the footlights. His soul ascends into heaven. The devil has lost this round. To rolling thunder from the orchestra, Ramey somersaults all over the stage, tossed by the music, trying to stand and tumbling again. This is the justice we have waited for all evening long: Mefistofele has lost his dignity. Ramey lands back at the feet of Faust, whose body is still standing where his soul left it, and collapses. Then, in a scene straight out of Milton, the devil is sent catapulting into the darkness. Ramey rolls, like a log given a good push, upstage into the blackout. At the performance I saw last season, the audience rose in unison and cheered—partly for Ramey's singing, which had been strong and assured, but more because he had given us a physical equivalent for the opera's musical and dramatic climax.

Unfortunately, even today, we rarely get more than one good actor in any opera, so that a Stratas or a Domingo may be asked to carry the weight of an entire production. We need to be persuaded that what we're seeing is really happening, and if one singer up there is completely absorbed in the world on stage, we can find our way into the opera through his or her single-minded conviction. It's a narrow passage, but it'll do. We speak of Callas's *Tosca*, Nilsson's *Elektra*, Vickers's *Otello*, Domingo's *Hoffmann*, Stratas's *Lulu*.

FROM NOW ON, we will also speak of Peter Brook's *Carmen*, which opened in Paris two years ago and finally arrived in New York, at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, on October 24. *La Tragé-*



their minds and in their hearts. This is not so out of the ordinary. We sing when we're in love; we sing at funerals, as a way of venting our grief.

But, appropriate as singing is to the plot of most operas—more appropriate than speech—it inevitably makes the task of staging the drama more complicated. Singers acting their roles are up against a lot of problems that actors in the spoken theater don't face. How can the drama be sustained over the course of a long aria that repeats itself (like Donna Elvira's "Mi tradi," in *Don Giovanni*)? Singers who try to animate these free-ranging vocal displays with stage business usually end up looking nervous, like adolescents who don't know what to do with their hands (if only this costume had pockets . . .). Watching Franco Zeffirelli's movie version of *La Traviata*, you can't help but marvel at how film can

skittering vocal line by portraying Rosina as a boy-crazy teenager who can't stop giggling; the vocal embellishments fit right in, as sung laughter and tremors of passion.

The trouble with too many singers as actors is that they lose their concentration when they're not singing, as if by closing their mouths they could become invisible on stage and take a rest. They are more or less in character for their arias, because the character is part of their coaching in how to sing the role. But when they have to stand, or sit, much less move around, and be silent, they forget who they're supposed to be. And so do we.

Listening to other characters sing is an opportunity for acting that most singers pass up. Rudolf Bing, in his autobiography, recalls seeing Callas with Jussi Björling in *Il Trovatore*, in 1955.

die de Carmen, as Brook has titled his version, is shocking, because it proves that everything that opera is in theory it actually can be in performance.

Brook's *Carmen* is theater, action presented in completely naturalistic terms the way *You Can't Take It With You* is theater. *Dramma per musica* has become *musica per dramma*. This production, if it's as powerful as it was two years ago in Paris (where the tiny, run-down operetta house in which it was set seemed very much a part of the proceedings), should put the Metropolitan Opera to shame in its own back yard. The Met, celebrating its one hundredth anniversary this year, is so busy upholding the notion of opera as great singing that it has lost sight of opera as drama. But when the price of a decent seat is more than the price of the recording, an audience wants something more from an evening than what it can get on tape. After seeing *Carmen*, one is tempted to hand over the Met's repertory to Brook, sit back, and wait for him to bring those operas we'd given up for dead back to life.

With his musical director, Marius Constant, Brook has abridged Bizet's score, cutting a two-and-a-half-hour opera to eighty minutes without intermission, eliminating the big choruses (this *Carmen* has only six characters—no smugglers, no cigarette girls). He has repositioned the overture so that it serves a clear dramatic purpose, coming just before the bullfight. He has moved the orchestra, hiding it in the wings, where it can't come between the audience and the action. And yet, in spite of all this, Brook seems to have done Bizet a service. In *La Tragédie de Carmen*, we hear the "Habañera," the "Seguedilla," the "Toreador Song"—all tucked-out set pieces—in a new context, the context of a deeply moving human drama, and the music has meaning. There is something prophetic in this *Carmen*'s almost biblical simplicity, its economy of means (burial sacks, a handful of props, Goodwill-style costumes), its uncompromising search for the truth that lies in the music. But it seems doubtful that the Met, or other major opera houses, will change their ways because of it.

For one thing, taking scissors to the score goes against current policy; most productions today are governed by such reverence for the composer that they reinstate even those parts that he cut himself. For another, few conductors, who are highly visible participants in an

opera performance, would willingly pick up and move behind the scenes. And no opera-house schedule could accommodate the months Brook spent experimenting in rehearsal before getting *Carmen* onto the stage. The more you think about it, the more you realize that bringing this kind of realism to the stage of a major opera house is practically impossible under existing conditions.

I have spent the year and a half since I saw *Carmen* and talked with Brook about it seeing other operas and reconsidering his ideas (sometimes *while* seeing other operas). Those ideas still seem to me brilliant and provocative, but they constitute an approach, not a formula. There is no method to this production of *Carmen* that could be pried away from the opera itself, its cast, and its circumstances, and applied to *Tannhäuser* or *La Fanciulla del West*.

What other directors and singers do stand to learn from Brook's example is a more disciplined way of thinking about and staging opera. If the audience is to believe what they're seeing on stage, then the illusion cannot be broken until the opera has ended. During last season's performances of *Lucia di Lammermoor* at the Met, Sutherland came out and took a bow (according to custom) after the first scene of Act III, in which she had gone mad and died; we saw Lucia resurrected before the last scene could even get under way. The self-consciousness that underlies opera protocol, and our low-grade awareness that this is a performance we're seeing, get in the way of the drama. Most singers, however naturalistic their gestures, play out of the corner of their eye to the audience. But *La Tragédie de Carmen* is self-contained; we simply witness the events, which would go on even if there were no audience. The characters go about their lives and allow us to look on, as in a film. And when they perform, it's for one another.

Carmen cracks a plate in half, and, clacking the pieces like castanets, accompanies herself in the "Gypsy Song," improvising a dance—for Zúñiga's benefit. He starts taking off his clothes. Her aria builds to a reckless *accelerando*, which most singers toss off as a neat vocal trick. But this *Carmen* takes dramatic advantage of the music, driving Zúñiga into a frenzy with her song. He undresses faster and faster to keep pace. Lillas Pastia, the obsequious keeper of the tavern in which this scene takes



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**FROM THE
 HILLS OF GEORGIA**
 An Autobiography in Paintings
 by Mattie Lou O'Kelley

LITTLE, BROWN

place, brings a hanger for Zuñiga's jacket, helps him off with his boots. Finally, all steamed up, Zuñiga yanks down his suspenders and makes off with Carmen into the back room just at the aria's finish.

Without a chorus in this production to join in the "Toreador Song" and sing his praises, Escamillo has no choice but to sing them himself. And he does, crowing like a rooster, holding Carmen in thrall with accounts of the matador's life and his conquests. As he sings, he pares an orange, then, on a high note, stabs it in a demonstration of his prowess. This song, which ordinarily serves as straightforward exposition, is in this version loaded with arrogance and innuendo.

IN THEATER CIRCLES, Peter Brook is a guru, regarded with an awe that borders on the religious. He takes the path no one else knew was there. In his staging, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or *Marat/Sade* or *Carmen* is the prototype, the thing itself; he realizes what other people have only been approximating. In January of 1982, I went straight from Paris and *La Tragédie de Carmen* to London and John Schlesinger's production of *The Tales of Hoffmann*, with Domingo in the title role. After *Carmen*, it looked like a very expensive vehicle that the star had to get out and push. But I knew even then that if I'd seen that performance of *Hoffmann* first, before *Carmen*, I probably would have liked it just fine. And I began to wonder whether Brook, by achieving the impossible, had ruined the merely possible for me. With no hope of bringing about an opera like Brook's *Carmen* within the opera-house system, is there no hope for the system at all?

The so-called innovative directors who work within the system have taken to flattering their audiences by transposing operas from their original settings to modern times and local places. That way, even if the acting isn't naturalistic, at least the costumes and sets are. So *Rigoletto* has been relocated to New York's Little Italy of the 1950s and the Duke recast as a Godfather-like gangster; *Parsifal* has been projected into a post-nuclear-holocaust future; and *Don Giovanni* has been given a bisexual S&M slant, with the Don, dressed in black leather pants and aviator shades, out cruising with Leporello, his boyfriend. With so few new operas being taken into the rep-

ertory, directors who want to make their mark have no choice but to slipcover the classics.

Though naturalism does seem to be the only mode audiences these days can take at face value, I think there is an alternative to it, a stylized way of staging opera that has less to do with theater and film and more to do with dance. Most singers, I think, have no better than a vague understanding of the principle dancers live by—that when movement occurs on the music, it is bigger, more emphatic. Music can exaggerate even the simplest gesture. Singers are routinely warned against stepping right on the beat or calling unnecessary attention to their walk when all they wanted was to get from here to there. But rather than spend all their time on stage skirting the music as if it were a minefield, intelligent singers (and directors) could harness the music and use it as dancers (and choreographers) do, to make effects.

It seems to me that some of the fullest moments in any opera are those in which something—a nod, a look, an exit—occurs at a dramatic point in the music. In the second act of *Don Carlo*, Elisabeth slowly crosses the back of the stage on King Philip's arm as Carlo watches from a distance. "*To l'ho perduta!*" ("I've lost her!") he sings over and over, as if he can't believe it. The music swells—the world has suddenly gotten louder. Carlo's festering passion drives the scene to its climax. In the first of three performances I saw at the Met last season, Mirella Freni paused just before she reached the door, and then on Carlo's high note, a strangled cry, she walked out. Brilliant blocking. But in the subsequent performances I saw (one of which was videotaped to be telecast February 1, as part of WNET's *Live From the Met* series), she didn't repeat it. Was it an accident? Even if it was, why wouldn't she have tried to duplicate it? Or was that exit on the music the stage direction she'd been given and she forgot it the second and third times around?

In Zeffirelli's film of *La Traviata*, Stratas's movement is consistently expressive and well timed. In the last act, Violetta sings "*Addio del passato*," realizing how near death she is. At the end of the aria, she resigns her hopes: "*Tutto finì.*" On the last syllable, an octave jump, Stratas slowly sinks to the floor as her voice wafts toward heaven.

This is simple but uncontestable cho-

reography, and it makes you wonder whether choreographers might not make better opera directors than a lot of the ones we've got. Maybe opera-house administrators are afraid that other choreographers will do to opera what George Balanchine did to Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* at the Met, in 1936. He relegated the singers to the orchestra pit, where they couldn't be seen, and assigned the action to dancers. The production was retired after two performances. You can't blame Balanchine for trying. You can't even argue with his point of view: ballet may be no more naturalistic than opera, but it is often—amazingly—more convincing.

The Metropolitan Opera centennial this season (with a televised double-header gala on October 22), the stir that *Carmen* is bound to create, the rise of small companies devoted to producing chamber operas and operas in concert, the Boston Lyric Opera's heroic *Ring* cycle on a shoestring, the Pierpont Morgan Library's exhibition (through November 6) of opera manuscripts spanning 400 years—the interest broad enough to sustain all of this activity is already being read as an opera boom, the wave of the eighties that will replace the dance boom of the seventies. But anyone who loves opera can't help but be disturbed by the present state of affairs, however much ticket sales may be rising. A contemporary production of an old classic, like Brook's production of *Carmen*, can persuade us that opera is worth keeping, that it can be as pertinent to us as it was to Bizet's audience. But if opera is to have any future, it will need new works, not just new productions, and very few new works make their way onto the stage. Production costs leave no margin for risk-taking. Our leading playwrights have no practice in writing librettos. The plots and characters that interest audiences today are too mundane, too much a reflection of ourselves, to find a place in the pressure-cooker that is opera. If singers are having a harder time than ever reconciling the people they play on stage with the people who are their audience, it's because the differences go deeper than the fashion in acting. The impulse to dramatize events with music will not be outmoded. But until some contemporary composer can find a way to make what goes on in opera seem completely natural even by our literal-minded standards, we will live on reinterpretations and hope. □



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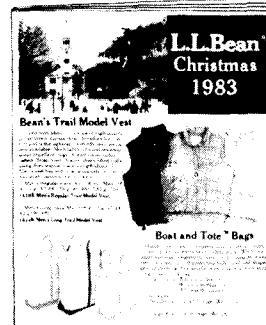
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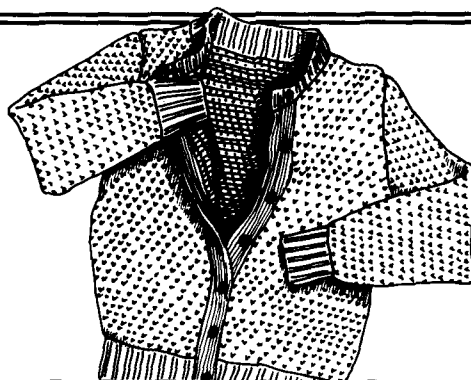
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GATSBY WITHOUT THE DREAM

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

DREAM MAKER: The Rise and Fall of John Z. DeLorean
by Ivan Fallon and James Srodes. Putnam's, \$16.95.*GRAND DELUSIONS: The Cosmic Career of John De Lorean*
by Hillel Levin. Viking, \$15.95.

ON THE EVIDENCE of these two withering accounts of his rise and fall, John DeLorean resembles Jay Gatsby in several particulars. For one thing, according to *Grand Delusions*, DeLorean changed his name—inserting a space between the “De” and the “Lorean” because it looked more aristocratic that way. *Dream Maker* does not acknowledge this space. Neither do I.

Then there is DeLorean's reportedly enthralling way of focusing on a person, which (though neither of these books makes the nature of DeLorean's vaunted charm very clear) may be construed to have entailed a smile like Gatsby's, which, in Nick Carraway's words,

... faced—or seemed to face—the whole eternal world for an instant, and then concentrated on *you* with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just as far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck”

Roy Blount, Jr., is the author of *One Fell Soup*.

Like Gatsby, DeLorean is a striking physical figure of an enigmatic, self-made man who disdains his roots, drinks little, fails to fit into the high socializing to which his aspirations have led him, and does a great deal of dubious business by phone. A beautiful woman is important to DeLorean, who, instead of clinging to Gatsbian dreams of one Daisy, has beat back against the current by remarrying twice, each time to a woman younger than he by more years than her predecessor. Sporty automobiles play a key role in each man's story. So do illicit intoxicants.

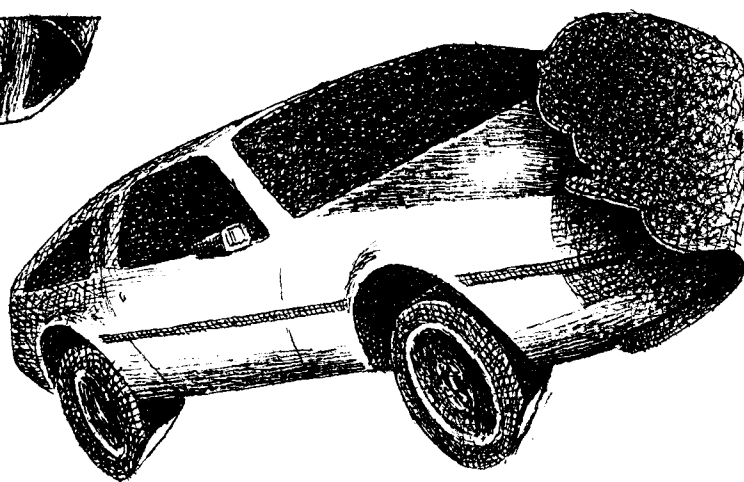
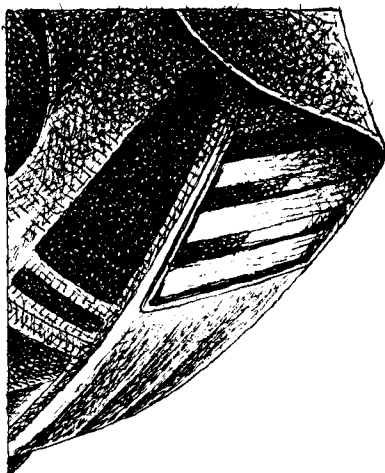
Of course, Gatsby got away with the bootlegging that made his fortune. (Incidentally, how might history have been changed if Joseph Kennedy, Sr., had been caught in a government sting?) DeLorean seems to have gotten away with a great many financial improprieties (like the one Gatsby's operative seems to have been caught at just as Gatsby was dying), but his one known venture into cocaine dealing turned out to be an FBI set-up that caused his arrest and finally brought down his automotive empire.

When DeLorean was nabbed, just over a year ago, for conspiring to bring a big load of cocaine into the country in or-

der to raise \$15 million, it was possible to feel sympathetic toward him. He'd been desperate to find cash to save his dream, the DeLorean Motor Company, which against all odds had managed to produce what he called “the ethical car”—a car projected to be extraordinarily safe, fast, efficient, and beautiful. DeLorean, widely believed to have scorned a great future at General Motors because corporate soullessness chafed, had proved that one man's operation could create and market an automobile from scratch. DMC's factory in strife-torn Belfast employed workers previously without hope. DeLorean himself did look a bit too much like a slightly long-in-the-tooth model for gothic-novel covers, but hey, he had a lovely model-actress wife, Cristina Ferrare, and two nice-looking kids.

IN THE WAKE of these books, all that remains to DeLorean's credit is the attractive family. *Dream Maker* and *Grand Delusions* assert that the car was badly made; that DeLorean became indifferent to its quality; that he was probably fired by General Motors, and, at any rate, was not so hot a shot there as he has claimed; that he is responsible for dashing the hopes he raised in Belfast (not to mention blowing \$160 million of British taxpayers' money); that his resemblance to Dick Tracy's friend Vitamin Flintheart was not natural but contrived by facelifts and surgical strengthening (foam implants) of the chin; and that the cocaine deal, though dumber, seems scarcely less ethical than many another fund-raiser the books say he mounted, without the excuse of desperation, over the years.

A dreary story. Both books lay it out very thoroughly. In *Grand Delusions*, Hillel Levin, an editor of *Monthly De-*



troit magazine, presents the American aspects of DeLorean's career somewhat more fully. In *Dream Maker*, which is, on the whole, the better read, the British financial editor Ivan Fallon and the BBC business analyst James Srodes get further into the European end, although they accept DeLorean's claim that his father was from Alsace-Lorraine. Levin reveals that the man was in fact—to DeLorean's chagrin, for some reason—Rumanian. Neither book has the ugly vividness of last year's flash of movie-biz putrescence *Indecent Exposure*, but these authors have done a great deal of hard reporting, and they show a refreshing scrupulousness in refraining from reading people's thoughts and from recreating boardroom confrontations as if verbatim. (A lawyer for DeLorean says that both books are full of lies.)

I wish they had managed to render DeLorean a more interesting character. If only for the sake of complexity, I would have liked to believe that DeLorean was a serious man brought down by the difficulty of his mission and the imagistic hustling that large-scale American business requires. But, no, what we have here is a sort of elegant fifty-eight-year-old roughneck.

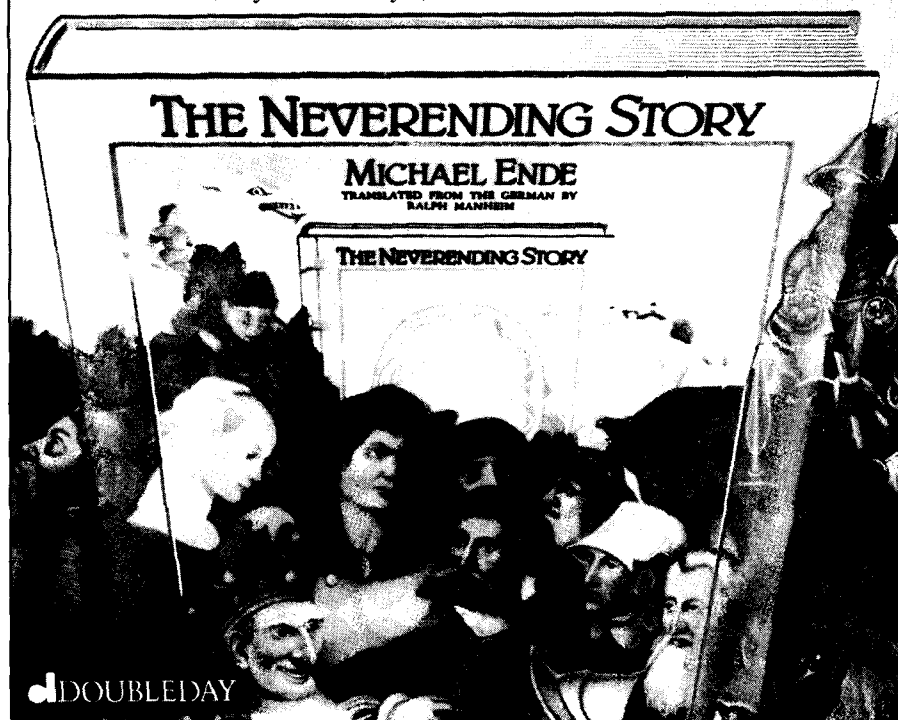
DeLorean is described as a predominantly unentertaining presence, in and out of the office, and I'm not even convinced that he worked very hard. Both these books give him credit for industriousness, and he certainly kept an inordinate number of deals in the air simultaneously, but a good many of his office hours were devoted to looking through magazines like *Country Life* in search of estates to buy in England or New Jersey. He would tear out pictures that appealed to him, and one of his secretaries would write off for information.

"Every little thought that came into his head he had to put down in a memo," says his former executive assistant. "Some were about the car company. Others were about people. Some seemed to be just stray ideas. . . . We had a typist going full time just typing up all his notes. There were times when he'd just disappear for a few hours in the middle of the day without warning anyone and sneak over to the New York Athletic Club and lift weights."

Having sold himself as a maverick, DeLorean bent his energies to creating buffer after buffer between himself and responsibility. Before he apparently tried cocaine-based financing, he made

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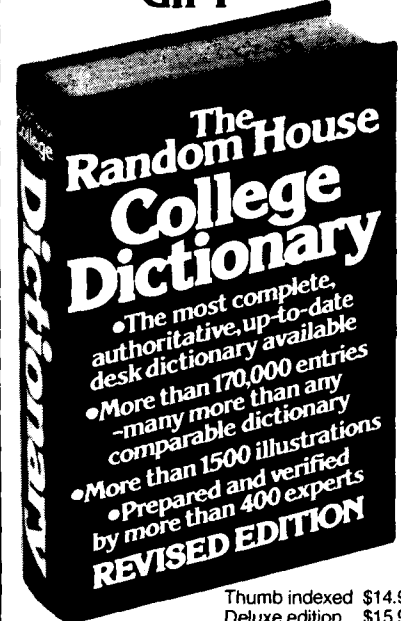
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an unsuccessful last-ditch effort to raise funds by floating a stock-issue entity whose "principal shareholder . . . would not be John DeLorean personally, but the DeLorean Manufacturing Company, which in turn was wholly owned by a Nevada-registered company called Cristina. DeLorean owned 100 percent of Cristina." By this time, the DeLorean Motor Company was already in dreadful shape, and allegations of chicanery had been brought against DeLorean by former employees. Yet prominent Wall Street firms worked diligently with him to extend this investment opportunity to the American public. (From my economic viewpoint—that of a piecemeal small businessman with no typist—American business on the creative-financing level appears to be infuriatingly under-regulated and ill audited.)

THE AMAZING THING is that DeLorean seems to have screwed up a dream that he could have pulled off. He was good at persuading people to capitalize him and to work hard for him, and he was a good engineer. According to both books, however, he wasted the capital, abused his co-workers, and lost interest in engineering. His true vocation seems to have been asset-grabbing. *Grand Delusions* asserts that DeLorean built up a personal financial base by snookering one party out of a ranch, another out of a dealership, another out of an invention. *Dream Maker* goes into an aspect of the "ethical car" enterprise that became more important to DeLorean than the car itself: a mysterious Swiss-based, Panama-registered company called GPD, which DeLorean seems to have set up as a device for diverting millions of dollars into his own exchequer. If you have any children or domestic help whom you suspect of Marxist leanings—unlikely as that may be, in the eighties—don't let them read these books.

The DeLorean of *Grand Delusions* was such a *trashy* manipulator. One of his litigating tactics, the book says, was to refuse to pay a given set of his lawyers, thereby delaying a case and adding to the plaintiff's legal expenses. When he moved DMC headquarters from Detroit to New York, Levin says, he charged the company \$40,000 for the old furniture in his Detroit office, which never made it to New York, and he took \$78,100 as a "locale adjustment" although he had already been living in

Manhattan with his family for two years. Levin also says that he borrowed a car-dealer's rare gull-wing Mercedes, never returned it, and had the company buy it from his bully-boy aide, Roy Neseth, for \$20,000.

Here is an anecdote from *Dream Maker*, told by "a long-time Detroit friend and business associate" of DeLorean's. After his second marriage, to Kelly Harmon, ended, DeLorean returned from California elated, because

. . . his Hollywood friends had hired three prostitutes who looked a lot like Kelly. . . . So they get these girls all made up with their hair and makeup just like Kelly's. . . . And then they put the girls in a house at Malibu and packed it full of booze and threw John in the middle of it for the weekend. John . . . said it was the *classiest* thing anyone had ever done for him—that was his phrase, classy.

DeLorean got business-community and foreign-government juices flowing because he had proved so mediagenic. In magazine interviews, he had been the charismatic, socially conscious American independent. And yet he is scarcely muckrakergenic, or whatever the term is for a person who leaps—as David Begelman did in *Indecent Exposure*—from the pages of an exposé. The most striking character in these books is DeLorean's sidekick Neseth, whose principal function was to browbeat anyone who stood in DeLorean's way, and who "lived on airplanes." "The man didn't think anything of booking three or four different flights in different directions and not deciding where he was going to go until he got to the airport."

One source who was burned by DeLorean and Neseth describes what the latter was like over breakfast. "He ordered a fried egg and when the waitress brought it, he told her it was overcooked, and he just tossed it off the plate and onto the floor. That's when I realized what kind of a guy we were dealing with."

Lawyers I have talked to feel that DeLorean will probably beat the cocaine rap on grounds of entrapment. He has apparently retained plenty of money that was not touched—in fact was in large part generated—by his automotive debacle. The cocaine sting had this positive effect: it rendered DeLorean notorious enough to give rise to

these books, which should serve to warn investors away from his enterprises hereafter.

But DeLorean's delusions are too banal to resonate like Gatsby's pursuit of "the orgiastic future." DeLorean surely did believe in "the green light," as in "go for it": hop on the Concorde, whip up a new corporate entity, appropriate some poor soul's Mercedes. Go for it, with no real notion of what "it" is, except liquidity. In this he is like the heroes of such successful recent movies as *Risky Business* and *Trading Places*. In *Grand Delusions*, one of DeLorean's Belfast executives is quoted as calling him "this caricature of an American." That seems right. □

DUBIOUS CATEGORIES

BY GARRY WILLS

The ANATOMY OF POWER
by John Kenneth Galbraith.
Houghton Mifflin, \$15.95.



ORIGINALITY LOOKS feckless to the tired mind. So John Kenneth Galbraith, in the foreword to his new book, puts Machiavelli's ideas among those "I do not find useful." The words instill a premonition soon confirmed: we are dealing with a tired book.

As an admirer of Galbraith's earlier work, including his recent autobiography, I had never understood those who say that he considers arch language a substitute for thought. But here, at least, Galbraith himself makes me understand the criticism. He lists as his private discovery three categories of power, whose rationale is mainly that of alliteration: power *condign*, *compensatory*, and *conditioned*. Since the words as he uses them do not mean what they seem to, Galbraith can explain their willed ambiguity under the pretense that he is exploring the elusive nature of power itself.

The adjective *condign* means suitable; but since it is often used with the noun

Garry Wills is Henry R. Luce Professor of American Culture and Public Policy at Northwestern University. His most recent book is *Lead Time: A Journalist's Education*.

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—Art Buchwald.

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"punishment," Galbraith decides that it should mean "punitive." A doctor might as well proclaim a medical advance because he prescribes aspirin for "splittings" rather than "headaches." *Compensatory* power would most naturally be taken as a redressing power—what Galbraith has called, in other places, countervailing power. But since the phrase "workmen's compensation" has been used for forms of pay, he makes it mean the power to pay or reward. The third term, *conditioned* power, is the most convoluted. In normal English, this should mean limited power, power held on conditions. But Galbraith, by heroic ellipsis, makes it mean power that arises from the conditioning of those over whom the power is exercised.

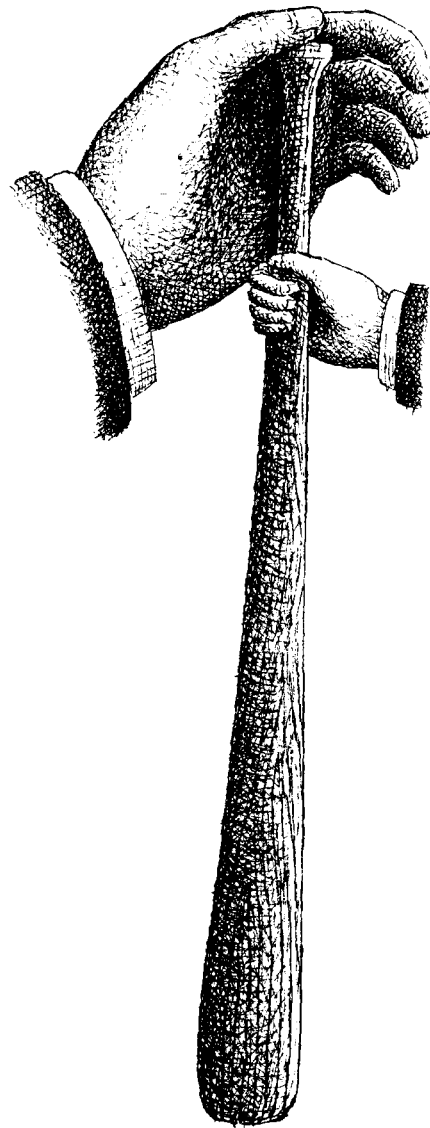
Turn now to one of Machiavelli's worthier successors, David Hume: "It is therefore on opinion only that government is founded. . . . Opinion is of two kinds; to wit, opinion of interest, and opinion of right." People submit to power because it profits them, or because they feel they ought to submit. Opinion of interest covers, roughly, Galbraith's first two forms of power—response to threats of punishment and promises of pay. And opinion of right can be forced into some approximation of "conditional" power—people obey if they are conditioned to obedience. But Hume sees that power rises from the people paid and not from the man paying; their concept of adequate pay is the test of the power that can be exerted over them. The largest cash sum in the world cannot buy a man whose opinion of reward is different from the payer's—if, for instance, the currency he deals in is honor, or attachment to ancestral land, or fear of another person, or fear of the afterlife. Men act from interest, but have different opinions of what really serves their interest.

Consider the reversals of power we witnessed in 1973. President Nixon entered his second term after a landslide electoral victory, intent on remaking government, possessed of many (if not all) of the tools for carrying out that intent. Congress was debilitated. Then, almost overnight, power drained from the President, filling up those startled and unlikely new receptacles, the members of the House Judiciary Committee.

What had happened to shift power about so drastically? The office of the presidency had not changed, nor its legal

authority. Its resources, physical and propagandistic, were intact, and the person of its holder had not changed. What changed, and swiftly, was the belief that President Nixon could and should remake government, as a legitimate exercise, for the public advantage.

Suddenly, the House had power to impeach. Not because of any alteration in the Constitution, where *de jure* authori-



zation had existed all along, as a dead letter. The people wielding power had not changed—Chairman Peter Rodino, riding the air shuttle, read Raoul Berger's book on impeachment behind a blank paper cover, afraid to let it be known that he might consider so huge an exercise of constitutional prerogative. Opinion was forcing him to be powerful, as in Rousseau's saying that people must be forced to be free.

Galbraith would no doubt place Henry Adams's treatment of the Virgin and the dynamo among "the ideas I do not find useful." That leaves him free to write:

In the Middle Ages there could have been little talk or thought of power. It was massively possessed only by the prince, the baron, and the priest. . . . For the silent masses, powerlessness was the natural order of things. Power was not discussed because only a tiny minority of the people exercised it.

The Virgin generated power as visible in its effects as the power of the dynamo in Adams's time. What drained the power from her? A change in the opinion of her worshipers. So power was derived from the "powerless" even at that time. According to Adams, plugging into the cosmic energies of the Virgin was more satisfying than drawing electrical energy from a dynamo; the one form of power enlarged its user, the other diminished him—which was part of the pathos of historical progress that haunted Adams. Here was a comparison that worked in only one direction. Diana of the Ephesians could be considered an "animated dynamo," but the dynamo could never become a goddess, hard as Adams tried to pray to it. "Radium denied its God. . . . All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres."

Galbraith tries to describe something like the pathos Adams discerned in the modern world; but he lacks the intellectual instruments required, because he will not depend on his betters. He thinks that alienation from power is caused by the shrinking of two sources of it—personality and property—and the corresponding growth of a third: organization. It is typical of Galbraith that he sees the historical change as depriving us of two channels for assertion, not as an alteration in kinds of submission.

Galbraith's three sources of power are forcibly yoked to his three alliterative categories of power—personality to the *condign*, property to the *compensatory*, and organization to the *conditioned*. Having created these arbitrary categories, he must labor to escape them—noting, for instance, that personality was mainly connected with punishment at the outset of the historical process, though now it is more often associated with conditioned power (which belongs to a different "source").

Galbraith is so afraid of cliché that he explains his useless categories in affectedly original language, dandiacal and periphrastic. Instead of saying that we should keep a shrewd eye on the military, he tells us: "The aggregate of the power so exercised should never be dismissed from the more available mind." For "frequently" he gives us (frequently) "in frequent case." Instead of saying that things have changed, he does this little dance: "Meanwhile a new order has arrived and has the modern relevance."

Those who think of power as mainly assertion have come at their subject from the wrong end. Galbraith's own performance shows us why. Because of the sheer assertion of his will over words, he loses the power to persuade. By a paradox that Machiavelli could have explained to him, one must yield in order to prevail: "You must woo the inhabitants to acquire their country." □

SHORT REVIEWS



THE COMPROMISE by Sergei Dovlatov. Knopf, \$11.95. The author was formerly a journalist in the Soviet Union. He has converted that experience into a dourly funny novel about the impossibility, for a Communist newspaperman, of covering any event accurately, because either some detail of the story conflicts with Party dogma or some frightful piece of incompetence must be concealed. Mr. Dovlatov's narrator, also named Dovlatov, is a Russian journalist working in Estonia, where he has just been fired. He is assembling his file of clippings—human interest and mild satire are his specialties—with a view to impressing a future employer. Each chapter of the novel opens with one of these clippings, invariably detailing a case of boring virtue, such as the joy of the milkmaid who has been elected to Party membership. Dovlatov then recalls what really happened, insofar as he can recollect it through a mist of vodka; the truth has very little to do with the published story. It is seldom virtuous (Dovlatov and his even more drunken cameraman have between them a talent for inadvertent havoc) and it is never boring. It is probably unnecessary to add that

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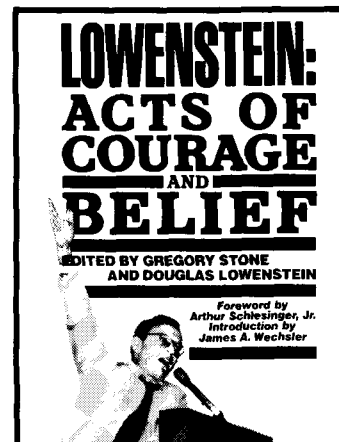
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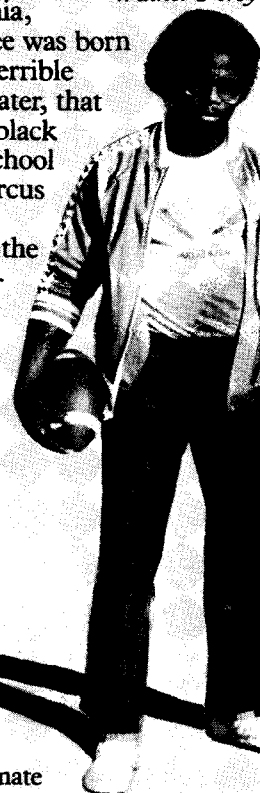
Three civil rights workers were killed in Philadelphia, Mississippi, in 1964—the same year Marcus Dupree was born there. Martin Luther King called Philadelphia "a terrible town, the worst I've seen." Less than two decades later, that town turned out to honor its favorite son, a young black man who had become the most sought-after high school player in football history. In telling the story of Marcus Dupree (now at the University of Oklahoma), the author of *North Toward Home* brings to vibrant life the changing South of the 1980s. "Revealing, entertaining, loving—the best book to date by one of our finest writers." —Larry King.

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Mr. Dovlatov now lives in the United States.

THE WORDS TO SAY IT by Marie Cardinal. Van Vactor & Goodheart, \$16.50. Ms. Cardinal, who writes extremely well, describes the long psychoanalysis that not only relieved her of mysterious miseries but also converted her, to her great surprise, into a successful author. Since she follows chronologically the steps by which she disinterred her memories and perceived the connection between her condition and her loveless upbringing, the account comes to resemble a detective story, causing the reader to await each new clue with astonishment and curiosity.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ by Frances Mossiker. Knopf, \$22.95. During her lifetime, the Marquise de Sévigné was much admired for the charm and liveliness of her letters, and that admiration has never ceased. She was also admired, with certain reservations, for her devotion to her daughter, to whom many of the letters were addressed. Ms. Mossiker's life of Sévigné includes her own graceful translations of the correspondence, much of which is indeed delightful for its spirited humor and gossip, none too respectful accounts of affairs at the court of Louis XIV. As a biographer, however, Ms. Mossiker is duty bound to explicate, if possible, the far from simple relationship between Sévigné and her idolized offspring, an enterprise that necessitates the inclusion of a quantity of repetitious and extravagant devotion combined with complaints of injured feelings. It appears that when mother and daughter actually met, they did not get on well. The Duc de Saint-Simon, in fact, declared that they fought like cats and dogs, and that their voluble public affection was a total fraud. Saint-Simon was often malicious and never entirely reliable, but one finishes Ms. Mossiker's careful and enjoyable book with a suspicion that in this instance the man may have been quite correct.

SPECTACULAR VERNACULAR by Jean-Louis Bourgeois, with photographs by Carollee Pelos. Peregrine Smith, \$14.95. This handsome book is a "celebration" of the traditional mud architecture of desert countries from Senegal to India. Pictures and text display a wonderful variety of building shapes and ornamentation. The material includes in-

formation on construction methods as well as floor plans and descriptions of sanitation methods and ventilating devices of impressive sophistication. For readers attracted by exotic architecture, this survey is enlightening and a pleasure to the eye.

ARCADIO by William Goyen. Clarkson N. Potter, \$12.95. Arcadio, Mr. Goyen's hermaphrodite protagonist and narrator, is the epitome of human confusion and frustration, provided one accepts the author's underlying assumption that people do not know who they are and cannot find what they want. Arcadio's outrageous, sometimes comic misadventures have the quality of myth; they cannot have happened, but they represent a fantastic exaggeration of what can and does happen. They are also presented in distinctive and intriguing prose.

HOW TO SUPPRESS WOMEN'S WRITING by Joanna Russ. University of Texas, \$14.95 and \$7.95. Ms. Russ has studied the history of mistreatment suffered by women writers at the pens of male critics and scholars. She has discovered, and gleefully documents, a great deal of abuse, arising from causes as diverse as conscious hostility and simple obtuseness. Regardless of its exact origin, male prejudice, she finds, always operates to trivialize the work of women, and her analysis of the various means by which this is accomplished becomes both fascinating and amusing, for she has a mischievously irreverent wit.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLES translated by Anne Savage. St. Martin's/Marek, \$29.95. Ms. Savage's translation of the antique records is appropriately illustrated and periodically interrupted by brisk summaries of what, in the opinion of later historians, was really going on—a point on which the chronicle text is frequently none too clear. That text does, however, inspire enormous respect for those scholars who study the history of pre-Conquest Britain, for they have toiled patiently in deepest murk.

VANESSA BELL by Frances Spalding. Ticknor & Fields, \$22.95. Aside from her ability as an artist, Vanessa Bell is interesting as an example of the freedom available in Edwardian times to a woman with some money of her own and no concern for orthodox social status. Bell

could not always arrange things precisely as she wished (her husband proved wearisome and her subsequent lover was an inveterate homosexual), but within the limits of the possible she did what she chose to do and encountered no interference. As a member of the Bloomsbury group and the sister of Virginia Woolf, she had a number of articulate and literary friends. Ms. Spalding has fine quotations with which to reinforce her study of the life and work of a woman who combined professional painting, motherhood, independence of action, and what appears to have been unshakable good humor. She was truly remarkable.

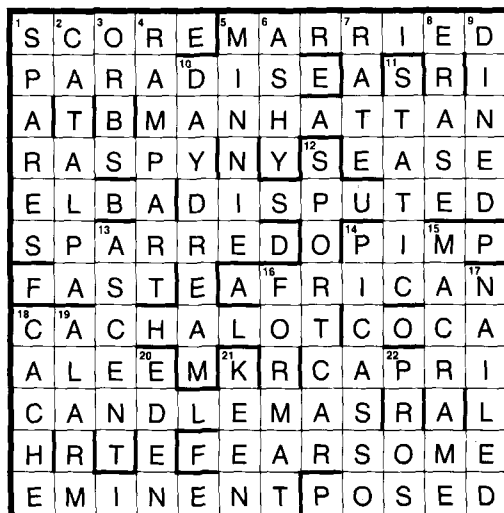
AMPHIGOREY ALSO by Edward Gorey. Congdon & Weed, \$20.00. Devotees of Mr. Gorey's subtle, macabre little comedies will rejoice to find seventeen of them in one big book. Some are familiar, some have been confined to limited editions, and one is entirely new.

KRAKATAU: THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION AND ITS EFFECTS by Tom Simkin, Richard S. Fiske, and Sarah F. Melcher. Smithsonian Institution Press, \$25.00 and \$15.00. Krakatau, according to the authors, "can lay claim to the title of history's most famous eruption," primarily because the island exploded in 1883, at a time when communication systems quickly reported the occurrence, thereby enabling observers around the world to seek a pattern in what might otherwise have been viewed as disparate phenomena. The scientific studies collected in this book will be of interest (and comprehensibility) primarily to volcanologists, but the stories provided by eyewitnesses present no problem to the general reader. They come mostly from ships' officers at sea and European survivors ashore. All these people saw sharply and wrote well, noting unexpected detail in the midst of the general destruction. Krakatau may lose to Mt. St. Helens, studied recently by methods unknown a century ago, the position of most famous eruption. It is not likely to cede the position of eruption most eloquently described.

O ALBANY!: AN URBAN TAPESTRY by William Kennedy. Viking, \$19.95. A portion of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic* in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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"DIARY OF
A MADMAN"



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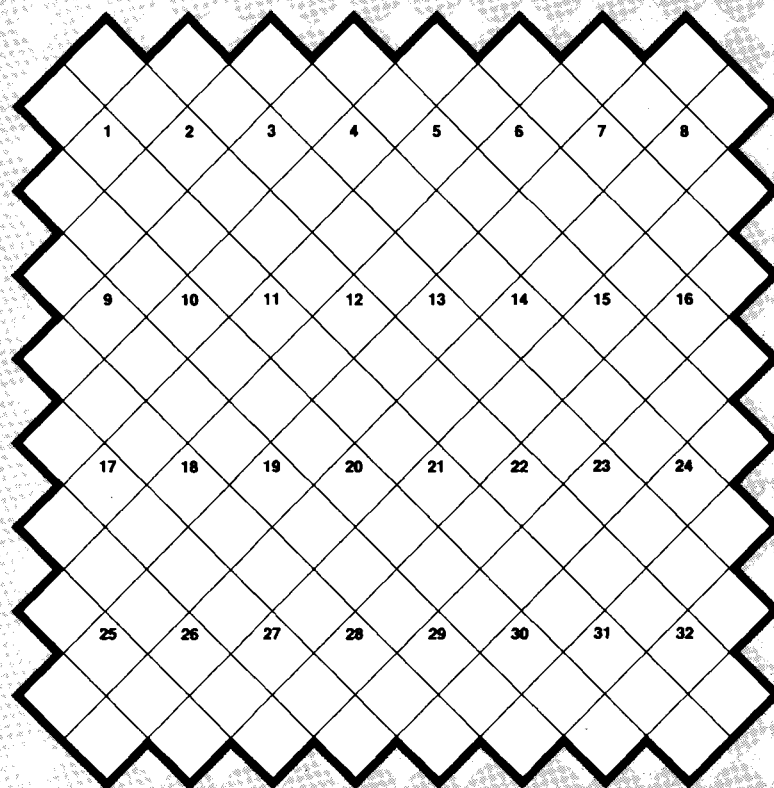
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BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

EIGHTS

Each clue yields an eight-letter answer to be entered into the diagram so as to trace a normal (vertical) figure eight. A word may proceed in any direction from its starting point in the appropriately numbered square, crossing itself at the fifth letter (which is, therefore, the same as the first). The diagram's eight unchecked corner squares contain, in no special order, the letters AN OCTAVE. Answers include one proper noun and a possibly unfamiliar word at 30.



*The solution to last month's
 Puzzler appears on page 149.*

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1. Add to layer containing an octave | 14. Herd had a new mule | ceremony for pensioners |
| 2. Gnarled pear tree provokes witty words | 15. Dinner companion seems upset about cloth on the table | 24. Cryptic clue's about bee and 99 cells |
| 3. Check balance before fall | 16. Mountain dwellers, I wager, must wear shades | 25. Crowd noise surrounds head of distance expert in running event (2 words) |
| 4. Bush shows what riled brass | 17. Pagan holds the heart of the bird (2 words) | 26. Alluded to woodwind covering up loud blunder |
| 5. Document Dad's physical activity | 18. Insect finally caught by a more clever aardvark | 27. Athlete, getting bad press, does well |
| 6. Gets word about the shrubs | 19. Chief of Police takes copters off search | 28. One-time oil conglomerate hosts president for coffee |
| 7. Let elves rent flat, ultimately | 20. Again, emphasize musical notes interrupting pauses | 29. Progressive regarding past |
| 8. Memo circulated about five and ten changing course | 21. One cat goes after end of small rope | 30. Western women or men describing anger for crop pest |
| 9. Trumpeter wearing cravats from the big band era | 22. North African inhabitant's first catching one disease | 31. Playing evil role is more pleasant |
| 10. One pair gets into coins and stamps | 23. Facing west, fortune teller holds | 32. Freshly laid blacktop requires delay, we hear |

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



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